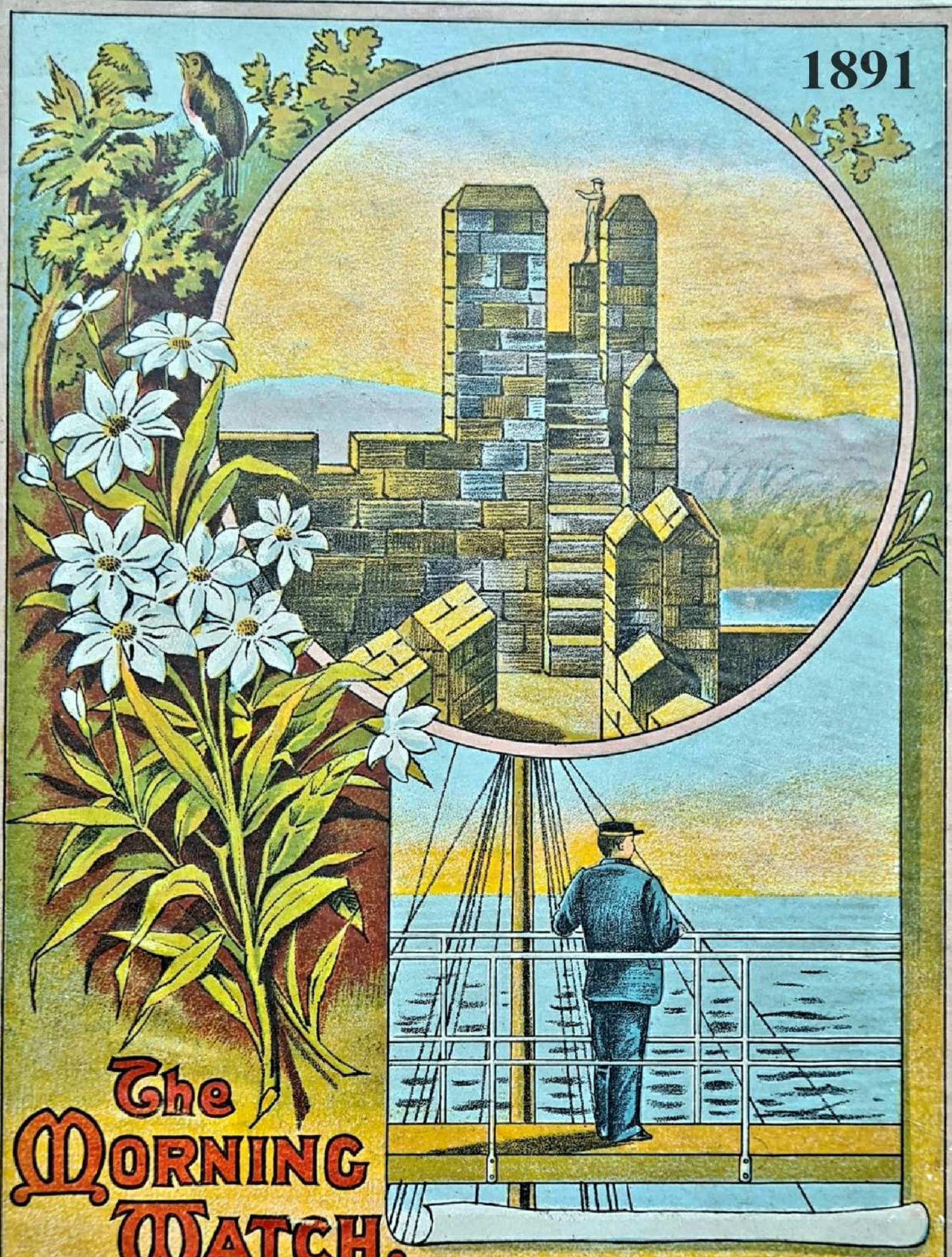


1891

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS LTD., LITHO.

The Morning Watch, 1891.

GREENOCK:
JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: J. MENZIES & CO.

Contents.

Adams, Mr. John Couch . . . 135
After you, Pilot ! 95
Agassiz, ... 46
Albatross, ... 41
Andronicus and Junia, . . . 138
Ashanti War-song, ... 48
Asteroids, The 126
Auld Ash Tree, The 77
Behind with Work, ... 98
Bevis, Mrs., ... 57
Blackness of Darkness, . . . 89
Bradford's last Words, . . . 84
Bradshaw the Librarian, . . . 84
Brown of Haddington, . . . 17
Burns, Sir G. 21
Burnt Books, ... 100
Carlyle's French Revolution, . . 99
Caterpillar, The Discontented . . 104
Cavour, Count 123
Christ's Goodness, ... 126
Cleopatra, ... 51
Coast, Day at the 91
Complaining against God. . . . 130
Cook, Captain 112
Coot, The Ambitious 15
Cruden, Alexander 27
Dawdling, ... 9
Decimal, The Fifth 130
Decree, God's Sure 47
Discontent, ... 56
Doll, The Sick 125
Duty, Present 72
Eliot, Sir John 31
Ellipse, How to draw an . . . 20
Encke, Professor 107
Escher, ... 56
Face, A happy 12, 82
Faraday, ... 76
Fatherless Child, A 130
Fool, The Rich 70
Gossip, ... 71
Greely, Major 87
Greenland, Crossing 21, 31
Grey, Lady Jane 45
Halyburton's Death-bed, . . . 21
Harvest Mice, ... 127
Havergal, Frances 100
Heads, Burial of Five, . . . 120
Herbert, George 51
Herschel, Sir William . . . 135
Hezekiah, ... 64
Hoisting the Sail, ... 3
Homer, The Lost 6
Huss, John 123
Ice-pack, Gale in the 46
Impossible, ... 36
Impossible positions, ... 132
Innocence, Lost 40
Jackson, Stonewall 39
Japanese Parliament, ... 21
Jeems the Doorkeeper, . . . 53
Johnson, Dr. 27
Judge not, ... 65
Kepler, The Astronomer . . . 20
Lamb, The 57
Lind, Jenny 71
Lions, ... 115
Living Epistles, ... 118
Mackay of Uganda, ... 58
Marriott—Use of Time, . . . 112
Martyrs, African 130
Maskelyne, Nevil 135
Moffat, Dr. 137
Moltke, Saying of 72
Moses, ... 75
Mother's Messenger, ... 103
Nansen, Fridtjof 31
Newton, Sir Isaac 100
Nightingale, ... 68
Noble deeds, ... 56
Opportunities, Lost 24
Oyster-Catcher, The 113
Park, Mungo 4
Pendulum, Greely's 82
Penguin, The Puzzled . . . 29
Procrastination, Dr. Routh's . . 56
Providences, ... 34
Puffins, The Three 52
Punctuality, ... 9
Question, A hard 104
Quincey's Advice, ... 98
Robertson, The Naturalist . . . 64
Rorison's Albatross, ... 41
,, Teachers, ... 78
Routh's, Dr., Advice, . . . 88
Safe, The Key of the . . . 9
Scipio, ... 4
Sea, The deep 90
Sedgwick praying, Mr. . . . 31
Self-examination, ... 48
Sleep, ... 59, 60
Slovenliness, ... 8
Spenser, Edmund 63
Stage, The 71
Stars, Distance of 104
Student, A Scotch 34
Sun, The First 115
Summer, What makes . . . 65
Tacket, the Covenanter, . . . 96
Temper, ... 47

Time, Value of, in Africa, . . 83
Titus, Emperor 112
Todleben, General . . . 18
Tradesman, A Good . . . 45
Tradesman, Portuguese . . 70
Turner the Painter, . . . 11
Tyndale, William . . . 28
Victory, Following up a . 108, 140
Vultures, ... 90
Wagtail, The Merry 101
Whaling-ships, ... 116
What can you do? 95
William the Conqueror, . . . 88
William III., ... 63
Wonder, ... 96
Yarrow, The River 5

International Sabbath School Lessons—

The Kingdom Divided, . . . 2
Idolatry in Israel, ... 2
God's Care of Elijah, ... 2
Elijah and the Prophets of Baal, . 2
Elijah at Horeb, ... 14
Ahab's Covetousness, ... 14
Elijah Taken to Heaven, . . . 14
Elijah's Successor, ... 15
The Shunammite's Son, . . . 26
Naaman Healed, ... 26
Gehazi Punished, ... 26
Elisha's Defenders, ... 26
Saved from Famine, ... 38
The Good and Evil in Jehu, . . 38
Jonah Sent to Nineveh, . . . 38
Nineveh Brought to Repentance, . 38
Israel often Reproved, . . . 50
Israel's Overthrow Foretold, . . 50
Sin the Cause of Sorrow, . . . 50
Captivity of Israel, ... 50
The Temple Repaired, . . . 50
Hezekiah, the Good King, . . 62
The Book of the Law Found, . . 62
Captivity of Judah, ... 62
The Word made Flesh, . . . 74
Christ's First Disciples, . . . 74
Christ's First Miracle, . . . 74
Christ and Nicodemus, . . . 75
Christ at Jacob's Well, . . . 86
Christ's Authority, ... 86
The Five Thousand Fed, . . . 86
Christ the Bread of Life, . . . 86
Christ at the Feast, ... 87
The True Children of God, . . 98
Christ and the Blind Man, . . . 98
Christ the Good Shepherd, . . 98
Christ Raising Lazarus, . . . 110
Christ Foretelling his Death, . . 110
Washing the Disciples' Feet, . . 110
Christ Comforting His Disciples, . 110
Christ the True Vine, ... 122
The Work of the Holy Spirit, . . 122
Christ's Prayer for His Disciples, . 122
Christ Betrayed, ... 122
Christ before Pilate, ... 123
Christ Crucified, ... 134
Christ Risen, ... 134
The Risen Christ and His Disciples, . 134

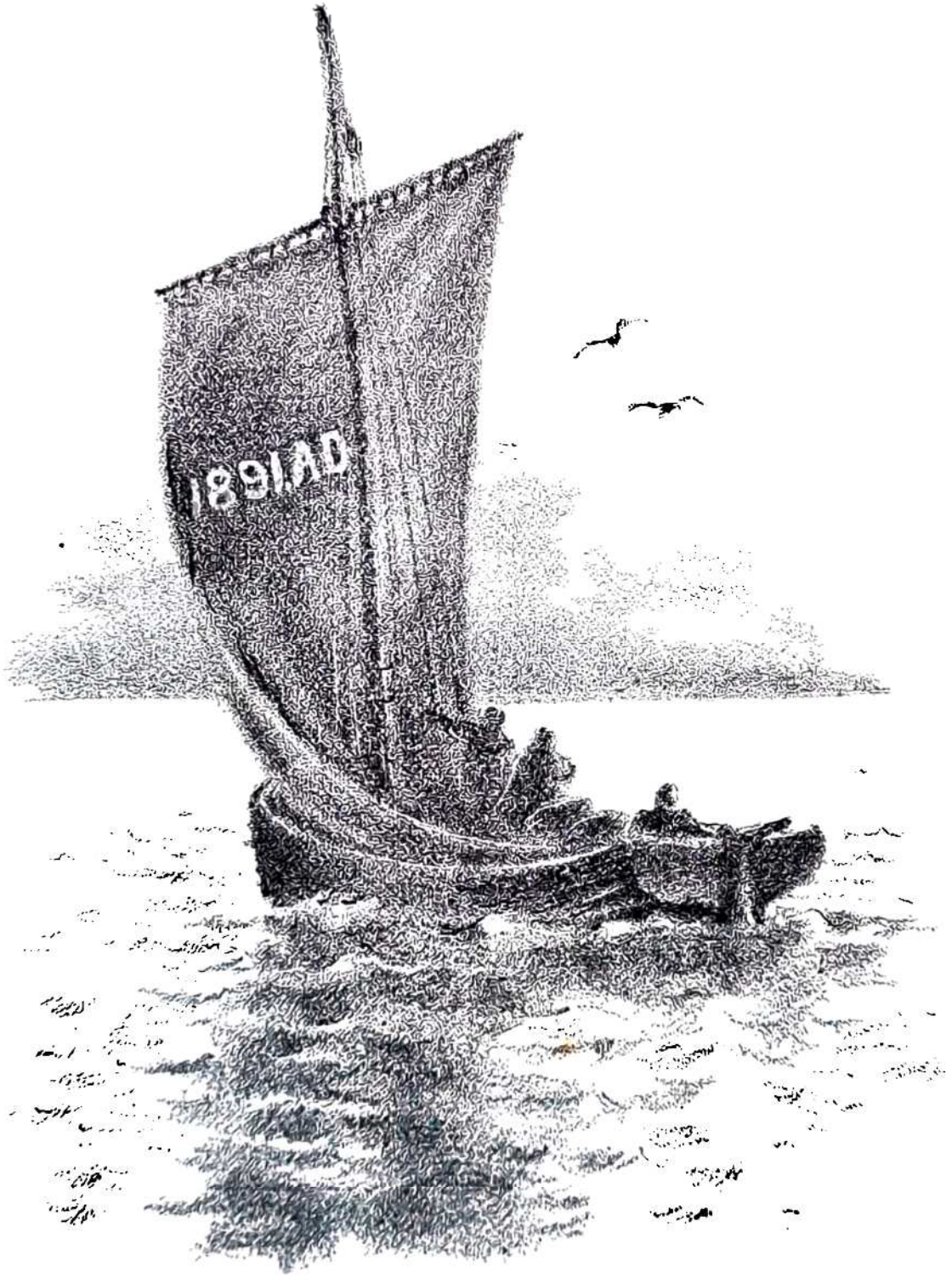
Illustrations—

Albatross, ... 43
Ash Tree, The Auld . . . 77, 78
Butterfly, ... 105
Cavour, ... 121
Coot, ... 13, 15
Dove, ... 133
Drunkard's Daughter, A . . . 93
Girl, ... 125
Harvest Mice, ... 128
Her First Sum, ... 115
Hoisting the Sail, ... 1
Herschel, Sir W. 136
Holiday Time, ... 73
Homing Pigeons, ... 7
Jackson, Stonewall 37
Lamb, ... 57
March, ... 25
Marguerites, ... 85
Mother's Messenger, ... 97
Norwegian Church, ... 55
Oyster-Catchers, . . . 109, 113
Penguin, ... 29
Puffin, ... 53
Ship in the Ice, ... 46
Sleeping-bag, ... 23
Sparrows, ... 81, 82
Spenser, Edmund 61
Summer, ... 66
Through the Ice, ... 32
Todleben, General 19
Vulture, ... 90
Wagtail, ... 102
Well? 49
Whaling-ship, ... 117
Winter-scene, ... 137

January, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



Hoisting the Sail.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

—:o:—

January 4. — The Kingdom Divided. 1 Kings xii. 1-17. Text, Prov. xvi. 18. Quest. 1. Psalm xxxix. 1, 2.

SOLOMON, in all his glory, was a selfish man; he made his people poor, to make himself rich. When he died, they sought relief from his son. He consulted his foolish friends, and answered like a spoiled child. What were subjects for except to pay taxes to their king, and do as they were bidden? He spoke to them, not as an Israelite to those who were God's people, and of the same flesh and blood as himself, but as an Egyptian taskmaster to his slaves. The consequence was, God took them from him, and left him only two tribes out of twelve. It is a lesson against pride and selfishness. The King of Kings, of whom it is written *He* shall be great, is the very opposite of Rehoboam. He is not ashamed to call us brethren. Though He was rich, for our sakes he became poor. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Follow Him, and He will grant to you to sit with Him upon His throne.

January 11.—Idolatry in Israel.—1 Kings xii. 25-23. Ex. xx. 4. Quest. 2. Psalm xxxix. 3, 4.

JEROBOAM had been promised a sure house if he proved a worthy king, but he wanted to guard against all risks. He could not trust God to secure his position, he must be arranging it himself. He thought of his own interests alone, but he professed to be considering the convenience of the people. He wished to make their worship as easy for them as possible. He would be able to say what is said to-day—that God was everywhere, not in Jerusalem alone, and that wherever they sought Him, though it was not in the appointed place, He would be found. That would be popular, but it was a sin. It was an old sin of Israel's. It was the sin of Aaron. Jeroboam could say it had been done before; a great name could be cited in defence of it; and no number of judgments are a warning to those who simply want a precedent.

January 18.—God's Care of Elijah.--1 Kings xvii. 1-16. Ps. xxxiv. 10. Quest. 3. Psalm 5, 6.

EVEN godly people are involved in the punishment of national sins. Elijah himself was a sufferer by the judgment he declared. God's dealings with him grow in wonder: he is fed (1) by ravens; (2) out of the widow's barrel; (3) by an angel. Compare Noah's and Elijah's ravens. The coming of the ravens is no stranger than the way in which, say, an orphanage is supported by prayer; only here we see the process, and we do not see how God moves men's hearts to give. The widow belonged to the same country as the Canaanitish woman who won such a victory from Christ by her faith. Our Lord speaks of them both. Elijah would perhaps be disappointed at first when he saw her: she was not able to support herself, much less him. See, even in her extremity, her courtesy—she was going for the water — and her faith — as the Lord liveth! Most of us become both bitter and unbelieving when things go against us. (Verses 13, 14.) Don't judge commandments to be hard till you have read the promises that follow them.

January 25.—Elijah and the Prophets of Baal.—1 Kings xviii. 25-39. Text, 1 Kings xviii. 21. Quest. 4. Psalm xxxix. 7, 10.

GOD could not be God if He did not hear prayer. Baal's prophets were put to death because they were murderers and traitors to their country as well as idolaters. They refused to repent though they had time to do so, and though God had been merciful, for the fire might have consumed them as well as the bullock. Elijah ran seventeen miles in front of Ahab's chariot, that Ahab might have a chance of speaking to him about the day's events. Compare Ahab with the Ethiopian eunuch, Acts viii. 31.

Hoisting the Sail.

1891 A.D.

FISHING-BOATS usually have their number and the first and last letters of the name of the port they come from printed on their bows and sails in letters large enough to be read from a great distance. Thus LH stands for Leith, RY for Rothesay, PD for Peterhead. The fishermen are very proud of their port and the number of boats that belong to it.

You know what A.D. stands for; Anno Domini, in the year of the Lord. 1891 belongs to Him.

Out of Eternity
This New Year was born;
Into Eternity
At last will return.

It belongs to Him, not only because He is God Who made all things, but specially because he is our God, our Saviour, Who gave His life and all He is and all He has for us. The Turks and other Mohammedan nations will call this year 1308. They count from the date of Mahomet's flight to Medina. We count our years from the birth of Christ. Every time, therefore, that we write or say 1891 we should be reminded of the love of God. However dark and full of trouble any one day may be, the very number of the year should comfort us; Christ lives and reigns our God, our elder Brother. 1891 is His.

We are to be fishers of men; we are to try to catch them, to bring them into the Kingdom of God. That is the work Christ set before Himself from everlasting. For that He was anointed and prepared by the Holy Ghost. The same Spirit rests on us. You may be sure, therefore, that the boat is fitted for its work because it is Christ's boat and Christ's work. And who is sufficient for these things? God Himself can do no greater work.

But fear not for Thy net,
It never failed thee yet,
Fisherman, fisherman.
Its meshes will not part,
For, Oh! it's made with art.

What if you have to toil for many a night, for every night, and catch nothing? Make sure of this, at least, that you can say, "Master, we have *toiled;* we have done our best." And if He says, "Launch out into the deep and try once more," however weary you may be, let down the net. You will be astonished at the multitude of fishes.

I suppose we would all like fair weather to begin with—

And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea—

and fair weather all through. Yet there is a glory of our Lord that can only be seen when the wind is contrary and the ship is tossed with waves.

Then fear not for the sea,
Fisherman, fisherman,
For He will pray for thee,
And He will come to thee;

and you will be able to say, as you never said before, "Of a truth, Thou art the Son of God." So, come fair weather or come foul, 1891 shall be an acceptable year of the Lord, a year well-pleasing both to Him and us.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from December number.

At the age of 35 Mungo Park was drowned in the river Niger when trying to escape from a band of hostile natives. He was one of the first and greatest of African travellers. He was born near Selkirk in 1771. He made two great expeditions; the first when he was only twenty-four. On one occasion a band of seven robbers set on him and stripped him of all his clothing. His greatest grief was the loss of his old battered hat, for it contained the notes of his journey. After a little, however, the robbers returned him a shirt and pair of trousers, and then, happily, jeeringly tossed back the hat. He had now a journey of hundreds of miles before him, his horse gone, and himself half-naked. "Yet," says Mr. Joseph Thomson, the youngest of African explorers, "even as he thought of the perils ahead from wild beasts and evilly-disposed men, from swamp and flood, from wind and rain, he began to take comfort as he recalled to mind his numerous past escapes, which were to him proofs of a protecting Providence which never yet had failed him in his hour of need. As his thoughts took a more hopeful turn, his gaze fell upon a tuft of moss. Irresistibly his mind was diverted from the horrors of his position to the beauty of the lowly plant before him. As he examined with admiration its delicate conformation, the thought occurred to him—'Can that Being, Who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not!'"

36 Scipio Africanus the Elder, B.C. 202, won the battle of Zama, which has been called the Waterloo of ancient history. By it the power of the Carthaginians was broken, and Rome became mistress of the world. Scipio comes next to Julius Cæsar as the greatest of the Romans. He was a scholar, an orator, a statesman, a warrior. He saved his father's life in battle when he was 17; when he was 19, and some of the Roman nobles, disheartened by their disastrous defeat at Cannae, were for leaving Italy for good, Scipio drew his sword and, standing over their leader, made him swear never to forsake the Republic; when he was 24, and no general was willing to undertake the war in Spain, Scipio offered to go, and when it was objected that he was under the legal age, he made answer, "If the people of Rome elect me, I am old enough." Some years after the battle of Zama, when his brother was accused of appropriating public money, and was defending himself by reading his accounts before the Senate, Scipio marched in, took the books out of his hands, and tore them in pieces, saying, "The brother of Scipio Africanus does not need to account to the Roman people for a few thousand pounds."

Some years later he and Hannibal, his great opponent, met at Ephesus. "Whom do you take to be the greatest of generals?"

At the age of 36

said Scipio. Hannibal replied, "Alexander the Great; and Pyrrhus is the second; and myself the third." "And what would you have said then," said Scipio, "if you had defeated me at Zama?" "Then," exclaimed Hannibal, "I should have put myself first, above Alexander, above Pyrrhus, above every general that ever lived."

To be continued.

The waters saw Thee, O God; the waters saw Thee. Psalm lxxvii. 16.

AMONGST the greatest of the troubles which the Free Church had to face after the Disruption of 1843 was the refusal of many of the great landlords to give ground on which to build churches. The Duke of Buccleuch was one of those who at first refused to give ground on his estates on any terms. The people had therefore to worship God, in summer and winter, in the open-air, without any shelter.

In the parish of Yarrow, where a large number of the people had "come out," the land all around on one side of the Yarrow belonged to the Duke; but on the other side was the estate of Mr. Johnstone, of Alva, who would gladly have given them a site. This was of no use to them, however, for there was no bridge over the river for miles. So the people had to go on through the long winters worshipping God in the bleak open.

At one part of its course the Yarrow made a great bend round a part of Mr. Johnstone's land, so that its course was like going round a large horse's shoe. But one night the river rose in high flood—there was a great spate from the hills—and was in no mood for waiting to take the long road round the shoe. It broke its banks, saved the long bend, and made a straight course for itself, leaving all Mr. Johnstone's land, that lay inside the shoe, now on the Yarrow side of the river. It was thought that when the flood subsided it would go back to its old course, but no, it runs straight there to this day.

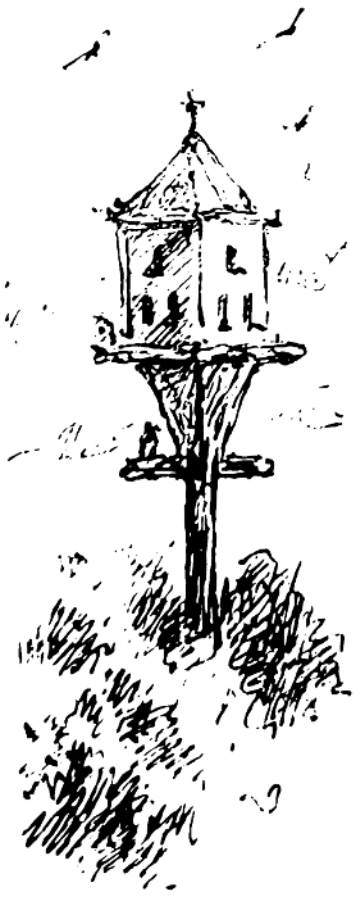
Great was the joy of the people, for now that they had Alva land on their side of the river, they knew they could plant their church. This was soon done—a manse was built right over the old river bed—and the minister would tell the story to a visitor, and let him know that he was just then sitting right above "what used to be one of the best fishing pools in the Yarrow."

YE cannot now say that your daughter, whom Christ hath taken away, is married against the will of her parents. She might more readily, if alive, fall into the hands of a worse husband; but can ye think that she could have fallen in the hands of one better? And if Christ marry with your house, it is your honour.—*Samuel Rutherford, Letter to a brother.*

Let thy heart be without words, rather than thy words without heart.—*Bunyan on his deathbed.*

The Lost Homer.

HOGG the miller's wife prayed with her two little daughters every morning before they went away to school, and sent them off so happy! But they often came home crying. Their master was a cruel, wicked man, and sometimes in his passion would cast up to them, before the scholars, that their father was a drunkard. They didn't need him to tell them that. Often they fell asleep, creeping closer to one another as they heard their father storming and their mother pleading. But with the morning there came peace and joy. They could hear the cooing of the pigeons as they lay in bed, and indeed could hear almost nothing else. They tried often to make out what they said, but could catch only some of the words:—"Oo,oo, carookitydoo, I'm-troubled-wi'-you." Their mother heard the birds too, and thought of the dove with the olive leaf, and prayed on till her prayers were answered; but that was years after.

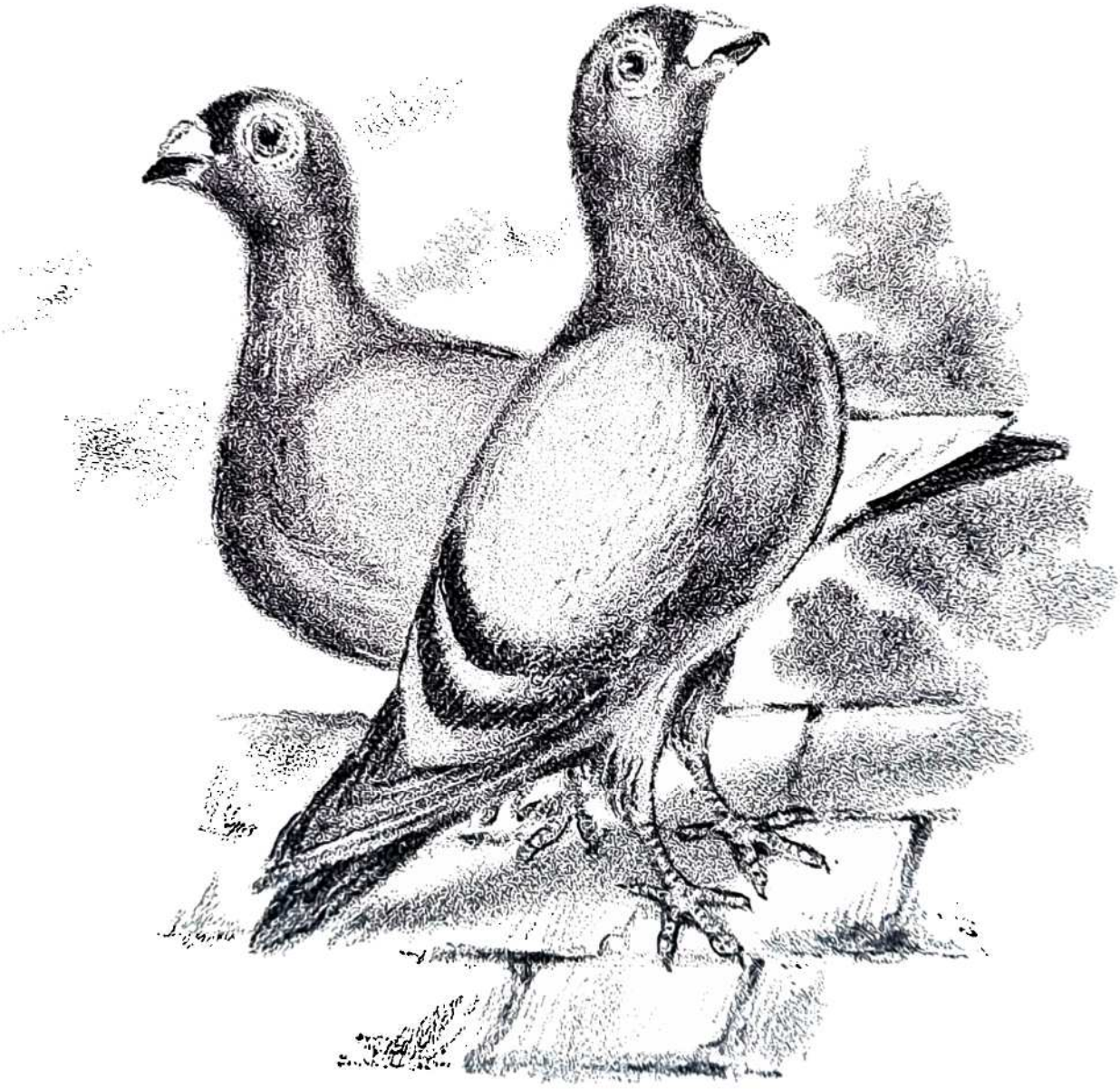


The pigeons had trials also—one family specially. They were of the kind sometimes wrongly called *carriers*, because they carry messages; their right name being *homers* or *homing-birds*, because when taken to a distance and let go they at once make for home. Three of this family had recently been sold, and the mother was now left with two sons, and a daughter called Cherry.

Two weeks after, Cherry was sent to London, and then followed a time of hard training for her. She proved a clever bird, and her master was very proud of her, and made great gain by her. He was one of those scoundrels called bookmakers, who live by betting on horse-races, and poor Cherry was the messenger that brought him news. She had been, even when a fledgling, to her mother's grief, very vain and fond of show. So her life in London pleased her well. She loved to see a crowd waiting round the big tavern-door where her master carried on his business. Many a sad scene there was when men, who came expecting to be made rich, were stripped of their last penny. But Cherry soon got used even to that.

One day her brothers, who now, with their mother, lived twenty miles from London, came home greatly excited. They had been sunning themselves on the roof, when they got sight of their sister flying very fast, about half-a-mile off, towards the city. They knew her at once, because she flew exactly like their mother. They had followed her as hard as they could, but lost her amongst the buildings.

Their mother could hardly sleep that night, nor for several nights



after. Every day, now, they spread themselves abroad looking for her. That day week her mother saw her! and flew to meet her as only a mother can. She flew a mile in two-and-sixty seconds. O how glad she was, though her heart was too full at first to speak! But presently she saw a haughty, heartless look in Cherry's eyes that she did not like. Cherry quite forgot to ask for her brothers, but rattled away about the gay life she led, never seeing how her mother's face got every moment sadder. "I go to all the races, and see grand lords and ladies; and when the chief race of the day is over they write the horses' names

on a slip of paper, and put it in a quill and bind it round my leg with the loveliest red and yellow bands you ever saw, and crowds watch me setting off, and then I'm in London before you could say "oo," and then there are crowds waiting for me when I arrive, and such cheering I sometimes get; and my master drives a carriage, and his lady is dressed in velvet, and you never saw such jewels as she has; and you are looking very old, mother; are you still a widow? but, dear me, I must be off. I am carrying just now the names of two dukes' horses. I know ever so many dukes. There's one——"

But her mother could bear it no longer. "Oh Cherry dear, my poor Cherry," she cried, "what a dreadful life you are leading! I would rather you had never been born. Your master is living on the ruin of men's souls; and my daughter, my Cherry, whom God made to be an image of Himself and a messenger of peace and good news to men is——" But here the poor mother could say no more.

"You have put me very much about," said her daughter. "I was entitled to very different treatment. I am received very differently in London, I assure you. You have made me feel quite ill."

"Oh don't, don't go back," her mother cried; "we will do everything to make you happy if you will stay with us. We will share our last pea with you."

"I have stayed too long as it is," said Cherry; "you have done all you could to vex me; it will be days and days before I get the better of this." And with that she tossed her head—a toss her mother never forgot to her dying day—and flew off faster than ever.

The crowd at the tavern was unusually big that day—the race whose result they were awaiting being one of great importance. But at last Cherry was seen, somewhat later than was expected, and there were almost fierce cries of—"There she comes; there she comes." Her master had got private information from a stable-boy the day before which led him to bet very heavily against a certain horse. But he was very anxious, and it was rudely, almost cruelly, that he pulled off the quill to read the message.

The horse that he had been told was lame had won, and he had lost £8,000! He seized his trusty messenger and wrung its neck. Poor Cherry had but one moment left for thinking; but into that moment were crowded such thoughts as would be dearly purchased by the pleasures, if that were possible, of a hundred years.

Professor Sedgwick's Advice to his Niece.

1. DON'T be slovenly either in your person or habits. Of the first, I do not accuse you, dear Fan; but of the second, I rather do. Never leave your pocket handkerchief about; keep all your books and things in their right places. Don't plead excuse by thinking of persons of slovenly habits (like my-

self, for example), but take warning by them, and believe that these habits are bad in a man, and interfere with his comforts and his usefulness, and still worse in a woman, and utterly without excuse.

2. When you are working at anything (whether finger work or head work, no matter), do it heartily; avoid dawdling, it is a deadly evil. How many there are of this abominable class of dawdlers! Men complain of the shortness of time, and well they may, while they turn their short allowance to so little account. I believe the dawdlers have bred a race of grumblers; sprightliness, activity, and happiness are sisters of blood, and are best seen together, and they will be your constant visitors, if you take the right way to please them.

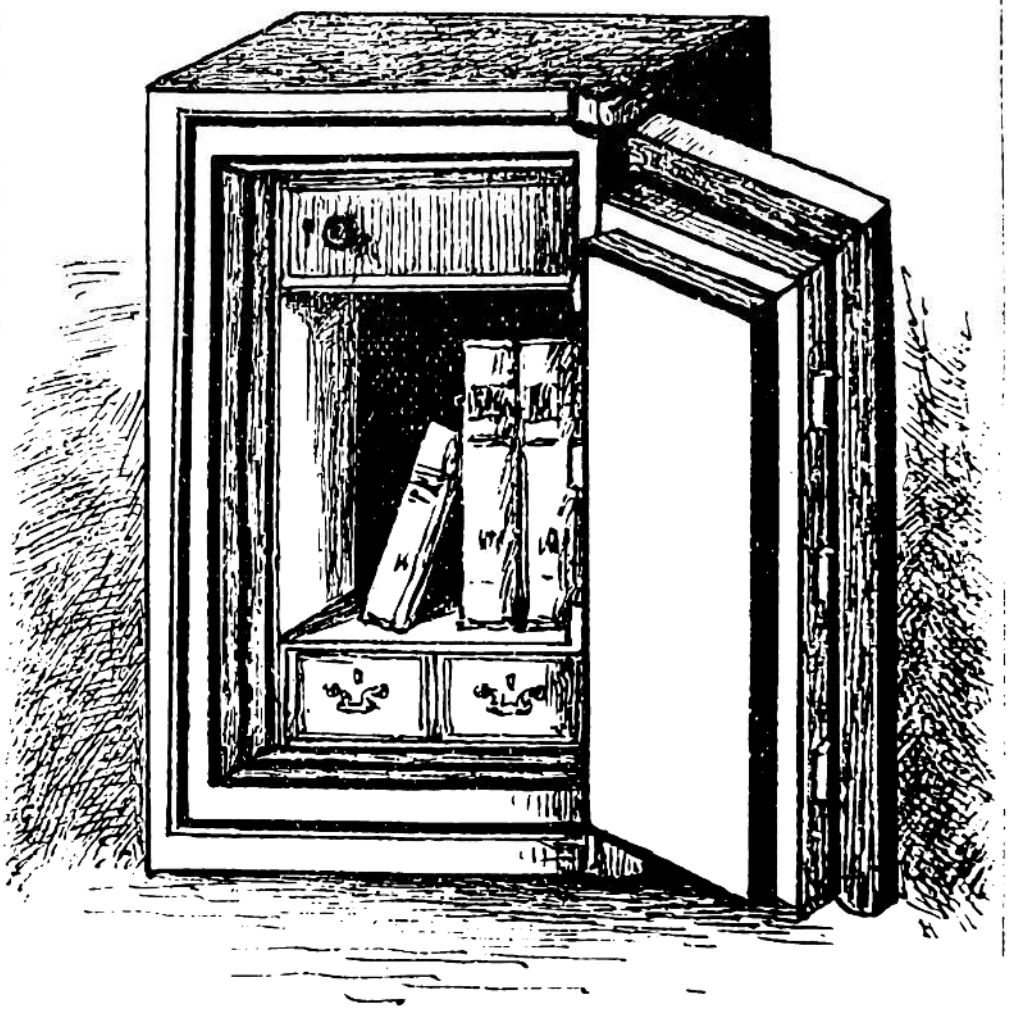
3. Be punctual in all your engagements. Time is not given you to play with. If you are one minute behind time, do learn (no matter what the appointment may be) to think it is a misfortune. Yes, and it may be a sin too. When you come to me next spring, I shall expect you to be punctual to a moment. The habit, once gained, is a perpetual comfort to yourself and to those about you, and it helps you in the performance of your daily task. And do believe that you have a daily task. Life is worth nothing without it; life implies duties, and very solemn duties both to God and man. Don't suppose I want you to be severe. Not a bit of it. I like a merry face and a merry heart, but then our joys should be those of Christians.

Don't Lose the Key of the Safe.

A SAFE is a box for holding money, jewels, books, and other things of great value. It is made of iron and steel, and is so strong that a thief cannot break into it, and so heavy that he cannot carry it away. It must be able, also, to resist the utmost violence of fire; and for this purpose, the space between the outer and inner plates of which the safe is made is filled with tubes of water, or crystals of soda, packed in sawdust. If the safe becomes hot, the tubes burst, the soda melts, and the sawdust is soaked with water. The water then becomes steam and passes into the inner chamber of the safe, and so protects the books and papers that are in it. I remember, when I was a boy, gazing at a safe that was exhibited in a stationer's window in Glasgow. It had been taken out of the debris of a large warehouse that had been burnt to the ground a week or two before. It had been in the flames for hours, and yet the books of the firm, as a placard triumphantly proclaimed, had been uninjured. In token whereof, behold one of the very books standing in the window, very modestly I must say, and not in the least conceited-looking as I should have expected. But the safe itself, to my great delight, was grievously twisted and discoloured; to have seen it was the next best thing to having seen the fire!

Now, lest any of you boys should wish to get a safe to keep his

marbles in out of his little sister's reach, I may say that you can buy one at any price from ten to four hundred pounds. But I think you would do better to keep your marbles in a flower-pot or an ordinary drawer. Your sister would find the key, and might forget where she laid it.



Which would be awkward. For, when a safe is made, a special lock is made for it and a special key, of which no copy is ever kept. And if the key is lost, a skilled workman has to come from London, and if he fails to find a way into it, the safe must be taken to some work where there is strong machinery and just smashed open.

Some years ago a British firm made a safe for the Roumanian Government. The official in charge was very proud of it, and before anything had been put in it used to show it to his friends. One day, while doing so, he laid the key on one of its shelves, and before he knew what he was about closed the door, which was a self-locking one! Fortunately the drawings of the safe had not yet been destroyed, and the workman who was sent from London was able from them to find out a spot by boring at which he could undo the bolt on which the other bolts depended.

Is not a drunkard like a man who has lost the key of his safe? He can't do what he would like to do; he can neither walk, nor stand, nor think, nor speak. I have known a great scholar unable to sign his name. But the drunkard not only loses his key; he gives it to the devil to keep for him. The devil may do with him what he likes. So many a man, good-natured enough when he was sober, has committed murder when he was drunk. I hope you will all be teetotalers. Make sure, by God's grace, that drink will never have control of you.

But a man may keep the key of the outer door all right, and yet lose the key of one of the inside drawers. A man gets angry, for example, and, though he may not strike anybody, he says things he is sorry for after. He has lost the key of speech. Take care of all the little keys.

And see that you have your drawers and shelves stored and laden with things worth keeping. Your body, soul, and spirit have cost too much to be made into a lumber-room. You must be temples of the Holy Ghost. And the only way to keep the key is to give it to Him. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips. Lord, keep *me*.

WHEN Turner's picture of Cologne was exhibited in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Lady Wallscourt, and Lady Robert Manners.

The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and complained openly of the position of his pictures. You are aware that artists were at that time permitted to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the Cologne in all its splendour, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun colour. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, *what* have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lamp black. It'll all wash off after the exhibition!" He had actually passed a wash of lamp-black in water colour over the whole sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time, and so left it through the exhibition, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.—*Ruskin*.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. How many of the patriarchs were alive when Enoch was translated? 2. Contrast Elisha's chamber and Solomon's palace.

JUNIORS.—A list of persons in *Matthew* whose garments are referred to. 2. How many angels are spoken of in *Matthew*?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the November number have been received from—

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Janet Barclay, Daniel Black, M. M. Black, Gardner Blair, Elizabeth L. Brown, Gavin Robert L. Brown, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Tommy Hamilton, Bertie Hardie, Jessie V. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Matthew Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna Bella Martin, Mary H. Martin, Willie Archie Paterson, Robert James Rainey, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, John Stitt, Lizzie H. Stitt, Robert R. Stevenson.

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, John Allen, Mary Breslin (1), Aggie Christie (1), Bertie Hardie, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, Duncan Black M'Neil, James Paterson, John Stitt (1), Lizzie H. Stitt (1).

The names of those who did the December lessons will be published in February.

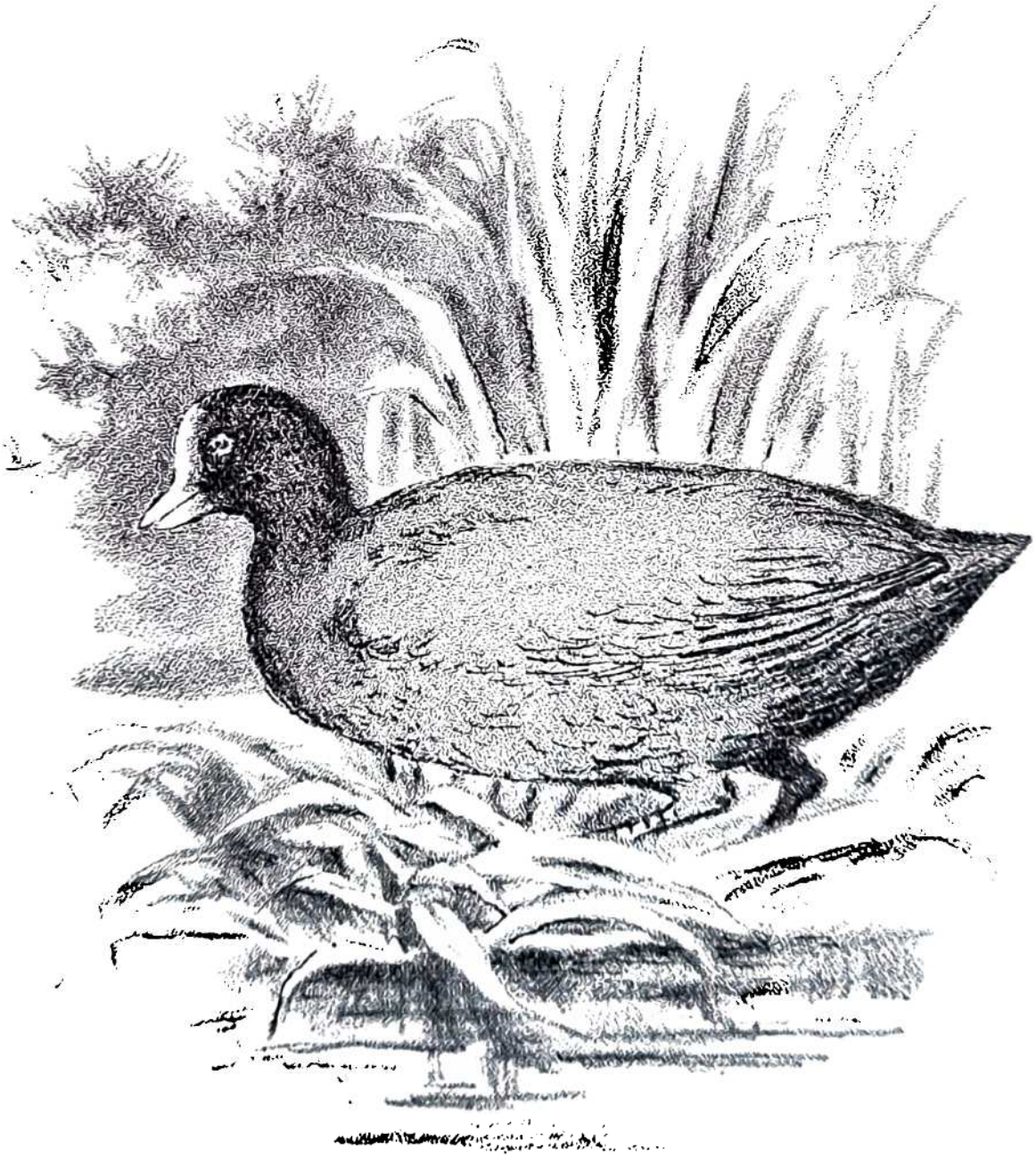
1	TH	Follow thou Me.—*John xxi. 22.* ("A year has passed—another has commenced. These solemn divisions of time influence our feelings as they recur. Yet there is nothing in it; for every day in the year closes a twelvemonth as well as the 31st December. The latter is only the solemn pause, as when a guide, showing a wild and mountainous road, calls on a party to pause and look back at the scenes which they have just passed." *Sir Walter Scott's Journal, 1st Jan., 1826.*)
2	F	I go to prepare a place for you.—*John xiv. 2.*
3	S	Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—*John xii. 26.*
4	S	My soul cleaveth unto the dust.—*Ps. cxix. 25.*
5	M	O Lord, I am oppressed.—*Is. xxxix. 14.*
6	TU	There is but a step between me and death.—*1 Sam. xx. 3.*
7	W	Thou art near.—*Ps. cxix. 151.* ("It is a very glorious truth, that, as a counterpoise to the brevity of our mortal life, even in what are called the waste minutes of our time, like those of waiting, the soul may soar and range."—*Rev. Rufus Lyon.*)
8	TH	They said unto Him, Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?
9	F	He saith unto them, Come and see.
10	S	They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him.—*John i. 38.*
11	S	Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.—*Ps. iv. 6.*
12	M	Stephen looked up stedfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God.—*Acts vii. 55.*
13	TU	They saw Stephen's face as it had been the face of an angel.—*Acts vi. 15.*
14	W	My heart is glad.—*Ps. xvi. 9.* ("The glorious XVI. Psalm," Henry Martyn calls it.)
15	TH	I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.—*2 Kings iv. 9.* "And as he came away, The men who met him rounded on their heels And wondered after him, because his face Shone like the countenance of a priest of old, Against the flame about a sacrifice Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad was he." —*Tennyson's "Pelleas and Ettare."*
16	F	Thy righteousness shall go before thee:
17	S	The glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.—*Is. lviii. 8.*
18	S	Behold, your King!—*John xix. 14 (R. V.)*
19	M	Upon His head are many diadems.—*Rev. xix. 12 (R. V.)*
20	TU	Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns.—*John xix. 5.*
21	W	A sceptre of righteousness.—*Heb. i. 8.*
22	TH	They took the reed, and smote Him on the head.—*Matt. xxvii. 30.*
23	F	Kiss the Son.—*Ps. ii. 12.*
24	S	And they spat upon Him.—*Matt. xxvii. 3 (R. V.)*
25	S	The only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father.—*John i. 18.*
26	M	They crucified two other with Him, and Jesus in the midst.—*John xix. 18.*
27	TU	In His hands the print of the nails.—*John xx. 25.*
28	W	He lifted up His hands and blessed them.—*Luke xxiv. 50.*
29	TH	The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.—*Ps. xcvii. 5.*
30	F	He rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre.—*Matt. xxvii. 60.*
31	S	I have the keys of hell and of death.—*Rev. i. 18.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

February, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



The Ambitious Coot.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

—:o:—

February 1.—Elijah at Horeb.—1 Kings xix. 1-18 Text, Gen. xxvi. 24. Quest. 5. Psalm xxxix. 11, 12.

ELIJAH had stood alone at Carmel, but the strain of that great pleading for God had been too much for him, and the reaction ended in collapse. He fled from Jezebel's threats, and lying down weary, lonely, and hopeless, prayed for death. But God, who made us, knows our frame; and as a father pitying a tired child, He pitied Elijah in his despondency. He refreshed his weary body with food and sleep; and to revive his spirit sent him on to Horeb, where in the days of old He had appeared in the burning bush, and made a covenant with Israel for ever. There God speaks to the prophet, and gives him a new revelation of Himself and of the state of His kingdom in Israel. Elijah had taken everything on himself (v. 10); he had counted much on the effect of violent measures; God shows him the other seven thousand who had not worshipped Baal; and in the earthquake, the tempest, the fire, and the still small voice, says to Elijah as to Zerubbabel: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit." Of course the seven thousand should not have been so invisible; but we are bound to remember that God has friends we do not know, in places we never dream of, and that His kingdom comes secretly, and not with violence and show.

February 8.—Ahab's Covetousness. — 1 Kings xxi. 1-16. Text, Luke xii. 15. Quest. 6. Psalm xl. 1, 2.

AHAB had just won two great victories over the King of Syria, and his throne had never seemed stronger. But because he could not have all his whims gratified he took to bed. His proposal to Naboth seemed fair, but the owner felt that he had received his inheritance from God, and that he was not at liberty to part with it. Ahab would ascribe Naboth's refusal to ill-nature or greed; he could not believe it was from duty to the Lord. Bad men will not believe in high motives. If people refuse to join them in evil courses they suppose it is from fear or prudence, not from piety. The sin of covetousness makes us utterly unhappy. It does not get us what we want, and it hinders us from enjoying what we have. Ahab's refusal to eat bread shows us what babies grown men often are. They imagine slights, insults, wounds to their pride, and such trifles poison their happiness.

Jezebel's idea of governing Israel was to do whatever her evil heart prompted her. Power was for self. The divine idea of the kingdom was to rule in righteousness, enforcing the will of God. A corrupt king corrupted the State, else Jezebel would not have found creatures to carry out her murderous purpose.

February 15.—Elijah Taken to Heaven.—2 Kings ii. 1-11. Text, Gen. x. 24. Quest. 7. Psalm. xl. 3, 4.

THE best part of Elijah's work is only incidentally mentioned, while a great deal is said about his meetings with Ahab and the priests on Carmel. The training of young men was his most lasting work. For the last hours on earth Elijah wished to be alone, but Elisha could not bear to part from him. He prepared for heaven not by silence and prayer, but in arranging with Elisha about carrying on God's work. What a man wishes most is a test of character. A double portion of the spirit of Elijah means the portion of the eldest son, who is to enter into the place and responsibilities of his father. Elijah says it is a hard thing, to suggest that a right spirit is not to be got from a teacher, but from God. To Elisha the departure of Elijah seems such a loss as the loss to a nation of its chariots and horsemen. He was a stronger defence to Israel than a standing army, this man of God who had been taken away.

February 22.—Elijah's Successor. 2 Kings ii. 12-22. Text, Zech. iv. 6. Quest. 8. Psalm xl. 5.

GOD drove back Jordan for Israel to cross; He now does it for one man. Elisha begins where Elijah left off. As at a merchant's death his heirs try to keep on all his business, so, when a saint dies, we should try to keep his spirit, his faith, and ask God to divide all that saint's gifts among us who are left.

There need be no difficulty in the story of the she-bears to those who know that God was always God, holy and good. We don't know all the circumstances, but it was God Who sent the bears. Cursing means solemnly rebuking. If Elisha had just lost his temper because he was called "bald," he would have been no man at all, much less a man of God; God would have rebuked him as He did Moses for speaking unadvisedly. Clearly, Elijah's ascension was disbelieved; Elisha's work was in danger of failing at the very outset; God owns him. Better that ignorant children should have been made an example of than wicked men. It is not said their souls were lost, and their death was doubtless the saving of thousands.

March 1.—The Shunammite's Son.—2 Kings iv. 25-37. Text, John v. 21. Quest. 9. Psalm xl. 16, 17.

The Ambitious Coot.

THE coots lived in a little corner of a loch in the South of England, near the sea. There were six children, two girls and four boys, and they were happy and contented, all but one. He was the second youngest brother. I don't know how it was, but, strange to say, his grandmother had the same failing. From her infancy she found fault with everything. So with him. He was a pretty child, with a lovely orange-scarlet spot on his head, but, as he grew up, the bright colours disappeared, and gave place to the bald patch that all coots have. He became, in fact, quite an ordinary bird, and that seemed to vex him. Twice or thrice he ran from home, and once was actually five hours away. His parents were in great distress; no coot before had been known to go anywhere, even for half-an-hour, without asking leave. His father gave him a right good pecking, and

then his mother took him apart and reasoned with him. He was very insolent, and told her he wished he had been born a duck, a mallard, with brilliant plumage. "Oh, it's

dreadful," he said, "to be nothing but a poor sooty-looking coot."

"Like your father and me?" his mother said. She never forgot the tone with which he uttered these words—"a poor sooty-looking coot." She felt that her boy was estranged from her. Yet they had many talks together after that. One I remember especially. He was speaking about the superiority of the duck family. "Why, mother," he said, "even human beings, whom we are told so often to look up to, hold the ducks in honour and call themselves after them. One of the bravest of English seamen was named Sir Francis Drake. Surely that proves what I say."

"If that has been distressing you, my child," she answered, "it is a pity. For one of the bravest of English soldiers, a man who helped to conquer India and drive the French from it, was named after our family—Sir Eyre Coote!"

The older he grew, his absences from home became longer and more frequent. He loved nothing so much as swimming as near the wild ducks as he could get. One of them, called Lord Greensleeves, from the beauty of his coat, addressed a casual word to him one day in a sudden strange fit of condescension. From that hour young Coot was "neither to hold nor to bind." He could talk and think of nothing else. His devotion to his patron became ridiculous. One morning, for instance, he was hurrying away before breakfast was over.

"Sit down, please," his father said, "till we have all finished, unless there is something very pressing."

"Lord Greensleeves had quite a cough yesterday, and I am most anxious to hear how he is."

"Very well," replied his father, "and if Lord Greensleeves asks if your mother's leg is any better, just tell him you don't know."

But the sarcasm was lost on him; he heard what was said, but the words had no meaning for him. His mind was 600 yards away.

The ducks were at first a little amused at his pertinacity, but soon they became annoyed, and showed it, too, in spite of their good breeding, in a way the coots, poor though they were, would not have done. But their visitor was blinded by self-conceit and vanity. He got a sore humbling one day, however. He had agreed, for a wonder, to go pic-nicking with the rest of his family. They swam a mile or two, and then walked on shore, and graceful walkers, I must say, they were; next they tried diving and running along the bottom of the loch, and then they had a great splashing fight, in which the sons splashed their father and their sisters, but the sons had the worst of it. After that they dressed their feathers, and had dinner, and rested, and then they set out for home. But just as they started, their ambitious brother being a little way ahead, who should appear but Lord Greensleeves and a large company with him! Young Coot was quite beside himself with excitement; now, he thought, his family would see for

themselves something that would fill them with envy, though, to be sure, he himself would rather his family had not been quite so near him. However, that could not be helped, and there was Lord Greensleeves actually coming straight towards him. Poor Coot wished he had had some clever striking thing to say, but he was too excited to think now.

Lord Greensleeves came up quite close to him, stared at him pointedly for a moment, long enough to show that there was no mistake about what he did, and then passed on without either word or smile! To make things worse, the poor Coot, in his excitement, forgot which foot to paddle with, and turning right round bumped up against one of the ladies of the party. This exposed him to another stony stare, but he saw nothing now; only he heard as in a confused dream some one saying, "I think the creature must be wrong in his mind."

The poor bird never knew how he got home that day. His family never said one word to him about the rebuff he had met, but it was six weeks before he had heart to go fifty yards from home.

But pride soon revived, and he set off one morning to the reeds where he knew the wild ducks were. He crept stealthily along, his heart beating very fast, and was only a few yards from one of them, when up the wild duck flew, and the same moment two reports of a gun were heard. The sportsman, of course, had not seen the Coot—he was still among the reeds—but the poor bird was sore stricken by the shot; stricken fatally. He dived at once, but he felt life ebbing fast. Vain confidence, however, stayed by him to the end. "Well, at anyrate," he said, "I have been taken for a duck at last," and so thinking, still clutching the weeds at the bottom of the loch with all his might, he died.

JOHN BROWN, the commentator, died on the 19th June, 1787. His descendants already number more than 350, and of these 180 are living. On the centenary of his death, four years ago, a family gathering was held at Haddington. There were about fifty persons present, old and young, while letters and telegrams were sent by absent members from all parts of the world—Australia, South Africa, Germany, Russia, and Spain. Religious exercises were engaged in at intervals during the day. The manse, the grave, and other places associated with him were visited, and many memorials of him were exhibited and reverently examined. Amongst these last were a ring containing his hair; a Bible made up of the fragments of the fifth copy of the Scriptures which was worn to pieces by him in preparing the references to the "Self-Interpreting Bible;" and thirdly, the Greek Testament he got when a shepherd lad. It is a well-known story. Leaving his sheep in charge of another boy, he set off one night for St. Andrews, a walk of four-and-twenty miles. Next morning, just

as he was asking the bookseller for the Testament, one of the professors came in by chance, and hearing what the barefooted laddie asked, said, "Here, my boy, if you will read me a verse of it, you shall have it for nothing." The book was opened, the verse chosen was read, and the prize won, to the delight both of the professor and the boy.

At the gathering we have been speaking of, tea was served in the old manse from a family heirloom which has an interesting history.

John Croumbie, the brother-in-law of Mr. Brown, kept a general store in Haddington. Amongst the things which he sold was gunpowder. One summer evening as he sat at the window over his ledger, an apprentice went downstairs into the cellar, where the powder was, with a candle in his hand. A spark fell, the barrel exploded, the poor lad was killed, the flooring and window above were blown up, and John Croumbie was shot into the air and thrown one-and-thirty yards, falling, however, almost unhurt. Mr. Croumbie never forgot that day. Regularly as the date came round, says Dr. J. C. Brown, who tells the story, he shut himself up in his bedroom and spent the day in prayer and meditation.

His shop and stock had been insured, and the Insurance Company of course offered to make good his loss. But he refused the money, judging himself guilty of a breach of duty in having entrusted a cellar containing gunpowder to an inexperienced lad. The company insisted, however, on his receiving a piece of plate in acknowledgment of his honourable dealing; and this was the tea-service that was used at the family gathering.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from January number.

At the age of 37

Colonel Todleben, a Russian engineer, became the hero of the Crimean war. When the French and English troops undertook the siege of Sebastopol, Todleben was entrusted with its defence. When he came affairs were in a desperate condition—the Russian army had stolen away, their men-of-war were aground, and Sebastopol might have been taken at once. But our delay was Todleben's opportunity. Everywhere ramparts of earth and formidable batteries rose up as if by magic; men, women, and children worked night and day, and all were so skilfully guided that no one's toil was in vain. In four days he had accomplished his purpose, and made the capture of Sebastopol impossible, unless by a long continued siege. Todleben had joyous, kind-looking eyes, almost ready to melt with good humour. Wherever he went, says the late Mr. Kinglake, "the presence of Todleben was enough to assure men that even in this world there was something at least to hope for, and plainly a great deal to do." During the siege

his activity never ceased. The British troops could see him across the space that separated them constantly at work in the Russian lines, his black charger here, there, everywhere ; and so valuable did they see his presence to be to the enemy's garrison that more than once they pointed their guns at him. One of the shots specially directed against him, it was afterwards found, struck the ear of his horse. He himself escaped uninjured till almost the close of the war, when he was severely wounded in the leg. He died in 1884, aged sixty-eight.

Todleben, the Hero of Sebastopol.

(From Gen. Hamley's Crimean War.)

At the age of 38

John Kepler, a native of Germany, made two famous discoveries about the way the planets move. Before his time men thought that the planets moved in circles, and that each of them went always at the same rate of speed. Kepler, after watching the planet Mars for many years, saw that it did not go round in a circle. He found out too as much as he could from astronomers about the other planets, and came to the conclusion that *they move in ellipses.*

Everyone knows how to make a circle with a pair of compasses, or with a string, one end of which is kept fixed. The middle point of a circle is called the centre. But an ellipse has two centres or focuses as they are called. Would you like to learn to draw one? Look at Fig. 1. Let **S B A** be a piece of string whose two ends **S** and **A** are fastened to two pins stuck in a piece of card-board. Put a pencil upright, inside the loop at the point **B**, and pull the string tight; draw the pencil round first on one side, and then on the other. The figure you draw will be an ellipse, and the two pin holes are the focuses. You can make your ellipse more or less round by putting your pins nearer each other or further apart. Then, **S** is the Sun, and the dotted line is the path which **E**, the Earth, makes round it. That is the first of Kepler's laws : *the planets move in ellipses, the sun being one of the focuses.*

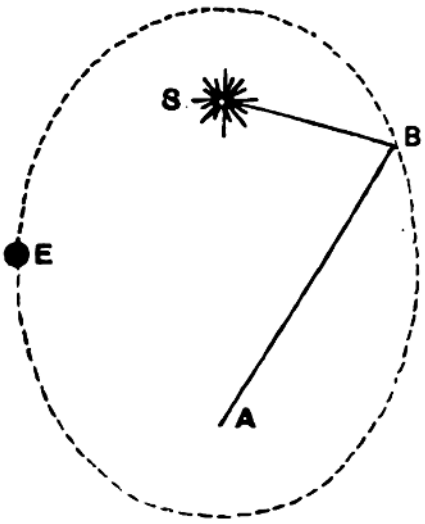


Fig. 1.

Now for the second discovery, and you will be astronomers in two minutes. He found out that the planets move more quickly at one time than at another. The nearer they are to the sun, the more quickly they fly. And the law he found out was this :—Though the planets do not always go the same distance in the same time, *yet they always describe equal areas about the Sun in equal times.* It is quite easily understood. Let Fig. 2 be the path of the Earth round the Sun. If you could draw a line from the Sun to the Earth on the first day of every month, you would divide the ellipse which it makes every year into 12 different parts. These parts will be of *different shapes*, yet they will all be of the *same size.* If you are spared till next New Year you should get your mothers to bake a cake the shape of an ellipse, and then see if you can divide it into 12 equal parts as in the Figure. This will be an Astronomical Cake; and when you are eating it, think of Kepler. But if your mothers refuse to bake one, you must not fret, or blame me, or give up the study of astronomy! Remember that poor Kepler had a far worse mother than you have. She

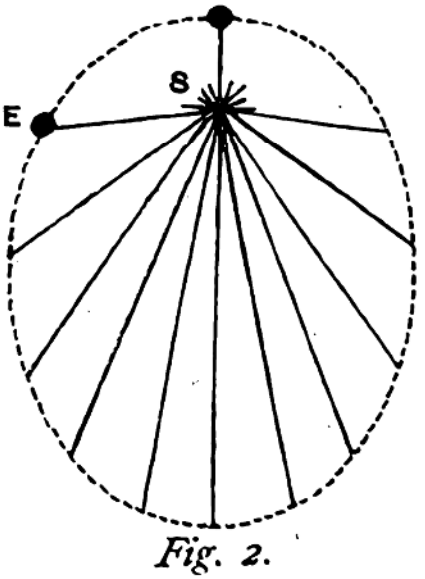


Fig. 2.

was a woman of a dreadful temper, and many a sore heart she gave him. Yet he made many discoveries, though his health was bad from his very infancy, and he had other trials that I have not spoken of. Strange to say, he was very slow in working at sums. Few men have done more or better work. He met with much opposition, but his enthusiasm carried him through. One of his books closes thus :—"If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited 6,000 years for an observer." He died in 1630, aged 59.

To be continued.

THE Japanese have just chosen their first Parliament, and the Parliament has chosen as its first Speaker a native Christian, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, named Nakashima. His wife, who is said to be a woman of great ability, is a Christian too.

MR. THOMAS HALYBURTON, Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, who died in 1712, aged 38, said after a night of great suffering a few days before his death, "These fourteen or fifteen years I have been studying the promises; but I have seen more of the book of God this night than all that time."

SIR GEORGE BURNS, BART., one of the founders of the Cunard Steamship Company, who died last year, was a good man, and a great lover of animals. He once lost a favourite dog that he had had for several years, and no one was surprised when he prayed at family worship to Him who preserveth man and beast, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, to grant, if it were His will, that his "old friend and companion might find a home where he would be kindly treated."

Crossing Greenland.

GREENLAND was crossed for the first time, so far as is known in history, two and a-half years ago by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a Norwegian naturalist, twenty-eight years of age. He had five companions, three of them his own countrymen and two of them Laplanders. When they set out few expected them to come back. Yet, no Arctic expedition was ever so successful, because no one was ever so well managed from beginning to end. The men were carefully chosen, the boat and sledges were made by "clever and conscientious" carpenters, and everything tested beforehand that could be. The expedition was out and out a teetotal one. "My experience," says Dr. Nansen, "leads me to take a decided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds. It must be a sound principle at all times that one should live in as simple and natural a way as possible, and especially must this be the case when the life is a life of severe exertion in an extremely cold climate. The idea that one gains

by stimulating body and mind by artificial means betrays, in my opinion, not only ignorance of the simplest physiological laws, but also a want of experience, or, perhaps, a want of capacity to learn from experience. It seems, indeed, quite simple and obvious that one can get nothing in this life without paying for it in one way or other, and that artificial stimulants, even if they had not the directly injurious effects which they undoubtedly have, can produce nothing but a temporary excitement, followed by a corresponding reaction. Stimulants bring practically no nutritive substance into the body, and the energy which one obtains by their use at one moment must be paid for by a corresponding exhaustion at the next.

"To many all this will appear so plain that I need hardly touch upon the subject. But it must be remembered that even in recent years Arctic expeditions have set out from home with large supplies, not only of tobacco, but of such fatal stimulants as alcoholic drinks. Read, for example, the list of drinkables taken by the second German-Polar Expedition on the two ships 'Germania' and 'Hansa.' It is sad, indeed, when a wrong principle of this kind leads to such terrible consequences as it did in the Greely American Expedition, the last great tragedy in the history of Arctic exploration. When one reads, for instance, how the plucky Sergeant Rice, famished, frozen, and tired to death, imagines he can save himself by a dose of rum, and then dies shortly afterwards in the arms of his friend Frederick, who is meanwhile stripping himself of his own clothing, down to his very shirt, in his attempts to thaw his comrade's stiffening limbs, one cannot but be moved to the very heart at the thought of so much energy, courage, and noble self-sacrifice being thus uselessly thrown away. The melancholy debauches which the men on this expedition were guilty of when driven to despair by their inhospitable surroundings and the continual nearness of death and destruction, I will not touch upon. Besides reducing the power of endurance and lowering the temperature of the body and weakening the activity of the digestive organs, alcohol also destroys energy and lessens the spirit of enterprise, and this, not least, when men like those under Greely are perishing of starvation and exhaustion.

"But what is to be said when a man like Julius Payer writes in his book on the Austrian and Hungarian-Polar Expedition of 1872-1874, that 'a small daily allowance of rum is almost indispensable on a sledge expedition of any length, especially when the temperature is extremely low?' As if it were not just in low temperatures that spirits are most injurious, and as if it were not known that they cause a reduction of bodily heat instead of an increase of it, as many people are inclined to think, because such things 'warm them up,' as they say."

Nansen and his comrades have a right to speak. Their courage and endurance were tried often to the utmost. They had to face from 50 to 60 degrees of frost, a temperature

HALF THE EXPEDITION IN ITS SLEEPING-BAG!

we can form no idea of. In the evening it was often difficult to get their feet from their coverings, as the stockings, socks, and shoes were all frozen hard together. The strange-looking picture we have copied from his book represents three of his men in their sleeping-bag! These sleeping-bags, of which they had two, were made of reindeer skin, which is at once extremely warm and extremely light. They had flaps, which could be buckled down over the men's heads and faces when necessary. As long as the cold was not extreme, it was warm enough with the flap just laid over them; but when the temperature got lower, the men were glad enough to have it buckled down as tight as the straps would allow, the little openings that were still left being quite enough for ventilation. Sometimes when they awoke they found their bags completely buried in the snow!

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How many persons mentioned in the Book of Kings had chariots? Who had the most? and who had the best? 2. How often are Christ's hands referred to in the Gospels?

SENIORS.—1. What is the *biggest number* mentioned in the Bible? 2. A list of occasions on which people refused to believe what angels said.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the December number have been received from—

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Janet Barclay, M. M. Black, Mary Breslin (1), A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, John Crawford, Alex. Culten, Nellie Culton, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Bertie Hardie, John S. Howie, Robert Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Lizzie Lang, Jeanie H. Lang, Jessie R. Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna Bella Martin, Mary H. Martin, Matthew M'Neil, William Archie Paterson, L. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, Robert R. Stevenson, Alice Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart, Lizzie Stewart.

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, John Allen, Mary Breslin (2), Aggie Christie, Hannah Cromie, M. Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Annie H. Lang, Archd. M'Neil, James Paterson.

The names of those who did the January lessons will be published in March.

1	S	Our Maker.—*Psalm xcv. 6.* ("I wonder why God made us," said Mrs. Faber, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy, "but then He hasn't made you, He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."—*George Macdonald.*)
2	M	God made man upright.—*Eccl. vii. 29, R. V.*
3	Tu	The vessel was marred in the hand of the potter.—*Jer. xviii. 4.*
4	W	Ye would none of My reproof.—*Prov. i. 25.*
5	Th	Ye must be born anew.—*John iii. 7, R. V.*
6	F	I will take the stony heart out of their flesh.—*Ezek. xi. 19.* ("New circumstances have seldom to the old heart proved better than the new piece of cloth to the old garment.")
7	S	A vessel sanctified, meet for the Master's use.—*2 Tim. ii. 21.*

8	S	Why stand ye here all the day idle?—*Matt. xx. 6.*
9	M	Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?—*Esther iv. 14.* For now I see the true old times are dead, When every morning brought a noble chance, And every chance brought out a noble knight. —*The Passing of Arthur.*
10	Tu	Behold, I come as a thief.
11	W	Blessed is he that watcheth.—*Rev. xvi. 15.*
12	Th	Peter, what, could ye not watch with Me one hour?
13	F	He came again, and found them sleeping.
14	S	Sleep on now; the Son of Man is betrayed.—*Matt. xxvi. 40-45.* ("Twice in twenty-four hours Marshal Soult had neglected those happy occasions which in war take birth and flight at the same instant."—*Napier's Peninsular War.*)

15	S	Gather not my soul with sinners.—*Psalm xxvi. 9.*
16	M	Angels which left their proper habitation.—*Jude 6, R. V.*
17	Tu	Cain, who slew his brother.—*1 John iii. 12.*
18	W	Esau, who for one mess of meat sold his birthright.—*Heb. xii. 16.*
19	Th	Balaam, who loved the hire of wrong-doing.—*2 Peter ii. 15, R. V.*
20	F	Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin.—*2 Kings iii. 3.*
21	S	Judas, who was guide to them that took Jesus. The days will grow to weeks, and weeks to months, The months will add themselves and make the years, The years will roll into the centuries, And mine will ever be a name of scorn. —*Tennyson's "Guinevere."*

22	S	Women, which were early at the sepulchre.—*Luke xxiv. 22.*
23	M	Now Hannah, she spake in her heart.—*1 Sam. i. 13.*
24	Tu	Abigail, a woman of good understanding.—*1 Sam. xxv. iii.*
25	W	Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.—*Ruth i. 14.*
26	Th	Dorcas, a woman full of good works.—*Acts ix. 36.*
27	F	Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord.—*Romans xvi. 12.*
28	S	The elect lady.—*2 John 1.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

March, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

March.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

March 1.—The Shunammite's Son.—2 Kings iv. 25-37. Text, John v. 21. Quest. 9. Psalm xl. 16, 17.

THE Shunammite's Son was in a special sense a gift of God. He was the reward given for her hospitality to the man of God, and for her contentment with her quiet life (see verse 13). Apparently he died of sunstroke. The sun in that latitude is most dangerous before it reaches the meridian; its sloping rays beat upon the neck, and are often fatal. Her trust in God was equal to Abraham's. She accounted that God was able to raise her son, even from the dead; she anticipated Christ's blessing, Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt. God refuses nothing to such faith and love. Gehazi's failure with the staff was a warning to him that God was not with him; and a lesson to Elisha to come closer to those who were in trouble.

March 8.—Naaman Healed.—2 Kings v. 1-14. Text, Psalms ciii. 3. Quest. 10. Psalm xlii. 1, 2.

THE little maid in Naaman's house had been captured by the Syrians in a border raid. But her bright, clever ways had made her a favourite with her mistress. Still, she was only a slave, and it is wonderful that her words were heeded. But, when people are in great trouble, they will take help from any one. Naaman, we may be sure, had tried everything for his leprosy. The letter of the King of Syria to the King of Israel commanding *him* to heal Naaman is an instance of the blank ignorance of great and clever men in all ages about the nature of divine things. Naaman had ideas as to how he was to be cured. He was to be made much of, the prophet was to make a parade of his power. But he was treated like a common man, and told simply to obey God's servant. Many of us have ideas as to how we are to be saved. We have read a good deal, we are important people; we are not to be told just to believe like common folk. We are to be saved in a great revival, not in a thin church on a cold Sabbath morning. Yet there is for all only the one way of God, and He is always waiting to be gracious.

March 15.—Gehazi Punished.—2 Kings v. 15-27. Text, Num. xxxii. 23. Quest. 11. Psalm xlii. 8, 9.

ELISHA wished Naaman to go home and be a witness for God. He wished him to be sure, too, that there were men of God in Israel who did not care for gain. Gehazi spoiled all. For it was worse now to send after Naaman with this excuse about the young men from Ephraim than it would have been to take the gifts at once. It looked as if the prophet tried to be generous, but felt, after all, as if he could not let such a chance pass of making gain.

Being near a good master did not make the servant good. To be much about the church, and about holy things, will not make us holy.

The question, "Is this a time?" shows us the special enormity of Gehazi's sin and the reason for such a judgment.

March 22.—Elisha's Defenders.—2 Kings vi. 8-18. Text, 2 Kings vi. 16. Quest. 12. Psalm xliii. 3, 4.

AS God gives grace and more grace, so He loves to show more and more glory. Elijah and Elisha saw one chariot; Elisha and his servant see the mountain full of them. It is worth while being a prophet's servant. Gehazi lost this sight. The more enemies God's people have, they have the more angels; in addition to those whom they have watching themselves, they have those that are watching their enemies. Yet would not one angel be more than enough? 2 Kings xix. 35. Christ had only one in Gethsemane.

March 29.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Luke xviii. 27. Quest. 13. Psalm xliii. 5.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 21.

At the age of 37 Alexander Cruden, born at Aberdeen, 31st May, 1700, published his Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. A Concordance is a dictionary, which tells one where any passage in Scripture is to be found, provided one knows one or two words of it. Thus, if one wishes to find out where the text is, "They that seek Me early shall find Me," one would look up the word "seek," or "early," or "find" in the Concordance, and under each of these words one would find the text quoted, and the place given where it occurs—Prov. viii. 17. Or, if a poor widow did not know her Bible well, and wished to know if there were any special promises in it for her or her children, she would turn up the word "widow," or "fatherless," and find out many passages which say "God is the widow's God." Every boy and girl should have a Bible with references, and also a Concordance. One may be had now for two shillings; the original price was eighteen. A Concordance is a great help to those who do Bible questions! Poor Cruden was out of his mind a great part of his life. Shortly after his book was published he was confined in a madhouse for ten weeks, but escaped by cutting through the bedstead to which he was chained. In later life his madness took the form of silliness. He made vain attempts to obtain the honour of knighthood from the King. The Lords in Waiting at Court showed him little attention, all but Earl Paulett, "who treated me very civilly, and, being goutish in his feet, was not able to run away, as others did, when he saw me coming." Cruden, like Livingstone, died on his knees, praying.

38 Dr. Samuel Johnson began his famous Dictionary. We little know how much we owe to such men as he. "Other men have laboured, and ye enter into their labours." How many words beginning, for example, with Ab could you think of in a day? Write them down, and then compare your list with that in any dictionary. But the gathering of the words is only the first step, and in some respects the easiest. Dr. Johnson undertook to finish the work in three years for £1,575; but out of that sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who helped him in the humbler parts of his task. He had a room, we are told, fitted up like a counting-house, in which several copyists sat. The work took eight years instead of three. During the time he was engaged at it, his wife died, and left him almost broken-hearted. She was, as Macaulay says, a silly, affected old woman. But her husband had given her all his love. It was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and profit which he expected from his book that had sustained him amid all his labour. Dr. Johnson owed nothing to the great. Lord Chesterfield, after making great professions, took no notice of him for several years, but fell to praising him in public when the book was coming out. Whereupon the doctor

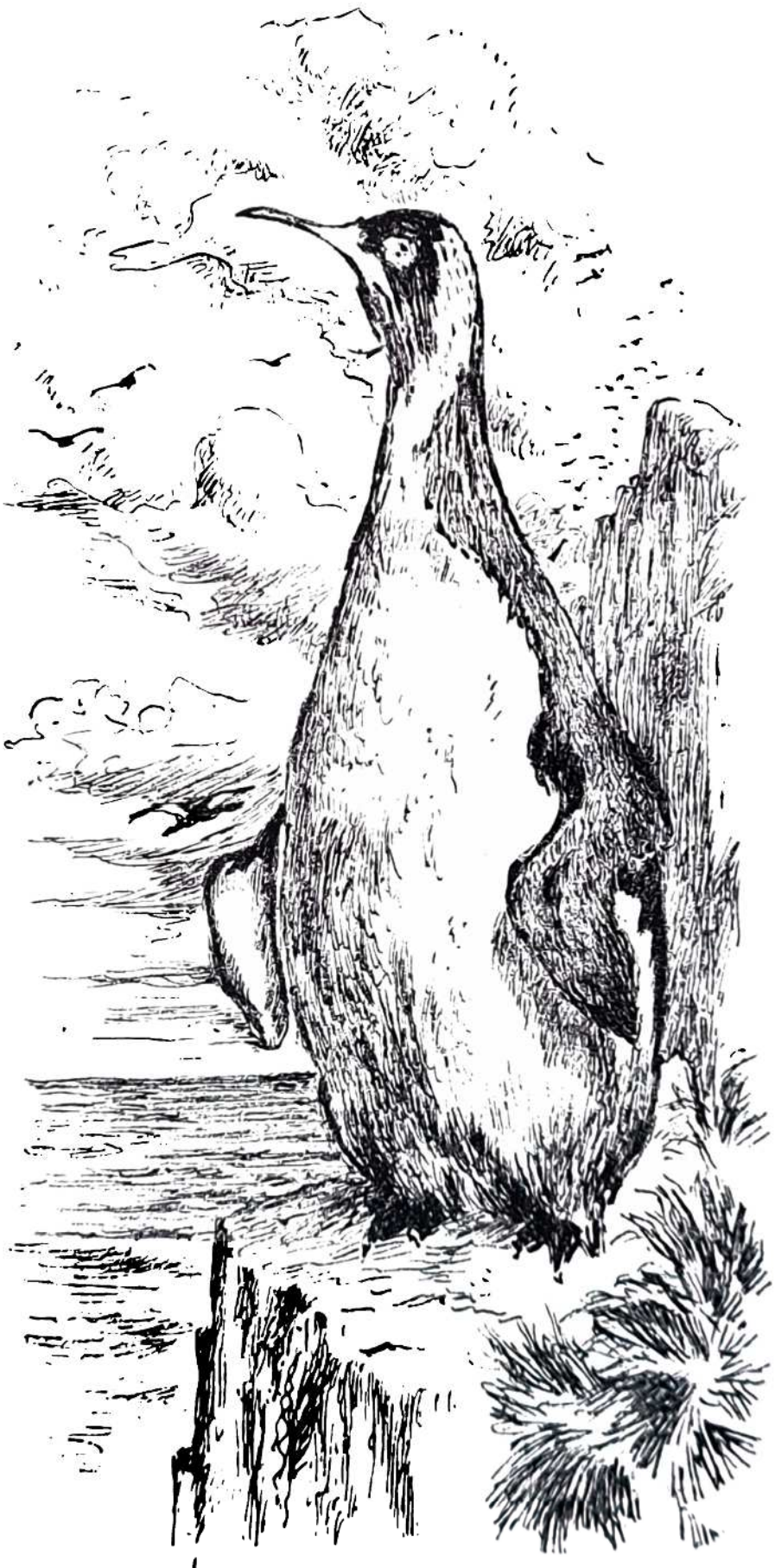
At the age of 38

wrote to him one of the most famous letters in our language. "Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

38 William Tyndale formed the intention of translating and printing the Scriptures in English. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, strange to say, had each Bibles printed in their own tongue before England. Tyndale describes himself as "evil-favoured and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow-witted"; yet few men have done as much for Britain. "I defy the Pope and all his laws," he once said to a Romish scholar, "and, if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." He studied at his Bible most part of the day, but soon found there was no room in London to do the work on which he had set his heart—"no place even to do it in all England." He went to Hamburg in 1524, and thence to Wittenberg, where he met Luther. His version of the New Testament was soon completed. Six thousand copies were printed at Worms and sent to England, where they were bought up and burned; but Tyndale only printed more. His translation was faithfully done. "I call God to record," he said, "that I never altered one syllable of God's word against my conscience, nor would do this day if all that is in earth, whether it be honour, pleasure, or riches, might be given me." A very large portion of the version we now use is taken word for word from Tyndale's. Four years afterwards he published the Pentateuch, and then the Book of Jonah. It was not till 1535 that the whole Bible was printed in English. And what was his reward? At the instigation of the English Government, he was betrayed by one Henry Philips, whom he had befriended, and, being condemned to death, was tied to a stake and strangled by the hangman, and then his body was burnt with fire at Filford, near Antwerp, 1536. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." To have translated the Scriptures into a new language is, I think, the greatest honour man or woman can attain to in this world; and there are still some hundreds of languages into which they have not yet been turned. We, who are old, have lost our chance of this unfading crown. Will any of you boys or girls try to win it?

To be continued.

The Puzzled Penguin.



NIGHTINGALE Island, where this Penguin lived eighteen years ago, lies near Tristan d' Acunha, 1,000 miles south-west of the Cape of Good Hope. The poor bird is thinking. It always was a thinker, from the day it came, a queer black object, out of its little white and brown shell.

Before it was a year old it said to its mother one day, "Are we fishes or are we birds?"

"My dear," she answered, "it is clear we are not fishes. We haven't fins and we haven't scales, and we can't live under water, though we can dive."

"But we haven't wings either. Our flippers have no quills. They are just like what the seals have. I was watching the seals playing to-day."

"Quite true, but we have feathers. We walk on the ground and we build nests in the tussac-grass."

"But we walk very funnily, mother. It is so odd to see us coming down the rocks waddling sideways. And we can't fly. There isn't a bird on the island that doesn't spring lightly into space at

a height of 1,000 yards, and we can only jump down three feet. It is dreadful to be neither one thing nor another, neither fish nor bird."

"But we are both, my dear, and we are wonderfully made."

Another day some hundreds of them had been away 600 miles to sea. When they got back they found it difficult to land. Several times the waves failed to throw them high enough up on the rock, but at last they had managed to climb up with the help of their bills. Then they all walked up the main street that led to the rookery, and off by the side streets each to its own nest.

"We have had a great swim," said the mother, "but I'm glad to be home again."

"How is it," said her son, "that we all land at the very spot we wish? We swim and dive and rush along and never think where we are going, and yet we all get safe home."

"It is very wonderful; but it is just the way God made us."

"Shall we never know any more about ourselves than we do now, mother?"

"I don't think so."

"Not even after we are dead?"

"Oh, no!"

This made them very sad. At last the mother said, "There are beings called men, who are neither birds nor fishes nor beasts, made in God's image, that are to live for ever. They know all about us, and maybe some of them may come to the island, but they can't whaa-whaa like us, and we can't speak like them."

"Oh, I hope they will come soon," said the young Penguin.

Every day after that he looked for ships, but no ship came. Then his mother died. She was swimming one day, and a shark bit off both her pink feet. She reached the shore exhausted, but her son and daughter helped her up and stood by her. Three days she lingered, and on the fourth, about midnight, she said, "Penny, I'm going away. Be good to your sister. I shall never see you again. You have both been very good to me. Good bye; all's dark, but all's well."

Penny and his sister often spoke about their mother, and longed, more than ever, for a ship. At last one came. It was the *Challenger*, a British man-of-war on a scientific cruise, full of learned men. Penny and his sister hastened down to meet them, jumping with all their might. But the men who landed brought guns and sticks and at once made for the rookery, where they trampled on the eggs and killed the little birds and struck the big ones, who revenged themselves by pecking furiously at the sailors' legs.

Penny and his sister did not know what to make of it. For a whole hour the butchery went on, and then the men returned to their boats. Penny began whaa-whaaing. He had much to say and much to ask; but, ere he was well begun, one of the men said something, and Penny's sister was seized and put into a basket, with big stones in it and a rope tied to it, and then thrown into the water. After a time the basket was hauled up, but the bird was

dead. The scientific men had been trying to find out if she could live five minutes under water. Ah, poor Penguin, this was not what you expected. But what would you have said if you had known that the forefathers of these men drowned their own sisters two hundred years ago for reading God's word? and some of these men themselves had broken their own mothers' hearts!

SIR JOHN ELIOT, of whom it has been said that "no stone marks the spot where he lies, but as long as Freedom continues in England he will not be without a monument," wrote to his boys shortly after he had been put in prison by Charles I., in 1628, as follows:—"The days have all seemed pleasant, nor night has once been tedious, nor fears nor terrors have possessed me; but a constant peace and tranquillity of the mind, whose agitation has been chiefly in thanks and acknowledgment to Him by Whose grace I have subsisted."

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK, of Cambridge, a distinguished geologist, once told this story about his father, who was an English minister.

When he was old and blind—and he was blind for twenty years—one of his parishioners, an ungodly-minded man, who had no faith in the Scriptures, called on him one day on business; and, being directed to find his way to the study, came unawares upon the old man, whom he heard (as he supposed) conversing with some one. He waited and listened, and found that the conversation was Prayer. "My father," said the Professor, "being absorbed in feeling, was unconsciously uttering aloud the breathings of his soul before his Maker. The man remained spell-bound for some minutes, and then went away without saying a word. But he had heard what convinced him of the reality of religion; he had seen true and genuine faith, and from that moment ceased to be an unbeliever."

Fridtjof Nansen.

LAST month I told you a good deal about Dr. Nansen's teetotalism, and a very little about his famous journey across Greenland, the first journey across that country ever made by man. Sailing from Leith, he reached the coast of Greenland in the whaling ship *Jason* in July, two years ago. He and his five companions left the *Jason* in two small boats some miles from the shore, but found it impossible to get to land through the floes of ice. For twelve days they drifted, often in great risk of destruction; but at last they got into the clear water, between the ice and the shore. Rowing northwards for fifteen days they reached a place called Umivik, hauled their boats ashore, loaded their sledges, and having carefully buried some provisions in case they should have to turn back, they set out on their journey.

Greenland is very mountainous.

The hills in the interior are two miles high; but, as the whole country is covered with ice—ice in some places a mile thick—only their tops are visible. The few Eskimo and Danes who inhabit it live on the

shore, and chiefly on the west coast. For several weeks Nansen did not see a single bird, the very ravens being afraid of that vast inland sea of ice.

They left Umivik on the 15th August, dragging their sledges after them day by day uphill, over ice and snow, till they reached a height of over 9,000 feet. For several weeks they marched across a vast tableland, often amid furious snow storms. Their road then lay downhill, still over ice, till the end of September, when they reached bare land again. A day or two afterwards they reached the sea. They made a boat out of the canvas floor of their tent and some bamboo poles and willow boughs, and, taking to their oars once more, reached Godthaab on the 3rd October. Their journey had lasted six weeks, and covered between three and four hundred miles. It was at Godthaab that Hans Egede, the Norwegian missionary, had landed in 1721.

Nansen seems to have been a model leader, kind, yet firm, and working as hard as any of his men. Most families, I suppose, make their Sabbath day's meals a little better than an ordinary day's. I have known houses in which the very cat expected something better than usual that day. Nansen had a similar custom. Whenever they reached a spot they had long wished for, he treated his men to the best food he had—American biscuits, butter, and jam. There were five of these solemn occasions on their journey—the day they came to land after drifting in the ice, the day they reached Umivik, the day they had climbed to the highest point in Greenland, the day they first saw land on the west side, and the day they first set foot upon bare ground again. On this last occasion they ran about like school boys on a holiday, jumping and throwing themselves full length and rolling in the heather, they were so glad. They had one other very happy day, that on which they came suddenly to a little fresh-water lake. They could scarcely believe their eyes; but the moment they felt it was really water, they threw themselves on their faces and drank like horses till they could hold no more. The only drinking water they had had for upwards of a month was what was melted by the heat of their bodies in little tin flasks, which they filled with snow and hung round their necks underneath their clothes. During the journey they never washed their faces. Cold water would have frozen before they could have lifted it, even if they had had it, and hot water was too precious. They had carried with them enough spirits of wine to light their stove and cook their food—enough, but no more. Every ounce they had to carry was a matter to be considered. Their very pocket-knives were chosen as much for lightness as for strength.

The two Laplanders of the expedition (Ravna and Balto) were curious characters, especially Balto. Whenever things went so against them that they thought they were lost, they read their New Testaments and were very good; but when it looked as if all danger were past, Balto

would not read his chapter that day, but would perhaps imitate some minister whom he had heard preach at home. Of course, there is no harm in mimicking a minister or any other person, if it is done wisely or kindly.

The greatest dangers were met with at the beginning and end of the journey. The ice is always moving like a mighty river, though only a few yards a day, towards the sea. Here and there there are great cracks in it, called crevasses. Sometimes the tops of these were covered with a thin bridge of snow, and, before they knew it, the travellers would fall through, as in the illustration, and feel their feet dangling in the air. The long pieces of wood on Dr. Nansen's feet are called *ski*, and are much used in Norway for travelling in snow.

Dr. Nansen dislikes tobacco almost as much as whiskey. Whether it is smoked or chewed, he says, it is extremely harmful to men who are engaged in hard work, and most of all so when they are getting little food. "Tobacco injures the digestion, lessens the strength of the body, and reduces nervous power, capacity for endurance, and tenacity of purpose."

Dr. Nansen is preparing to set out on an expedition to the North Pole in 1893, and if any of the boys who read this are going with him, they must neither drink nor smoke. Indeed, if they are wise, they will do neither one nor other, whether they go with him or not. There are other high places in the world besides the North Pole that only those will reach who mortify the flesh and can endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

THE book of God's holy providence is good marginal notes on His revealed will.

Rutherford.

A Scotch Student.

ADAM DISHART was drowned on his son Gavin's fourth birthday. He was blown off his smack in a storm, and could not reach the rope his partner flung him. "It's no go, lad," he shouted; "so long, Jim," and sank.

A month after, his wife sold her share in the smack, which was all Adam left her, and took her son to Glasgow.

When Gavin was twelve he went to the University, and also got a place in a shop as errand boy. He used to run through the streets between his work and his classes. Potatoes and salt fish, which could be got at twopence a pound if bought by the half hundred-weight, were his food. There was not always a good meal for two, yet, when Gavin reached home at night, there was generally something ready for him, and his mother had supped "hours ago." Gavin's hunger urged him to fall to, but his love for his mother made him watchful.

"What did you have yourself, mother?" he would demand suspiciously.

"Oh, I had a fine supper, I assure you."

"What had you?"

"I had potatoes, for one thing."

"And dripping?" (That is, the dripping from roasted meat sold by cooks to grocers.)

"You may be sure."

"Mother, you're cheating me. The dripping hasn't been touched since yesterday."

"I dinna—don't—care for dripping—no much."

Then would Gavin stride the floor fiercely, a queer little figure.

"Do you think I'll stand this, mother? Will I let myself be pampered with dripping and every delicacy when you starve?"

"Gavin, I really dinna care for dripping."

"Then I'll give up my classes, and we can have butter."

"I assure you I'm no hungry. It's different wi' a growing laddie."

"I'm not a growing laddie," Gavin would say, bitterly; "but, mother, I warn you that not another bite passes my throat till I see you eating too."

So his mother had to take her seat at the table, and when she said, "I can eat no more," Gavin retorted sternly, "Nor will I, for fine I see through you."

When his mother had gone to her bed, Gavin would wind her shawl round her feet and make sure that she had the feather pillow instead of the chaff one on which he insisted sleeping, and then he would go back to his work. To save the expense of a lamp he would put his book almost beneath the dying fire, and, taking the place of the fender, read till he was shivering with cold.

"Gavin, it is near morning, and you not in bed yet! What are you thinking about so hard?"

"Oh, mother, I was wondering if the time would ever come when I would be a minister, and you would have an egg for your breakfast every morning."—*The Little Minister*, by J. M. Barrie.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How many miracles are mentioned in Ps. cv.? Name them. 2. How many good women and how many wicked women are spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles?

SENIORS.—1 Give some names and attributes God would not have had if death had not come into the world. 2. Godly men who saw great storms of wind: who saw the greatest? 3. Contrast briefly Gehazi and the Four Lepers in 2 Kings vii.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the January number have been received from—

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Bessie Agnew, Davida Agnew, Martha S. Armour, Janet Barclay, Jane Copeland, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, Nellie Gibson, Robert W. Gregg, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Jessie R. Lang, Lizzie Lang, Mary H. Martin, Lizzie Moore, James M'Candlis, Mary Ann M'Kail, Jessie K. M'Kinnon, William Paterson, L. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, Robert R. Stevenson, Agnes M. G. D. Thorburn, Jessie Thorburn, Isabella C. Yule, Gardner Blair, David Blair.

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, Annie Allen, A. Chancellor, Lizzie Copeland, Susanna Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Maggie Moore, Thomas M'Candlis, James Paterson, Robert James Rainey, W. J. Robinson.

The names of those who did the February lessons will be published in April.

1	S	Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.—*Ex. xiv. 13.*
2	M	If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?—*2 Kings vii. 2.* ("Whenever by theory, analogy, and calculation I have satisfied myself that the result I desire is impossible, I am then sure that I am on the verge of a discovery."—*Edison.*)
3	Tu	My power is made perfect in weakness.—*2 Cor. xii. 9, R. V.*
4	W	His ways are past tracing out.—*Rom. xii. 33, R. V.*
5	Th	He cometh, leaping upon the mountains.—*Song of Sol. ii. 8.* ("He maketh mountains His stepping stones."—*Rutherford.*)
6	F	God shall help her, and that right early.—*Ps. xlvi. 5.*
7	S	Be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed.—*Josh. i. 9, R. V.*

8	S	The harvest truly is plenteous,
9	M	But the labourers are few.—*Matt. ix. 37.*
10	T	Be strong, and work.—*Hag. ii. 4.*
11	W	That no man take thy crown.—*Rev. iii. 11.*
12	Th	Redeeming the time.—*Eph. v. 16.*
13	F	The night cometh.—*John ix. 4.* ("*Mox Nox*": on a dial at Abbotsford.)
14	S	About the eleventh hour.—*Matt. xx. 6.* "You and I are old; Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; Death closes all: but something ere the end, Some work of noble note, may yet be done." —*Tennyson's "Ulysses."*

15	S	The people all hung upon Him, listening.—*Luke xix. 48, R. V.*
16	M	Let your speech be seasoned with salt.—*Col. iv. 16.*
17	Tu	The words of the wise are as goads.—*Eccl. xii. 11.*
18	W	Lo, in her mouth an olive leaf pluckt off.—*Gen. viii. 11.*
19	Th	A word fitly spoken.—*Prov. xxv. 11.*
20	F	A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.—*Prov. xv. 4.* ("Life had grown to Helen Wingfold so gracious, so happy, so serious, that she would not unfrequently say a thing worth saying.")
21	S	Who hath made man's mouth?—*Ex. iv. 11.*

22	S	They that were His Own received Him not.—*John i. 11, R. V.*
23	M	There was no room for them in the inn.—*Luke ii. 7.*
24	Tu	The men of Nazareth cast Him forth out of the city.—*Luke iv. 29.*
25	W	They began to pray Him to depart out of their coasts.—*Mark v. 17.*
26	Th	The Samaritans did not receive Him.—*Luke ix. 53.*
27	F	They took up stones . . . but Jesus went out of the temple.—*John viii. 59.*
28	S	Away with Him, away with Him, crucify Him.—*John xix. 15.*

29	S	Behold, I stand at the door,
30	M	And knock;
31	Tu	If any man open the door, I will come in.—*Rev. iii. 20.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

April, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

General "Stonewall" Jackson.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

April 5.—Saved from Famine.—2 Kings vii. 1-16. Text, Psalm cvii. 8. Quest. 14. Psalm xliv. 1,2.

TO understand the situation, read from v. 24 in chapter vi. The Syrians besieged Samaria; Elisha encouraged the people to trust in God and hold out; but, when the famine became so extreme that women ate their children, the King laid the blame of all this stubbornness and suffering on Elisha, and swore to cut off his head. It is Joram himself who says, "Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" It is to the King the promise of plenty is given for the morrow; and the unbelieving lord copies his master's tone when he derides it. Israel's extremity is God's opportunity. The panic among the Syrians was not a chance, but so timed as to fulfil His promise. The four lepers seem to themselves to act in mere selfishness and despair; yet their movements are also over-ruled and timed to fall in with God's work. To the last moment the King does not believe in the deliverance; he is saved in spite of his distrust. Yet God does not regard unbelief and mockery as little things; the scoffing lord sees the plenty, but dies without partaking of it.

April 12.—The Good and Evil in Jehu.—2 Kings x. 18-31. Text, 1 Sam. xvi. 7. Quest. 15. Psalm xliv. 3-5.

IT was long since Jehu had been set apart for this work of vengeance; but God is slow to wrath. Baal's worshippers were not only idolaters, they were traitors; their lives were full of hideous abominations. Jehu's motives and methods were all wrong; but because there was some good in what he did, though as little as could well be, God rewarded him. Is Jehu not a type of the ordinary well-doing man who is honest, hard-working, &c., though not from a high motive? He does work for God; but not doing it for the love of God, gets all his reward in this world.

April 19.—Jonah sent to Nineveh.—Jonah i. 1-17. Text, Jonah iii. 2. Quest. 16. Psalm xlv. 1,2.

JONAH *was* a prophet who arose out of Galilee (see John vii. 52). He had preached in vain to Israel, and now he was sent to Nineveh, the city of Nimrod. He was afraid of the dangers of such a work, and tried to flee west to Spain, as far as he could from Nineveh. But a man cannot escape from conscience, or get distance to give him peace—he cannot get away from God. Fleeing from duty he brought others into danger, for no man can sin and confine the influence of evil within himself. He was able to sleep, but when he awoke conscience awoke. These heathens were a rebuke to him. Their summons to the sleeper, their efforts to save him after they knew he was the cause of the storm, and their sacrifices to God whom Jonah had offended, were, as is the case sometimes still, a reproach to the man who had the true faith.

April 26.—Nineveh brought to Repentance.—Jonah iii. 1-10. Text, Luke xi. 32. Quest. 17. Psalm xlv. 3,4.

JONAH'S sin was the greatest a prophet could commit; yet, see how it was overruled. It added some days to the forty during which judgment was stayed: the sailors would carry God's fame to every Mediterranean port; it proved that God loved the world, not Jews only; it teaches sinners at all times to turn to God, no matter what their extremity, or how they have been brought to it; out of the belly of hell, cried I, and, strange to say, Jonah's deliverance was a type of Christ's Resurrection. What a contrast! Even when we are likest Christ we are utterly unlike Him. See God's power: He prepared a great fish, a gourd, a vehement east wind, a worm; counted the children of Nineveh and heard their cry. Jonah said not one word about mercy; but what Jonah would not teach them, God Himself did.

May 3.—Israel Often Reproved.—Amos iv. 4-13. Text, Prov. xxix. 1. Quest. 18. Psalm xlv. 5,6.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 21.

At the age of 39

General "Stonewall" Jackson was killed, shot accidentally by his own men, 2nd May, 1863. There never was a braver soldier, and there have been few better men. He was one of the Confederate leaders in the American Civil War, and though he fought, unhappily, on the wrong side, it was not from hatred to the slaves, for he was kind to them—he set up a school for them which continues to this day—but from a mistaken view of his duty to his native state Virginia. His mother, a saintly woman, died when he was ten. His own life was despaired of when he was fifteen, but he was determined to live, and he lived! Becoming a soldier he was promoted on the field for gallantry, in a war with Mexico. But it was at the battle of Bull Run that he sprang into fame. It was there he got the name by which he will be for ever known in history. A General Bee, trying in vain to stop some troops who were retreating, cried out to them, "Look at Jackson's brigade! It is standing like a stone wall." So Stonewall Jackson he became. He was very tall and erect, and had curiously flashing blue eyes. He kept the strictest discipline, yet his men loved him and would do anything for him. If "Old Jack" was with them there could be no failure and no mistake. Such almost incredible distances did they often march in one day that they were called Stonewall's foot cavalry. He himself never shunned fatigue, and shirked no danger. To encourage his men, when things looked desperate, he would go and stand unmoved in places where it seemed impossible that a man could live for one instant. "Beat the rally!" he once cried to a drummer-boy when a regiment was fleeing in disorder, and beat the rally the poor boy did, amid a storm of shot and shell, for his general came and stood beside him and put his strong hand on his shoulder. At Harper's Ferry he captured 12,000 of the enemy by a series of brilliant movements, and as he rode amongst them after their surrender they crowded after him and cheered him. Once riding through a field of grain under stress of circumstances, he was challenged by the furious owner. "Who are you? What is your name?" the man cried. "My name is Jackson." "Jackson! Stonewall Jackson?" "Yes, sir." Then, sir, go back and ride over my field again, ride over every inch of it!" He was a staunch Presbyterian, and a great lover of the Sabbath day. He never posted letters on Saturdays unless he was sure they would reach their destination that night; he would wait, no matter how it inconvenienced him, till Monday. Wise boys and girls who wish to honour God will do the same. His troops knew that he did all he could to keep the Sabbath as if he were living at home in time of peace. "Remember the powder," he once said to a colonel, "and don't bring that stuff you got on the Sabbath day!" He was scrupulously accurate in all he said; he would walk a mile in pouring rain to correct a little slip he had made in a matter of little moment,

At the age of 39

and he was truthful in big things as well. He prayed much always, but specially before a battle. "Gwine to be a fight, sartin," his negro servant would say, "Massa's been a-praying all night." And during battle, too, he prayed. As he sat on his horse, his men would often look at one another, for they saw him lifting up his right hand for a moment or two, and they all knew what *that* meant. Indeed he seemed to pray almost without ceasing. He had so fixed the habit of it in his mind, as he once told a friend in confidence who questioned him, that he never took a drink of water, or sealed a letter, or opened one, without asking God's blessing; nor did he ever dismiss the young officers in the military school without praying for them. He was as wise as he was brave and good. He was a brilliant strategist. No enemy could divine his plans. "If I thought my coat knew what I intended to do," he once said, "I would take it off and burn it." Is it any wonder that his troops were unconquerable? Lord Wolseley, who was with them for a time during the war, says, "They had unbounded confidence in their God-fearing leader, and he in his turn trusted them, and believed they could accomplish anything." He had gone out one night to observe the enemy's position at a critical moment in the war, near a place called Chancellorsville, and was returning—a quartz rock now marks the very spot—when some of his men, not knowing he had gone ahead, took him and the handful of men with him for enemies and fired. Three bullets struck him; one pierced his left hand, another pierced his right, and a third shattered the left arm above the elbow. From that hour the star of the Confederacy began to wane. He lingered for eight days, watched by his wife, amid the tears and prayers of all the Southern States. "All is for the best," he would say; "it is God's doing." When the end was near, his mind wandered to the battle-field; his last words were, "No, no, let us pass over the river and rest under the shadow of the trees."

To be continued.

IT is a good and soothfast saw,
Half-roasted never will be raw;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor now, by wishing, back to then;
And having tasted stolen honey
You can't buy innocence for money.

—*George Eliot.*

THE best statesmen and the best soldiers of India have supported Missions by their lives and in every possible way they could. Sir Donald M'Leod, Henry Tucker, Sir Charles Bernard, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Robert Montgomery, Reynell Taylor, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir Henry Lawrence, Lord Lawrence — these were the men who saved the British Empire in India during the Mutiny, and all of them were friends of Missions. And further, these were the men in whom more than in any others the natives of India, whether Christians or not, had the greatest confidence. —*The Earl of Northbrook, late Viceroy of India.*

Rorison's Albatross.

THE passengers on board the s.s. Erromanga, London to Sydney, were just finishing breakfast, when Mr. Marks appeared at the door of the saloon. "You're late this morning," said the Captain. "Yes, but I was looking at an Albatross."

At the word Albatross there was a rush from the tables. The fact was, the passengers, I am sorry to say, had been betting. About twenty of them had each put a sovereign in a bag, and the person who first saw an Albatross was to get the £20. That was the way they spent their time and money. One day it was—who should make the best guess as to the number of miles the ship had sailed the last four and twenty hours; then, what kind of ship would be the first to appear in sight, steamship or sailing-ship; and if a sailing-ship, what rig and how many masts; and then again, the Captain would think of a number, and the winner was he who came nearest it.

Now, strange to say, Mr. Marks won almost every prize, and yet not so very strange after all, for Mr. Marks was a professional gambler who made his living that way, travelling on the great ocean steamships and making bets with all and sundry. The passengers didn't know that, but the Captain did.

One day Marks turned up in the second-class saloon and won £5 from a soft lad whose whole fortune was only £10 and a few odd shillings. Mr. Rorison came in, just in time to see what had happened. Rorison was on his way to the Samoan Islands as a Missionary. He had been a famous student; he wrote Latin verses more easily than I write English prose, and read Greek for pleasure; he had taken first-class honours in mathematics, and nearly broke his professor's heart by refusing to go to Cambridge. I could say more, but you would think I was exaggerating. His father had died in debt many years before, but the son had paid up every farthing of it, with compound interest at five per cent., and having seen his two sisters happily married, and his young brother apprenticed to an honest trade, had settled a third of his salary on his mother, and was now on his way, joyfully, to do the work to which she had consecrated him from infancy. Yet not altogether joyfully, for Russell Rorison had had his trials and disappointments too. But he knew that his times were in God's hand, and that one day with Him is as a thousand years.

Marks was lifting the five pounds when Rorison came in. "Lay down that money, you scoundrel," he cried out—for he had a temper at times—"lay it down, sir, and leave this instantly, or I'll make you."

I rather think he was disappointed when he saw the gambler lay the money down and go. I think he would have enjoyed "making" him do it, and I know I should.

That night at dinner, somehow or other, the conversation at the captain's table turned on missionaries.

The captain had a budget of stories against them. Marks said there was no doubt it was a rare business for making money; he had sometimes thought of becoming one himself. A third said that so far as he could make out they were, as a rule, men without a particle of common sense. "We have one of those gentry on board," said the doctor, a medical man of three months' standing, who, as a student, had never had any standing. "We used to say," he said, "that only one prize had been taken by a man who became a missionary for twenty years."

"Well, I don't know what university you studied at," said Lacey Bee, a young officer of the Royal Engineers, "but that man Rorison knows more than the whole of us put together and multiplied ten times, and he's as modest as he's clever. There are papers of his in the Royal Society's Transactions that he wrote when he can't have been more than seventeen."

"My children like to play with him above anything," said the lady at the captain's right hand.

"And he has got all the firemen but one to take the pledge," said the chief engineer from an adjoining table, "and that's harder than writing papers for the Royal Society."

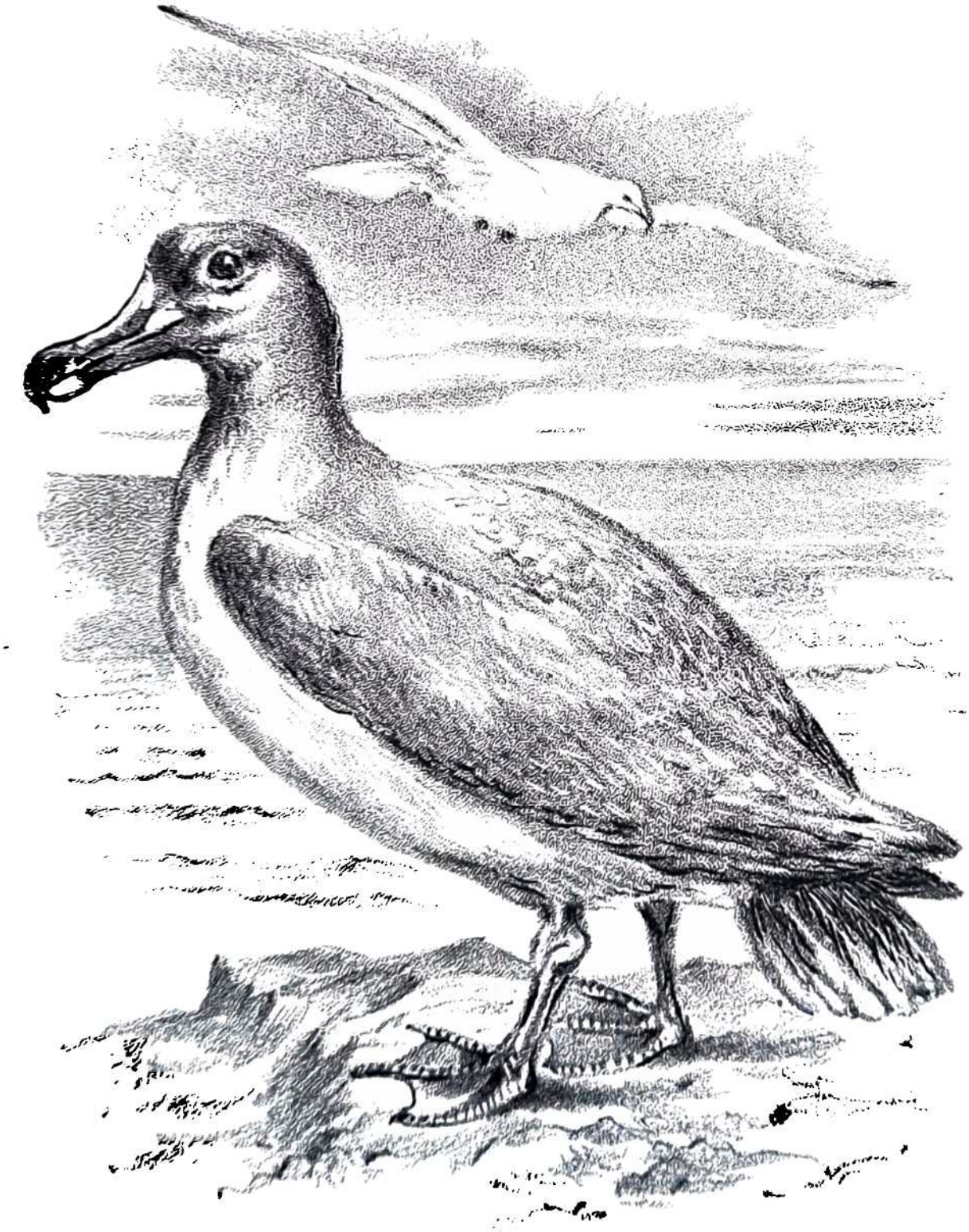
"I knew," said the captain, "that he was often in the fo'castle, but I didn't know you let him down to the stokehole.

The conversation was resumed in the smoking-saloon, and there the captain and Marks produced their best stories, any one of which (if only they had been true) would have proved that missionaries were indeed a bad set of men.

A few days afterwards there was the great sweepstakes of the voyage; £10 for each subscriber, the winner to give one fourth of the sum total to the Sailors' Widows and Orphans Society. Mr. Marks offered, as he had been unusually lucky in previous competitions, to take ten shares. "Well, it's a queer thing to do," said Lacey Bee, "but he's evidently a generous fellow after all."

There were thirty-eight subscribers, the captain and officers standing out as it would hardly have been fair for them to try. The prize was to be for the best guess as to the *weight* of an albatross. The names, the money, and the guesses, were to be put in an envelope and sealed.

A magnificent bird had been following the ship for four days. It had been seen to rest in the water only once. After swimming for a minute or two, it rose up, and, stretching its neck, seemed to run on the water for eighty yards or so, striking it with its webbed feet, then it tucked up its legs, and floated in the air. It seemed to sail for hours almost with but one flap of its enormous wings. Its plumage was of a lovely white, though there were three or four black feathers in its wings. It was a wonderful sight when it turned, its wings straight up and down. There never was such a picture of power and ease and grace.



The thirty-eight subscribers wrote out their guesses. They were to be handed to the doctor before three o'clock. Several of them guessed a hundredweight; one guessed three cwts.; a lady wrote "just the same weight as myself"; and one man put a ton. (It was he who said

missionaries had no common sense.) Mr. Marks put 23 lbs. The nearest to him was Lacey Bee; he put 60 lbs. After handing in his paper, he went to talk with Rorison. Rorison had been admiring the bird all day. Bee told him about the bets, and mentioned his own guess, the only one of course he knew. "I'm afraid you've overshot it," the missionary said; "feathers are pretty light, and its wings are just like ribands in width, and birds are made for floating in the air. 60 lbs. would be rather heavy."

"What would you guess? said Bee.

"Let me think a moment. Well, I should say, less than half that—not more than 24 or 25 lbs. But I'm sorry to hear you are taking part in this; you are doing wrong."

"I daresay I am, but one doesn't like to be odd." Rorison had promised to write a letter for one of the sailors that day and had to go away forward.

Lacey Bee began to think. "I'm afraid," he said to himself, "this is a trick of Marks'. I'll have another shot!" So he wrote down another guess, enclosed £10, signed it "Russell Rorison," and gave it to the doctor, saying, "here's another subscription for you."

The big Albatross was caught next day; a bit of meat was put on a strong iron hook and fastened to a rope, and thrown overboard. The poor bird turned its wings, picked up the bait, and found it had been betrayed. The sailors hauled it in, hand over hand, as boys do with a giant kite; a few blows on the head killed it. Its wings were stretched out—16 feet from tip to tip. "Now, boys, get it weighed." "23 lbs. 12 oz., sir," said the cook. "Now we'll open the envelopes," said the doctor.

There was a good deal of laughter as the guesses were read out; forced laughter rather, as they saw their money put aside in one heap. Mr. Marks' guess came very early. He was only 12 oz. off it, but no other body was within as many lbs. It seemed almost needless to open the envelopes, but the formality was gone through. Mr. Marks had really wonderful luck. The doctor had now come to the last three. "60 lbs., Lacey Bee;" whereupon Mr. Marks gave a sigh of relief. The next was the "ton" guess, at which Mr. Marks laughed immoderately. Then, last of all, "24 lbs. 7½ oz."

"That beats you, Mr. Marks, by half-an-ounce," cried Lacey Bee.

"Read the name," everybody cried.

"Russell Rorison," said the doctor.

"I'll go for him," said Lacey Bee. On the way back he told him the little trick that he had played.

"Well," said the doctor, "here's £480 for you; you've won, and I suppose you'll take it, filthy lucre though it be."

"Yes," said Rorison, "I'll take Mr. Marks' £100. The others will please take their money back, and I shall only keep the £100 till I find out who the rightful owners of it are, and whatever is unclaimed will go to the "Sailors' Widows and Orphans."

* * * * *

Lacey Bee was not a smoker, and rarely entered the smoking-saloon; he went to it that night. But neither the Captain nor Marks turned up. Taking a turn on deck, however, a little before twelve, he came across the two of them smoking furiously. Lacey was in fine humour for talking, but neither of them spoke. He waited fully twenty minutes. Their silence was more expressive than any speaking could have been.

"I'm glad I've seen you, gentlemen," he said; "but I think I must turn in now, and I'm quite of your opinion. There's not the slightest doubt of it; *these missionaries are a queer lot!*"

LADY Jane Grey, who was beheaded with her husband (8th February, 1554), in the 17th year of her age, by Bloody Mary, wrote the following lines with a pin during her imprisonment:—

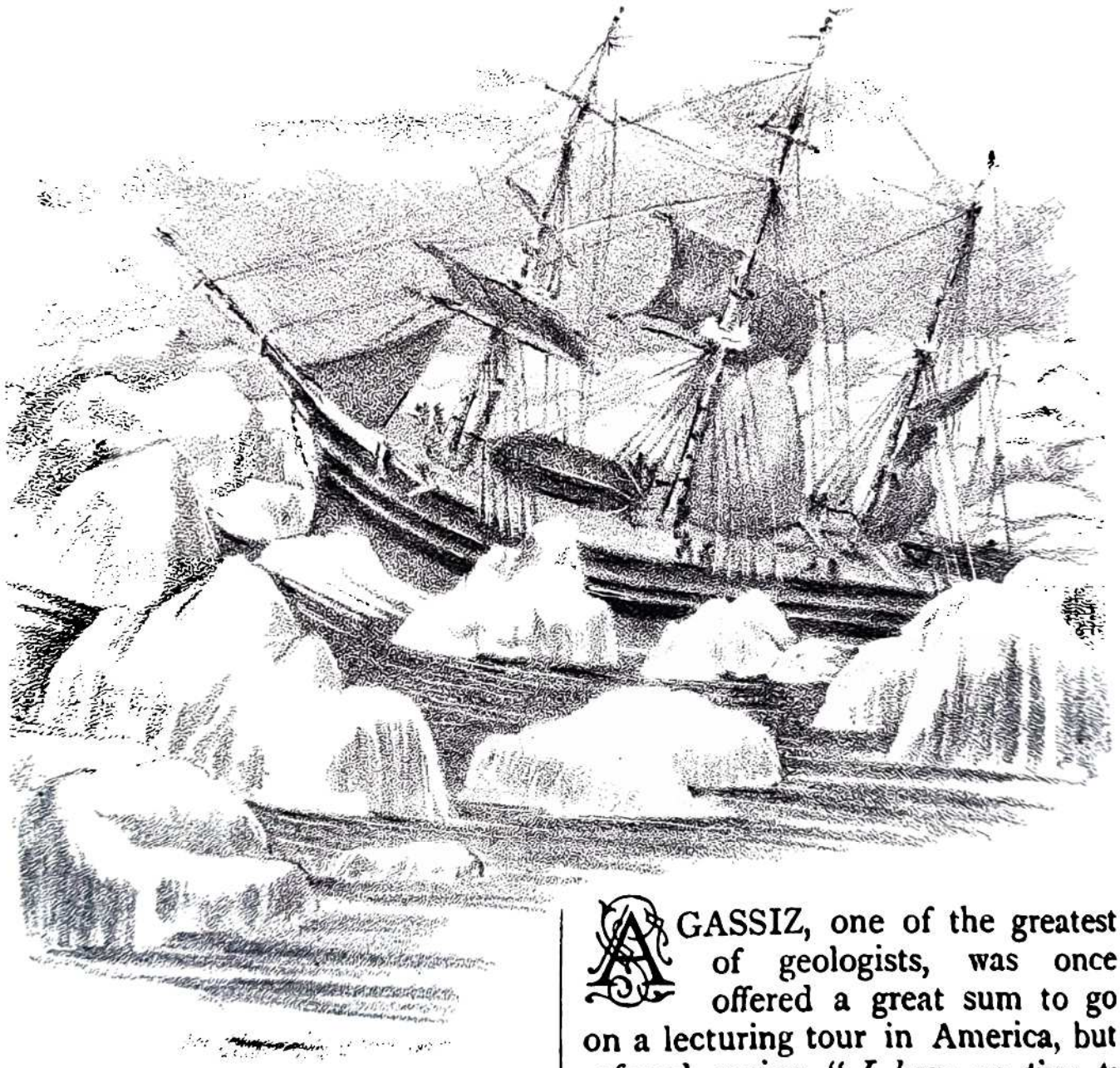
If God do help thee,
Hate shall not hurt thee;
If God do fail thee,
Then shall not labour prevail thee.

A Good Tradesman.

MR. Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, was very neat-handed. He was very proud of a sampler his grandmother had made in 1743, the needlework of which seemed to him more delicate and accurate than anything else of the kind he had ever seen, and he loved to think that it was to her he and the other members of his family owed their power over their fingers. He had a great dislike to gentlemen apprentices who came to their work with their gloves on. A good workman should be proud of his hands. It is the power of making ideas go from the brain through the fingers and out at the end of the needle, or pencil, or pen, or brush, or chisel, or whatever his tool may be, that makes a man a true artist. Mr. Nasmyth's grandfather, a builder and joiner, was also very particular about the work he turned out. Nothing moderate or merely passable would do. The work must be of the very best. He was specially careful in choosing boards for flooring. They had to be perfectly level, so as not to injure the carpets placed over them. He took great pride also in the hanging of doors. They had to be made to open and shut easily and sweetly. His own chamber doors were so well hung that they could be opened and closed by a slight puff from a hand-bellows.

Dr. Johnson once met a workman who had such a reputation for reading and arguing that he was known as the "metaphysical tailor." "Is he a good tailor?" asked the doctor. Some one said "No, not very good." "I am sorry for that," he answered; "I like to see a man good at his trade."

Some of you boys, I hope, will be joiners. It is a fine trade. Be first-rate tradesmen. Much more depends on that than you would believe. Many a poor woman has



lost her hearing, many a life has been spoiled, many a one has been shortened, because the joiner who made the doors and windows of a house had made them carelessly. Don't say "Oh, it will do well enough." Remember that Christ is watching you, and He loves good work, for He was a carpenter Himself, and He is the Mighty God.

AGASSIZ, one of the greatest of geologists, was once offered a great sum to go on a lecturing tour in America, but refused, saying, "*I have no time to make money.*"

A Gale in the Ice-Pack.

THE ships *Erebus* and *Terror* left New Zealand, November, fifty years ago, crossed the Antarctic Circle on the New Year's day after, and soon found themselves amongst ice. On the 19th January a violent gale set in, the sea rose

very high, and the two ships were tossed about in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, as hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow. The destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. The picture represents the scene shortly after the storm had reached its height. The sight was one of awful grandeur, the ocean rolling its waves over the crashing bergs, hurling huge masses one upon another, and then burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The sailors could do nothing but hold on, and wait the issue, resigned to God's will. It is no wonder that, after the storm was over, and the ships repaired, the sailors joined in a public thanksgiving.

This expedition was the most famous of all that have set out for the South Pole. Many important scientific discoveries were made, specially in connection with magnetism. The Commander was Sir James Ross, of Wigtownshire, nephew of Sir John Ross, the Arctic explorer.

You should often pray for sailors. There is always a storm somewhere.

Temper is a weapon that we hold by the blade.—*J. M. Barrie.*

LONG before this Kirk, in the second Psalm, the ends of the earth — Scotland and England—were gifted of the Father to His Son Christ; and that is an old Act of Parliament, decreed by our Lord, and printed four thousand years ago: the Acts of our Scottish Parliament are but yet printing. The first Act shall stand, let all the potentates of the world, who love Christ's room better than Himself, rage as they please.

Rutherford.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. "A man has a right to do what he likes with his own." Is that true? Give five or six texts in support of your answer. 2. A list of miracles connected with *fire*. 3. "The Lord preserveth the strangers." Give illustrations of this.

JUNIORS.—1. How many of the Apostles are said to have put questions to Christ? 2. To how many of them did He put questions? 3. What were the first three questions put by Him after He rose from the dead?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the February number have been received from—

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, David Blair, Gardner Blair, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, Robert W. Gregg, Bertie Hardie, Jessie Y. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Jessie R. Lang, Lizzie Lang, Matthew Lang, Mary H. Martin, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, James M'Crae, Jessie K. M'Kinnon, Mary G. M'Neil, Willie Archie Paterson, Niobe Ralston, Robert R. Stevenson.

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, Annie Allen, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, S. Irvine, Maggie Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, James Paterson, Kate D. Ralston.

The names of those who did the March lessons will be published in May.

1	W	I have a few things against thee.—*Rev. ii. 14.*
2	TH	Let no man rob you of your prize.—*Col. ii. 18, R. V.*
3	F	Examine me, O Lord, and prove me.—*Ps. xxvi. 2.*
4	S	Examine yourselves; prove your own selves.—*2 Cor. xiii. 5.* (When Mr. R. Monckton Milnes—afterwards Lord Houghton—was finding fault with Sir R. Peel for not giving him a place in the Government, Carlyle said to him, "It seems to me that the chief thing for you to do as regards Peel is to look clearly into yourself, and try to find out what it was that prevented him from promoting you.")
5	S	See the land, whether it be good or bad.—*Num. xiii. 19.*
6	M	It is an exceeding good land.—*Num. xiv. 7.*
7	T	Let us go up at once and possess it,
8	W	For we are well able to overcome it.—*Num. xiii. 30.* Our fears Are morning shadows, huger than the shapes That cast them. —*Tennyson.*
9	TH	But the men said, we be not able.—*Num. xiii. 31.*
10	F	As I live, as ye have spoken, so will I do to you.—*Num, xiv. 28.*
11	S	They were not able to enter in because of unbelief.—*Heb. iii. 19, R. V.* If I go foward I die, If I go backward I die, Better go forward and die. —*Song of the Ashanti warriors as they rush to battle.*
12	S	The gospel of the Kingdom of God is preached,
13	M	And every man entereth violently into it.—*Luke xvi. 16, R. V.*
14	TU	Take ye no rest, and give Him no rest.—*Is. lxii. 7, R. V.*
15	W	Attend unto me, and answer me.—*Ps. lv. 2, R. V.*
16	TH	In his manhood Jacob had power with God;
17	F	Yea, he had power over the angel.—*Hosea xii. 2, R. V.*
18	S	They constrained Him.—*Luke xxiv. 29.* (Compare with this the dying Queen Elizabeth's words to Cecil when he told her she "must" lie down. "Must! is *must* a word to be addresssed to princes?")
19	S	Rich toward God.—*Luke xii. 21.*
20	M	Redeemed with precious blood.—*1 Pet. i. 19, R. V.*
21	TU	Rich in faith.—*James ii. 5.*
22	W	Rich in good works.—*1 Tim. vi. 18.*
23	TH	This poor widow cast in more than they all.—*Luke xxi. 3.*
24	F	Thy prayers are come up for a memorial before God.—*Acts x. 4.*
25	S	The heirs of the promise.—*Heb. vi. 17, R. V.*
26	S	Thou art near.—*Ps. cxix. 151.*
27	M	He hath bent his bow.—*Ps. vii. 12.*
28	TU	A God ready to pardon.—*Neh. ix. 17.*
29	W	Cleave unto the Lord your God.—*Josh. xxiii. 8.*
30	TH	To depart and be with Christ.—*Phil. i. 23.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

May, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Well?

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

May 3.—Israel Often Reproved.—Amos iv. 4-13. Text, Prov. xxix. 1. Quest. 18. Psalm xlv. 5,6.

AMOS is the first prophet whose writings remain. He lived under the last king of the house of Jehu, in the last days of prosperity which shone on the Ten Tribes. As he fed his sheep on the lonely hills of Tekoa, he saw the thunder cloud of God's judgment darkening over the land; he heard the Lord roar from Zion against Israel, as the lion roars when he springs upon his prey. The crown of all the people's sins was their worship—it was more hateful to God than everything else. At Bethel and Gilgal—their holy places—they only multiplied transgression. God had tried to bring them to repentance by many chastisements, but it was of no avail. Neither famine, drought, locusts, plague, nor earthquake, could turn them to God. Once more His judgment will come, in a shape undefined. but awful as God himself. Notice in v. 13 how God, the searcher of hearts, "Who declareth unto man what is his thought," is identified with Him who formeth the mountains and createth the wind. All this omnipotence backs up the still small voice within.

May 10.—Sin the Cause of Sorrow.—Hosea x. 1-15. Text, Isaiah lix. 2. Quest. 20. Psalm xlvi. 4,5.

THE vision here suggested that nature after the proper time for growth gave its fruit. Israel after its long seasons of grace was only bearing the fruit of unrighteousness. The time had passed unimproved, and the season of judgment had now come. To depart from God did not only mean that worship was given up and the Sabbath profaned, it meant that men gave themselves to fraud and the grossest oppression of the poor.

Notice that judgment is always a surprise to those on whom it comes. Sin blinds men. However they deserve judgment, or even, at times, dread it, it is always a surprise. When it is most unlikely it comes—the sun goes down at noon (v. 9). Then, in trouble, they will seek "words of the Lord," as a means of escape and shall not find them.

May 17.—Captivity of Israel.—2 Kings xvii. 6-18. Text, 2 Chron. xxiv. 20. Quest. 21. Psalm xlvi. 6,7.

ISRAEL was a vine of God's planting, but none of its fruit was given to God. The more it prospered the more it forgot God and "increased the altars, *i.e.*, the idols. But great trouble has been coming upon the people, trouble in which a king cannot help them, trouble that threatens their existence, and they remember with fear that they have forsaken God. They reap as they sowed, but even now if they turn seeking a new heart God will enable them to sow righteousness and reap in mercy (v. 12.)

May 24.—Israel's Overthrow Foretold.—Amos viii. 1-14. Text, Luke viii. 18. Quest. 19. Psalm xlvi. 1-3.

THE kingdom of the Ten Tribes lasted 250 years; they had nineteen kings of nine different families, but all bad. Judah had also nineteen kings, but they reigned 387 years, and were all David's sons. The Ten Tribes had the larger kingdom to begin with, 9,300 square miles (less than a third of Scotland); Judah only 3,400; but they lost first the two and a-half tribes, then Galilee, and when finally carried away, scattered never to return, they had only a part of Ephraim. The Ten Tribes had the greatest prophets, for they had most need—Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, Amos, Hosea.

May 31.—The Temple Repaired.—2 Chr. xxiv. 4-14. Text, 2 Cor. ix. 7. Quest. 22. Psalm xlvi. 8,9.

THE Temple was only 120 years old, but it had been plundered, neglected, defiled. Joash did well to repair it, for it had sheltered him in childhood when he was the only survivor of Solomon's race. Yet he lived to pollute the Temple with the blood of Jehoiada's son. The workmen, we see from 2 Kings xii., were so honest that no accounts were kept: it is good to be honest, but better to be both honest and accurate.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 28.

At the age of 39 — Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, one of the events that roused the American people against slavery: 1851.

39 — Cleopatra killed herself by taking poison. She was one of those women who have been the cause of war amongst nations. She succeeded her father on the throne of Egypt when she was 17. She was a woman of singular power of mind, an admirable singer and musician, and spoke six or seven languages, amongst them Hebrew. Visiting Rome she ensnared the great Cæsar. After his death, having first poisoned her brother, she ensnared Mark Antony. She went to meet him in a magnificent galley. Its stern was covered with gold, its sails were of purple, and its oars of silver kept time to the music of flutes and pipes and harps. She won his heart by her beauty and her wit. Antony, when fishing, got men to dive and fasten fishes on his line; she found it out and bribed them to put on *salt* fishes! Another time, having pledged herself to consume £80,000, at a single meal, she amazed him by drinking a humble cup of vinegar in which she had dissolved a pearl of inestimable price. They lived in shameful revelry, and yet claimed divine honours. It was her ambition to found an Asiastic empire that would rival Rome. She persuaded Antony to fight at Actium, but fled from him in the middle of the battle with sixty ships. The Emperor Augustus won the day, and hoping next to ensnare him, she sent word to Antony that she meant to kill herself, so as to entice him to come and be taken prisoner. When the news reached Antony he fell upon his sword. Failing in all her efforts with Augustus, and learning that she was to go to Rome in three days to be led in triumph a prisoner at his chariot wheels, she dressed herself in royal robes, and lying down on a couch of gold died, either by taking a poisonous drug with which she had often experimented on prisoners, or by causing an asp to bite her arm, the 30th of August, B.C. 31.

39 — George Herbert died, 1632. He was one of ten children; his mother would often say of her family of seven sons and three daughters, that "it was Job's number and Job's distribution." George became a poet and a divine. Many of our proverbs and everyday sayings were made by him. He was tall, and very straight and thin. "His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and movements did both declare him a gentleman." The description of his marriage and married life, as given by Izaac Walton, is a famous piece of English prose: "Mr. Danvers, a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby, having known Mr. Herbert long, did so much affect him that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters—for he had so many—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane

At the age of 39

was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane fell in love with Mr. Herbert unseen." Mr. Danvers died, but some friends to both parties procured their meeting. "At which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city; and love, having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist, insomuch that she changed her name to Herbert the third day after this interview. The Eternal Lover of mankind made them so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." Mr. Herbert and his wife were often with the poor, listening to their troubles, knowing "that it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience." A day or two before he died, he rose suddenly from his bed, called for one of his instruments, took it in his hand, and said :—

My God, my God!
My music shall find Thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sang :

The Sabbaths of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adore the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.

His last words were : "Forsake me not, now my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul."

To be continued.

The Three Puffins.

MANY a gallant ship passes my window, but my heart warms to none of them as it used to do to the "Ulrica Nyberg." She was a Norwegian barque; not very large, as ships go now, being only 600 tons; nor as graceful in shape, perhaps, as some ships I see, but, for all that, she seemed beautiful to me. She was always sweet and clean, but she looked her best, to my mind, when the sun shone out on her after a squall. The white hull, with its bands of blue, the blue deckhouses, the yellow masts, and the green sea, with the white foam, made a lovely picture against the black sky. But it was her figurehead I always looked

for first—a woman clasping a puffin to her breast. And if you could see her stern, under her name, one could see three more puffins, the second one holding on to the first one's tail, while its tail was gripped by the third. The little children of our port often stared at the funny-looking birds, and wondered what they were doing. Older folks, too, would sometimes ask the captain, Carl Olafsen, why he had so many coulternebs, or sea-parrots, or Tammy-Nories, on board—for the puffin is known by all these names, and many more besides—but he would shake his head and look grave. He was a man greatly beloved wherever he went. There was no more careful captain or more daring seaman. His rescue of the crew of the "Erik Eriksberg, when three other ships had passed them in despair, is still a household tale in many a village on the Baltic. He died nine years ago, but he left the story of the puffins amongst his papers.

His father was a mariner before him; his mother died young, leaving two boys behind her, Conrad and Carl. Conrad, the elder, was quiet and cautious; Carl, full of fun and life. Under their father's training, they became, as was only natural, first-rate sailors; each of them was a captain before he was two-and-twenty.

Carl's ship was generally sent to Leith. He spoke English well, could sing a good song, and, in consequence, was often asked out at nights to houses where there was a good deal of drinking and card-playing. I don't know how far

astray he went, but one step on that road is far enough, and Carl took more than one.

Conrad meanwhile was sailing between the Baltic and the south of England. He had not seen his father or Carl for two years, and it was with no little joy he had got orders to take his ship to Trondhjem. But before he reached the anchorage he found that his brother had sailed twelve hours before; and as he was bracing himself up against this disappointment, a message came out to him that his father had taken a stroke and was at the point of death. He hurried ashore, and reached his father's house not one moment too soon. The old man could scarcely make himself understood. Something seemed to be lying heavy on his mind. All his son could make out was this, "Conrad, you will stick to Carl to the last." Before he could answer, his father was no more, but he kissed the dead face and made the promise.

Before long he knew the meaning of his father's dying words. I cannot tell you all, but the upshot was that he gave up his ship and served as officer under his younger brother. And many a sore heart he had. To his last hour the very word *Leith*, or *Edinburgh*, would set him all a-trembling. Ulrica Nyberg's love was one of the few things that sustained him. She was a Dane, and Conrad had met her on her native island, Bornholm. They were to have been married shortly, but she willingly put off the marriage, and urged Conrad to be faithful alike to the living and the dead. When things got worse and Conrad had to lift all his savings, 4,000 kroner—above £220—to get Carl out of some trouble, she heartily approved and bade him still be true.

Presently there came a change. Carl seemed to become another man, if not a new man, and all went well. Voyage after voyage, every letter Conrad wrote began, *All's well.* In some households these simple words have a meaning too deep for utterance. So Ulrica fixed the wedding day; Conrad and she would be married, as was fitting, in the old little round church she had loved from babyhood. But first she must come and see her husband's native town, for Bornholm was to be their place of residence in future.

It was a long journey, but she reached Trondhjem safely, and stayed with Conrad's friends. Carl's ship was repairing at Bergen, and *all was well.* Conrad had solemnly pledged a friend there to tell him faithfully how his brother did; for the old fear never quite left him. He never awakened during the night without rising to pray for Carl.

Conrad and Ulrica were to sail on a Tuesday. They had their last walk in his native countryside on the Monday afternoon. But that morning he had received a letter from his friend at Bergen. The moment Ulrica saw him she felt he had got bad news. The letter ran as follows:—"I'm not sure, I hope I am wrong, but I am a little afraid of Carl. I think it was he I saw last night. It grieves me sore to

vex you, but you made me promise to hide *nothing* from you."

Ulrica read the letter. She and Conrad sat silent for a little, and then they prayed together for strength and guidance.

A little distance from them some men were hunting puffins. Puffins make short burrows like rabbits and dogs are sent in to fetch them out. The two lovers sat mechanically looking at them, their hearts cold with grief and fear. Presently one of the dogs dragged out a puffin; no, two puffins, three, all, as it were, in a string. *The three birds were holding on one to the other!*

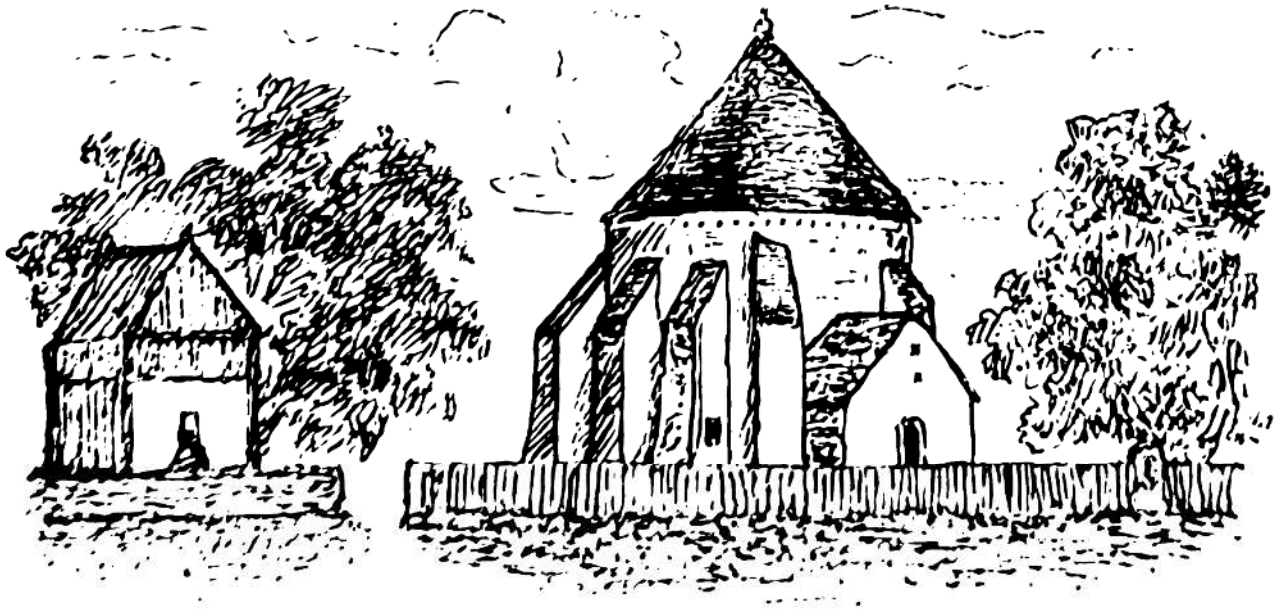
They looked at each other, and then Ulrica said, "Conrad, you must go to Bergen; stick to your brother; we can wait a little longer."

. . . . . .

So Conrad went to Bergen, and sailed with Carl once more. The thought of his brother doing wrong at sea was too terrible to contemplate. They had not been long away, however, when Conrad saw, from what his brother told him, with more joy than can be described, that his friend had been mistaken. Carl was indeed a new man. But the voyage must be completed now. It was the worst the brothers ever had; and the fourth day out Conrad, in trying to save a lad who was being carried away by a sea, was himself swept overboard and lost.

Ulrica died two years after, and was buried where she had hoped to be married, God having provided some better thing for her. Carl was with her at the last, and got the story from her own lips.

And that is why he called the first ship he owned the *Ulrica Nyberg*, and put the puffins on her bow and stern. You may know the men he trained not only by their skilful seamanship, but by their godly lives. Their faces brighten, and they become your friends, if you but say you once knew Captain Olafsen. Most of them who have ships of their own have worship with their crews, like him, morning and



evening. No ships are smarter kept; and in front of their poops, blue on a white ground, you may read the words they learned to love in their first ship, though they did'nt know why Captain Olafsen had put them there:

DER ER DEN BEN SOM HOENGER FASTERE VED END EN BRODER,

that is, There is a Friend that sticketh closer even than a Brother.

ESCHER was a Swiss of aristocratic birth who sacrificed his health working for the poor. He turned 28,000 acres of swamp near Lake Zurich into valuable agricultural land. One day a poor man, seeing him standing in water up to his waist, said, "Why, sir, if I were as rich as you, I would'nt work at all." "That's just why God hasn't given you riches," Escher replied.

LESS than forty years ago Dr. Martin Joseph Routh was one of the most notable men at Oxford. He was upwards of ninety-nine years of age, and seemed to link three centuries together. He had been President of Magdalen College for sixty-three years. He had seen Dr. Johnston in his brown wig on the steps of University College. A lady had told him that her mother remembered seeing Charles II. walking with his dogs round the parks at Oxford when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London. He was a scholar to the last—the dates of h earliest and latest works we separated by an interval of seven years—and a scholar too who just prided himself above everything c his accuracy. He knew his tim was short and spoke often of h approaching end. "You are come he said to a visitor, "to see one wh is going." Yet he died with h will unsigned! He had put off th making of it to the last month of th last year of his life. The copy of which the lawyers prepared from h instructions arrived shortly befor his death. The poor old presider was heard repeatedly asking for pe and ink, but it was too late. Yet h had had time to write books fo seventy years!

I KNEW a man, says Isaa Walton, that had health an riches, and several houses, a beautiful, and ready furnished, an would often trouble himself an family to be removing from or house to another; and, being aske by a friend why he removed so ofte from one house to another, replie "It was to find content in some or of them." But his friend, knowin his temper, told him, if he woul find content in any of his houses, *must leave himself behind him.*

The memory of noble deeds
Cries shame upon the idle and the vil
And keeps the heart of man for ever u
To the heroic level of old time.

—*Lowell.*

The Lamb.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know Who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is calléd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.

He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are calléd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

—*William Blake*, died 1828.

MRS. BEVIS was not a clever woman. A muffetee was the only thing she seemed capable of knitting. Never was sock seen on her needles; the turning of the heel was too much for her. That she had her virtues, however, was plain from the fact that her servants stayed with her years and years; and I can, besides, from observation, set down a few of them. 1. She never asked her husband what he would have for dinner. 2. When he was ready to go out with her, she was always ready too. 3. She never gave one true reason for doing anything, and kept back a truer. 4. She never screwed down a dependant. 5. Never kept tradespeople waiting for their money. 6. Never refused a reasonable request. In fact, she was a stuffed bag of virtues; the bag was of no great size, but neither were the virtues insignificant.—*George MacDonald.*

"IN Mackay's very last letter to me, his strong, brave heart seemed oppressed with yet another disappointment, and he wrote: 'I feel strongly inclined to throw up the whole matter, on the present footing, and try a radically new plan.' Fourteen years of toil, and fever, and contradiction, and sorrow, and repeated disappointment. And he is strongly inclined, not to shake off the dust from his feet, not to return to England, but to try a radically new plan!"—*R. P. Ashe, in "Mackay of Uganda."*

Jeems, the Doorkeeper.

DR. Brown, of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, a grandson of John Brown of Haddington, had a doorkeeper called Jeems. Jeems lived at the head of a close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair—ninety-six steps. There he dwelt all by himself for five-and-thirty years. He rarely spoke of his early life, but would sometimes speak of "*her*" to Dr. Brown's son, as if he knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. He had been married when young, and "she" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more. He kept his books—a queer collection—in it.

He had, what he called with a grave smile, *family* worship morning and evening, never failing. He not only sang his psalm, but gave out or chanted each line in great style. "Ye see, John," he said one day to his visitor who seemed surprised at this, "oo" (that is we, meaning

himself and his wife) "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine, though roughish, gift of singing, and being methodical in all things, he had seven fixed tunes, one of which he sang on its own set day. Sabbath morning it was *French*, which he went through with great *birr*; Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like Dr. Brown cantering; Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day (Tuesday) was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sang more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*; and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that hum-drummest of tunes, "as long and lank and lean as is the ribbed sea sand." He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order; only that on Tuesday night he sang *Coleshill* again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by Jeems' tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday as at finding St. Giles' halfway down the Canongate.

Jeems' chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, *immediate*, as if he was near Him Whom he addressed. Anyone hearing the sound and not the words would say: "That man is speaking to some one who is with him, who is present." As he often said, "There's nae gude dune till ye get to close grups."—*Dr. John Brown's Horae Subsecivae.*

SLEEP is a death; oh, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee.

—*Sir Thomas Browne*: died 1682.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—Illustrate from the Bible the phrases in Heb. xi. 33—1. "Who through faith obtained promises;" and 2. "Stopped the mouths of lions." 3. How many of the Kings of the Ten Tribes died by violence?

JUNIORS.—1. What miracles did Christ work for the benefit of young people? 2. Give the names of all the Judges of Israel.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the March number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Lizzie Copeland, Hannah Cromie, Susannah Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Maggie Moore, Thomas M'Candlis, James Paterson.

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Janet Barclay, David Blair, Gardner Blair, Jane Copeland, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, Bertie Hardie, John S. Howie, Robert Howie, Annie Keau, Maggie Kirkwood, Lizzie Lang, Jessie R. Lang, Mary H. Martin, Lizzie Moore, Charles Murray, Lizzie M'Carlie, James M'Candlis, Willie Archie Paterson, Robert James Rainey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Marion W. Scott, Robert Stevenson, Isabella C. Yule.

The names of those who did the April lessons will be published in June.

1	F	I will be as the dew unto Israel :
2	S	And his beauty shall be as the olive tree.—*Hos. xiv. 5.*
3	S	A book of remembrance was written before Him.—*Mal. iii. 16.*
4	M	No man remembered that same poor man.—*Eccl. ix. 15.* (Sir W. Napier's *Peninsular War*, 6 vols., closes with these words: "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veterans' services." His brother, Sir Charles, was the first British general who ever recorded the names of private soldiers who had distinguished themselves, side by side with those of officers.)
5	T	And the books were opened.—*Rev. xx. 12.*
6	W	Each man shall have his praise from God.—*1 Cor. iv. 5, R. V.*
7	TH	Thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord.—*Jer. xxxi. 16.*
8	F	Well done !—*Matt. xxv. 21.*
9	S	Come, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you.—*Matt. xxv. 34.*
10	S	He heareth your murmurings.—*Exod. xvi. 7.* ("My brother, the Duke of Wellington, does not complain, because it is the sacred duty of a soldier not to complain."—*Lord Wellesley.*
11	M	His banner over me was love.—*Song of Solomon ii. 4.*
12	TU	Why reason ye? do ye not remember?—*Mark viii. 17.*
13	W	Where is your faith?—*Luke viii. 25.*
14	TH	It is enough for the servant that he be as his Lord.—*John x. 25.*
15	F	The Captain of your salvation, perfect through sufferings.—*Heb. ii. 10.*
16	S	What soldier ever serveth at his own charges?—*1 Cor. ix. 7, R. V.*
17	S	Awake, why sleepest Thou, O Lord?—*Ps. xliv. 23.*
18	M	He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—*Ps. cxxi. 4.*
19	TU	He saw them toiling in sowing.—*Mark vi. 48.*
20	W	He shall cover thee with His pinions.—*Ps. xci. 4, R. V.*
21	TH	He giveth His beloved sleep.—*Ps. cxxvii. 2.* ("Sleep is God's contrivance for giving man the help He cannot get into him while he is awake.")
22	F	When they were fully awake, they saw His glory. *Luke ix. 32. R. V.* ("When the sun rises upon them, some people will be astonished to find how far they have got in the dark."—*George MacDonald.*)
23	S	There shall be night no more.—*Rev. xxii. 5, R. V.*
24	S	My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.—*Job vii. 6.* For every worm beneath the moon Draws different threads, and late and soon Spins, toiling out his own cocoon. —*Tennyson. The Two Voices*
25	M	All the women that were wisehearted did spin.—*Exod. xxxv. 25.*
26	TU	The coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.—*John xix. 23.*
27	W	The widows shewed the coats which Dorcas made.—*Acts ix. 39.*
28	TH	Shewing thyself a pattern of good works.—*Titus ii. 7.*
29	F	(The wicked) weave the spider's web : their webs shall not become garments. —*Is. lix. 5.*
30	S	The fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints.—*Rev. xix. 8, R. V.*
31	S	They made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.—*Rev. vii. 14.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

June, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Edmund Spenser.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

June 7.—The Good King Hezekiah.—2 Chron. xxix. 1-11. Text, 1 Sam. ii. 30. Quest. 23. Ps. xlvi. 10, 11.

HEZEKIAH'S father, Ahaz, was one of the weakest and most wicked of the kings of Judah. Read the story about him in Isaiah, chap. vii. He worshipped the gods of the nations which defeated him, but refused to serve the true God. He shut up the temple at Jerusalem, prohibited the appointed worship, and let everything there go to ruin. Hezekiah was brought up amid this confusion, but he had the great prophet Isaiah to direct him; and, being wiser than his father, made Isaiah his friend. He began his reforms at once—the first year, in the first month. It was his purpose to make a covenant with God, *i.e.*, to accept God's friendship on God's terms. This was the "first reformation" of Judah's worship; the "second reformation," a more thorough one, took place under Josiah. The priests and the Levites seem to have been very passive through all the religious changes, whether for better or worse: not champions of God, but obedient servants of the King.

June 14.—The Book of the Law Found.—2 Chron. xxxiv. 14-28. Text, Psalm cxix. 72. Quest. 24. Psalm xlvii. 1-3.

THIS was no doubt the five books of Moses, and was very likely the copy which was appointed to lie by the side of the Ark of the Covenant (Deut. xxxi. 26). It had gone amissing and been forgotten in the corruptions of recent times. Of course it was not the only copy in the land, but from the impression that the reading of it made on the young king it would seem that he had never fully known it before. Yet he had done better than most of the kings who had known it all. It is possible for those who do not know much very truly to serve God if they have a "tender heart" (v. 27). Josiah was a true king, concerned about the troubles that might befall his people, and that made him eager to know how far they lay open to the judgments of the law. The Book had been lost and forgotten, but the prophetess declared that the promises and threatenings would all be remembered.

There was a gracious promise to Josiah, *he* was to die in peace. Yet he did die on the field of battle. To "die in peace" is not to die upon a bed and free from pain, but to die with a good conscience, and with a strong faith in the mercy and the care of God.

June 21.—Captivity of Judah.—2 Kings xxv. 1-12. Text, Hosea vi. 1. Quest. 25. Psalm xlvii. 5-8.

THERE is a godless look about this part of the history that might make us forget we were reading in the Bible. The chosen people seem as helpless as any other people, and the whole question looks as if it will be decided by whether the besieged or the besiegers are the stronger force. There is no strong cry from the weak, "The Lord of Hosts is with us," as there used to be. Judah has utterly forsaken the Lord, and His Word is about to be fulfilled on it. Yet the heathen king is God's messenger, and though there is no mention of the holy Name it is all His work. "As for His judgments" Judah "had not known them" in times past, but mercy had been abused and righteousness had been forgotten, and now the fierce descent of the Babylonian army swept them away, but it was only, after all, like storm and hail, "fulfilling His Word."

June 28.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Hosea xiv. 1. Quest. 26. Psalm xlvii. 9.

July 5.—The Word made Flesh.—John i. 1-18. Text, John i. 14. Quest. 27. Psalm xlviii. 10, 11.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 52.

At the age of 39 — The good King Josiah died on the field of battle, B.C., 610. "And Jeremiah lamented for him." 2 Chron. xxxv. 25. Josiah's birth and name had been foretold 360 years before. 1 Kings xiii. 2.

39 — Edmund Spenser wrote the first part of *The Fœrie Queene*, 1590. Chaucer had died 200 years before, and during all that time no great poem had been written in the English tongue. The language too had changed so much that Chaucer could hardly be understood by ordinary readers, and there was therefore no great poem for people to read till Spenser wrote *The Fœrie Queene*. "The appearance of this book," says a great historian, "is the one critical event in the annals of English poetry; it settled, in fact, the question whether there was to be such a thing as English poetry or no. Ever since Spenser's day England has been a nest of singing birds." The poem describes, under the form of an allegory, the hopes and fears and struggles of our country in the time of Elizabeth, specially in connection with the Church of Rome, the false Duessa, who had a "triple crown set on her head full high," and rode upon a dreadful, monstrous beast

> Who, swollen with blood of late,
> Came ramping forth with proud, presumptuous gait.
> For seven great heads out of his body grew,
> An iron breast, and back of scaly brass,
> And all embrued in blood his eyes did shine as glass.

The Church of Rome was then, and still is, Britain's worst enemy. Spenser was the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh. We know nothing of his parents, except that his mother's first name was Elizabeth. In 1598 he was made Sheriff of Cork, but his house was burnt over his head, his youngest child perishing in the flames. He died the year after, in London, "of lack of bread," according to Ben Jonson. His body lies beside Chaucer's in Westminster Abbey.

39 — William III., Prince of Orange, became King of England. "His features," says Macaulay, "were such as, once seen, could never be forgotten. His name calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed." "His earlier life," says Mr. J. R. Green, "had schooled him in a wonderful self-control. He had been left fatherless, and all but friendless, in childhood; he had been bred among men who regarded his very existence as a danger to the State; his words had been watched, his looks noted; his friends jealously withdrawn. The boy grew up silent, wary, self-contained." "Since Octavius," says Macaulay, "the world had seen no such instance of precocious statesmanship. Skilful diplomatists were surprised to hear the weighty observations which, at seventeen, the

At the age of 39

Prince made on public affairs, and still more surprised to see the lad, in trying circumstances, preserve a composure as imperturbable as their own. At eighteen, he sat among the fathers of the Dutch Commonwealth—grave, discreet, and judicious as the oldest among them. At twenty-one, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At twenty-three, he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; and he had contended with honour in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age." "Do you not see that your country is lost?" an English Ambassador had said to him. "There is a sure way never to see it lost," he replied, "and that is to die in the last ditch." "Courage like that of William is rare indeed. He was proved by every test—by war, by wounds, by painful and distressing maladies, by raging seas, by the constant risk of assassination, a risk which has shaken very strong nerves, a risk which severely tried even the adamantine fortitude of Cromwell. Yet none could ever discover what that thing was which the Prince of Orange feared. In his first battles he exposed himself like a man who sought for death, was always foremost in the charge and last in the retreat, fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground and waved his hat under the hottest fire. Yet his health was unusually delicate. He was asthmatic and consumptive. His slender frame was shaken by a constant hoarse cough. He could not sleep unless his head was propped by several pillows, and could scarcely draw his breath in any but the purest air."

39 Hezekiah got 15 years added to his life. Most people think that if they got their lives to live over again they would be better men and women. Hezekiah had been almost 15 years a king; God gave him his reign back again as it were. With 15 years before him, with no possibility of death, what might he not have done? Might he not have told the story of God's love over land and sea? But the added years were just like those that went before. He built treasuries and store houses and sheep cotes, and "laid up much goods for many years." 2 Chron. xxxii. 27. Every day is the beginning of a new year to every one of us; but a new year does us no good. We need a new heart.

To be continued.

THERE is now living at Millport, on the Clyde, an old man, 84 years of age, David Robertson, F.G.S., known as the Naturalist of the Cumbrae, and famous for many discoveries in connection with shell-fish, seaweed, &c. His life has just been written by his friend, Mr. Stebbing, late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Here is a story of his early days.

At the age of eighteen he was a farm-servant with Mr. M'Asland, a very hard man, who knew nothing about farming, and was very suspicious of his men. He had been told how wasteful farm-servants were with horses' food, and to pre-

vent extravagance, he had the allowance of corn measured out for the week. The allowance was much too little, and Robertson, who was quick in sympathy with all animals, especially with horses, seeing this, rose every morning after three o'clock, and gave them a feed of the unwinnowed corn from the barn. A fellow servant, Sandy M'Alister, a lazy Highlander who loved to act the part of spy, found what he was doing, and told the master.

"So one morning, when I was coming from the barn to the stable," says Mr. Robertson, "the laird came out from a place where he was hiding, and caught me by the neck."

"You thief, you are stealing my corn."

"And giving it to your horses," I said.

"You have no right to do that."

"True," I said, "but I have done it with the best intentions for your interest; it is no advantage to me, but a great deal of trouble. I am doing your horses good; they are not in the condition that a farmer's horses should be; and if they do not get their proper food they cannot do their proper work."

"Well," he said, "if you will promise not to waste, I will give you the keys."

I replied that I had never done anything against his interest since I had been in his service.

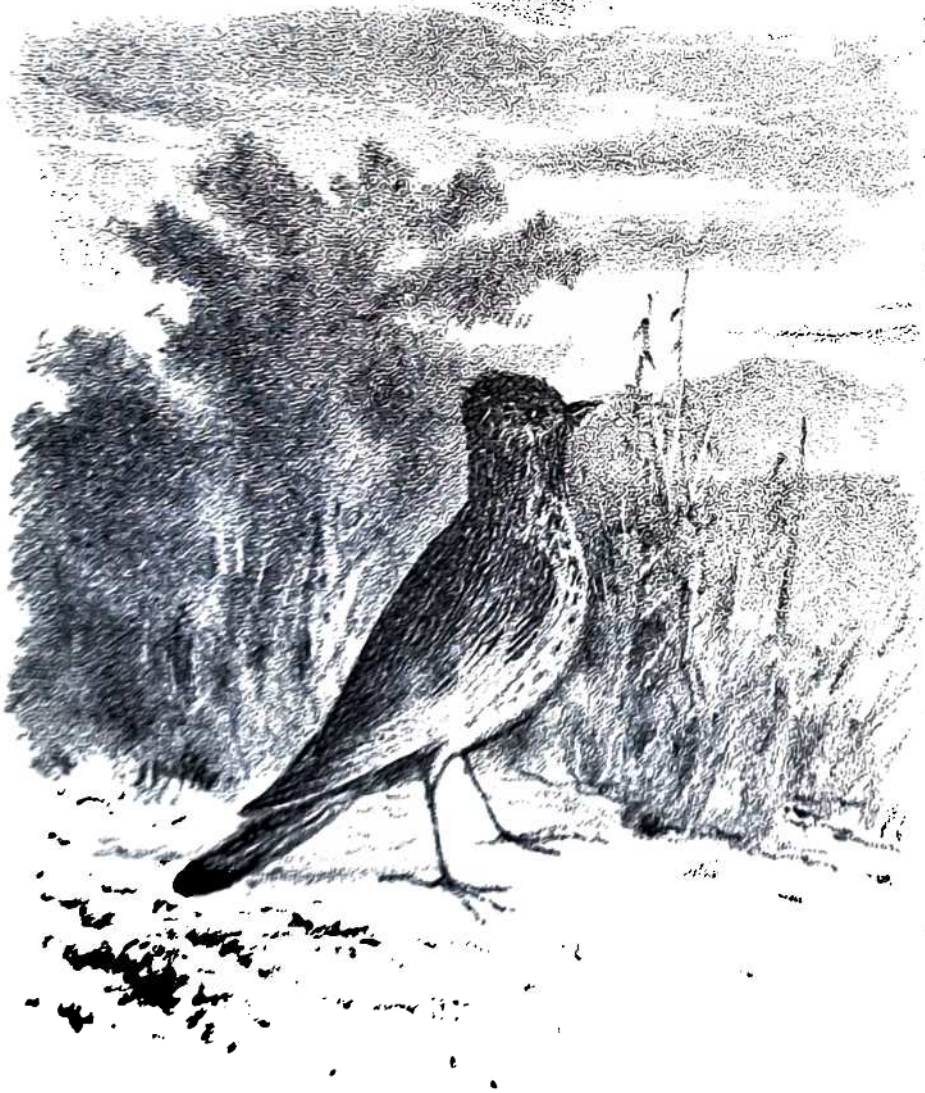
He answered that he had never had reason to doubt me, and then added, "There are the keys, and use your own discretion."

Judge Not.

AT one of the banquets that used to be held every year in memory of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, after dinner, handed round for inspection a very valuable presentation snuff-box set with diamonds. After a time it disappeared, and could not be found. The Duke was much annoyed. The guests, as may be imagined, were still more so, there being no servants in the room at the time, and all agreed to turn out their pockets. To this one old officer vehemently objected, and, on their pressing the point, left the room, although the Duke begged that nothing more might be said about the matter. Of course suspicion fell on the old officer. Nobody seemed to know much about him or where he lived.

The next year, the Duke, at the annual banquet, put his hand in the pocket of his coat, which he had not worn since the last dinner, and there was the missing snuff-box! The Duke was greatly distressed, found out the old officer, who was living in a wretched garret, and apologized to him. "But why," said he, "did you not consent to what the other officers proposed, and thus have saved yourself from the terrible suspicion?" "Because, your grace, my pockets were full of broken meat, which I had contrived to put there to save my wife and family, who were at that time literally dying of starvation." The Duke, it is said, sobbed like a child,

and it need not be added that the old officer and his family suffered no more from want after that day. —*Col. Balcarres Ramsay's Recollections of Military Service.*



What makes Summer?

'TIS the Sun that rises early,
Shining, shining all day rarely;
Drawing up the larks to meet him,
Earth's bird angels, wild to greet him;
Drawing up the clouds to pour
Down again a shining shower;
Drawing out the grass and clover—
Blossoms breaking out all over;
Drawing out the flowers to stare
At their father in the air—
He all light; they how much duller,
Yet, son-suns of every colour;
Drawing out the flying things—
Out of eggs, fast-flapping wings;
Out of lumps like frozen snails,
Butterflies with splendid sails;
Drawing buds from all the trees;
From their hives the buzzy bees;

Living gold from earthy cracks—
Beetles with their burnished backs;
Drawing laughter out of water,
Smiling small suns as he taught her;
Sending winds to every nook,
That no creature be forsook;
Drawing children out of doors,
On two legs or on all-fours;

Drawing out of gloom and sadness
Hope and blessing, peace and gladness;
Making man's heart sing and shine
With his brilliancy divine.

—*George MacDonald.*

The Nightingale.

Yet never heard I such another note—
Terew, terew; and thus she 'gan to plaine
Most piteously, which made my heart to grieve,
Her second note was fy-fy, fy-fy-fy,
And that she did in pleasant use repeat
With sweet reports of heavenly harmony.
She showed great skill—for times of unisone,
Her jug-jug-jug in grief had such a grace.
Then stinted she, as if her song was done,
And ere that past, not full a furlong's space,
She 'gan again in melody to melt;
But one strange note I noted with the rest,
And that saith thus, Nemesis, Nemesis.

—*George Gascoigne, 1530-1577.*

IT was a cold, wet day in June, five years ago in Surrey. Towards evening the rain seemed to get heavier. A crow, a thrush, a blackbird, and a jackdaw had all gathered under a hawthorn tree. Their feathers were sore bedraggled; it looked as if their oil was done. There the birds sat motionless, as though it mattered not whether the rain went on or stopped. Presently they began to quarrel and say nasty things to one another. And that was worse than the rain. They contradicted each other about everything, and "cast up" things, and generally were so disagreeable that if I could have got out of earshot of them I would have gone. I was in an ash tree close by, and really thought they would have murdered one another. As it was, they came to blows more than once. Then the rain got worse, and the birds looked more miserable than ever. But after a while the blackbird made as though he would whistle while the crow was speaking. The crow said it was most insulting; the jackdaw said blackie seemed to have a bad cough, to which the thrush retorted that the drip of the rain was quite enough to have to put up with, without having to listen to the jackdaw's remarks on music. The jackdaw, he said, had once decked himself out with peacock's feathers; a pity he hadn't managed to steal the peacock's voice when he was at it; they would have had at least a little pleasure in listening to him then.

Then there was more wrangling, for somehow I find birds come to blows over music sooner than over anything else, and the less they know about it the more touchy they are. They pecked at one another, and called each other names. The crow croaked in a terrible rage, whereupon the blackbird tauntingly said, "Do you hear the nightingale?"

Now the crow knew that the best way to make a nickname stick to one is to get angry at it, and that the best way to get rid of a nickname is to laugh at it. So when blackie called him the nightingale, he laughed so heartily that they all got into good humour, and voted the blackbird a terrible wit.

"By the way," said the thrush, "I haven't heard the nightingales for nine days now, and I can't say I'm very sorry. I always thought their singing was rated far too high."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said the crow, "for that was always my opinion too, but one is afraid of being thought jealous, and I'm glad you have had the courage to speak out."

"What I never could bear about them," said the jackdaw, "was their poor taste in dress: too much brown, and no variety."

"I quite agree with you," said the crow; "neither of us supposes that variety is in all cases desirable, but all brown won't do. It looks insipid to my mind."

"But did you ever notice their conceit and impudence?" said the blackbird. "They sat on that oak tree over there watching the people listening to them. Why, they tell me, that even Americans time their visits so as to reach England early in May, just to hear the nightingales. And one can't get sleeping for them, singing all night. It is simply odious."

"You never said a truer word," said the crow. "Their pride and impudence are simply scandalous. I am sorry two of my children have been hanged this year already, but it wasn't their forwardness that brought them to that. Oh! no, they were pushing, but they weren't forward."

"Ah! well, at anyrate," said the thrush, "the nightingales' singing is all past now for another year. It was clever in a way, perhaps, but they couldn't keep it up."

"That is so," said the crow, "and that is exactly my great objection to their singing, though I could'nt have expressed myself as well as you have done. I like steady work; steadiness before brilliancy. What has their singing come to? It is all gone, as you ably remarked. It is a most disappointing career; they sing for a few weeks and then their voices leave them; it all ends in nothing. But I must be off, and I don't know when I listened to an abler conversation. We shall have fine weather now for a week. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Isn't the crow very clever?" said the blackbird, when he was gone.

"What I like about him," said the jackdaw, "is his taste. He has a perfect eye for colour."

"And did you notice," said the thrush," how neatly he can put things? It must be a fine thing to have the gift of expression."

* * * *

You may be sure it was a great grief to me to find that I had been listening to a conversation that was not meant for my ears. Mother had always taught us never to "listen," an eavesdropper, she said, was a most hateful object. But the conversation had been begun before I was aware of it, and then fear and shame made me keep quiet. Now, I thought, I could get away, for I knew they would be wearying for me at home. So off I flew, but the three birds saw me, though they didn't know I had been so near them all the time. They called me back.

"We were just talking about you," said the thrush. "We were saying we hadn't heard you singing for a day or two, and were afraid you had caught cold. We were quite concerned about you. Is your throat very bad?"

"Oh, no!" I said, "but my voice is gone all the same. I am some-

times afraid I sang too loud and too long. You must forgive me, and you must sing to me all the rest of the year. Father always said to us that the best singers were the best listeners and the kindest critics."

"Don't you feel it a trial to have nobody listening to you now? You must have often seen people in the lanes and woods who had come just to hear you." "Well," I said, "it is only recently that I understood it to be so, and it was a great astonishment to me. I was happy myself; the days were getting long and the leaves were bursting forth, and the trees were blossoming, and the sky was so beautiful, and I was so fond of my little wife; and I thought everybody else was happy; it never occurred to me, and I can hardly believe it yet, that it was my singing that was the attraction. Why, everything was beautiful; what else could people do but come out and look at the trees?"

"But aren't you a little disappointed now," said the jackdaw, "when you know the real state of things? You can't sing, you are a very little bird, and—pardon me for saying it—you are by no means a beauty; your career has come to a very sudden and ignominious end, has it not?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Tell us, then, what you are doing," they all said to me.

"Doing?" I said. "I am helping my wife to rear our family. We have four sons and a daughter, and if they are spared and do well, there will be four singers next year instead of one, and if the little girl is like her mother, a good wife for a fifth, *and isn't that something?*"

The Rich Fool.

What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

"What shall I do? My barns are filled:
I'll pull them down, and greater build."

And Lazarus lying at thy gate,
All sores, content for crumbs to wait!

Can'st thou not spare one barley load
For Ruth, who left her land for God?

This widow's meal one hand could hold,
That widow's sons for slaves are sold.

A hundred saints are daily fed,
In caves, with Obadiah's bread.

"I have no room." Oh idle words
When men of God are fed by birds!

Did'st thou not know the little lad—
Five loaves, two fishes, all he had—

Who gave his store to Christ, and then
Saw fed therewith five thousand men?

Oh man, the Son, the Christ of God
Himself walks hungry on the road!

He that spared not the barren tree,
Beware, rich fool, He spare not thee.

"What must I do?" This very night
Awake, and Christ shall give thee light.

Give Him thy self, thy barns, thine all;
The barns of Heaven—*they* are not small.

AMONGST Portuguese workmen, with the exception of stonecutters and silversmiths, there is a national want of accuracy.

There is an unfortunate expression that is in constant use amongst them—"a little more or less." A door may gape at the top or bottom, windows rattle in their sashes, but you will never persuade the carpenter that his work is badly done; he will only answer, "That's no harm, what does it matter?" From the same cause, straight or parallel lines, and right angles, the careful carrying out of which makes all the difference in the finished look of work, are also "a little more or less"; and the crookedness of a furrow in a ploughed field must be seen to be believed.—*"Blackwood" for March.*

Gossip levels ranks.—*J. M. Barrie.*

JENNY LIND, the great Swedish singer, could sing, when she was three years old, any piece of music she had heard played over once. But the first to see the promise of greatness was a lady who passed her house and heard the little girl every morning singing at her open window to her cat. In 1851, when she was only thirty years of age and in the fulness of her power and fame, recognised as the greatest singer in the world, she suddenly retired into private life.

One day, many years ago, says her biographer, an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing machine on the sands with Luther's Bible on her knee, and looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked a while, and at last her friend asked her the question, "How was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, at the very height of your success?" "What else could I do," she quietly answered, "when every day it made me think less of this"—laying her finger on the Bible—"and nothing at all of that?"—pointing out to the sunset.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Little children spoken of in Matthew. 2. Most of the Books in the New Testament close with the same word. What is the word? and what Books are the exceptions?

SENIORS.—1. A list of brothers who quarrelled. 2. People who got "signs" or proofs from God that He would fulfil His word. 3. What men in the New Testament had sisters?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the April number have been received from—

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, James Guthrie Dick, Janie Dick, George Fulton, James S. Fulton, Annie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, Mary H. Martin, Lizzie M'Carlie, Jessie K. M'Kinnon, Mary G. M'Neil, Wm. Paterson, Gardner Blair, David Blair.

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams (2 and 3), A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, Susannah Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, W. A. Paterson.

The names of those who did the May lessons will be published in July.

1	M	Jesus answered, My Father worketh, and I work.—*John v. 17.*
2	T	She eateth not the bread of idleness.—*Prov. xxxi. 27.* No man is born into the world whose work Is not born with him : there is always work, And tools to work withal, for those who will.—*Lowell.*
3	W	The people had a mind to work.—*Neh. iv. 6.*
4	TH	Teach me to do Thy will.—*Ps. cxliii. 10.* ("Jan 15.—Werder asks whether he would not do better to raise the siege of Belfort. Moltke read this out, and added, with icy and imperturbable calm, 'Your Majesty will doubtless permit me to inform General Von Werder that he has simply to remain where he is, and beat the enemy where he finds him.'"—*The late Emperor Frederick's Diary.*
5	F	In every work that he began, he did it.—*2 Chron. xxxi. 21.*
6	S	Call the labourers.—*Matt. xx. 8.*
7	S	He That openeth, and no man shutteth.—*Rev. iii. 7.*
8	M	His ears are open unto their cry.—*Ps. xxxiv. 15.*
9	TU	The heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended.—*Luke iii. 21.*
10	W	He opened to us the Scriptures.—*Luke xxiv. 32.*
11	TH	Having boldness to enter into the Holiest.—*Heb. x. 19.*
12	F	A great door and effectual is opened unto me.—*1 Cor. xvi. 9.*
13	S	All that are in the graves shall come forth.—*John v. xxviii.*
14	S	He That shutteth, and no man openeth.—*Rev. iii. 7.*
15	M	So He drove out the man.—*Gen. iii. xxiv.*
16	TU	The angel of the Lord stood in a narrow place, where was no way to turn either to the right hand or the left.—*Num. xxii. 26.*
17	W	Behold, I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Nahum iii. 5.*
18	TH	Liberty to the captives.—*Isaiah lxi. 1.*
19	F	I am the door.—*John x. 9.*
20	S	Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—*Matt. vii. 7.*
21	S	KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.—*Rev. xix. 16.*
22	M	Thy years shall have no end.—*Ps. cii. 27, and Heb. i. 12.* (This day 211 years ago Richard Cameron, after whom the Cameronians were named, entered Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, with twenty armed men, and, having dismounted, went with his brother Michael to the cross. There, after singing a Psalm and praying, he read a paper in which Charles II. was declared, for his tyranny, to be no longer king. Richard Cameron used to say this *Declaration* would "ere long shake the throne of Britain." It was the first public testimony against the Stuarts. Eight years after, they were driven out of England.)
23	TU	Men shall pray for Him continually ;
24	W	They shall bless Him all the day long.
25	TH	All the nations shall call Him happy.—*Ps. lxxii. 15-17 (R. V.)*
26	F	Upon His head are many diadems.—*Rev. xix. 12 (R. V.)*
27	S	Thou are worthy.—*Rev. iv. 11.*
28	S	I am the bread of life.—*John vi. 35.*
29	M	I perish here with hunger.
30	TU	I will arise, and go to my Father.—*Luke xv. 17 (R. V.)*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

July, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Holiday Time.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

July 5.—The Word made Flesh.—John i. 1-18. Text, John i. 14. Quest. 27. Psalm xlviii. 10, 11.

PERHAPS it is easiest to begin this lesson with the last sentence—"No man hath seen God at any time." Yet God wished to be seen; He wished men to know Him; and so His only begotten Son, Who was Himself God, became Man among men. John calls Him the Word, because He was to God what speech is to us; all that God wishes to say to us is said in Jesus; all that we can know of God is revealed in Him. Flesh is frail and lowly; but in the Flesh of His Son the glory of God dwelt, a radiance of grace and truth far more brilliant than the glorious light in the tabernacle; and we, says John, gazed upon it. A good scholar divides the lesson into three parts. (1) verses 1-4, about the Word—eternal, divine, life-giving, piercing the darkness, not to be subdued by it. (2) verses 5-11, about Unbelief. When the Word was made Flesh, even those whom God had specially prepared to receive Him, received Him not. In the world He had made, and the nation He had trained, He was a despised stranger. (3) verses 12-18, about Faith. Some did recognise Him and trust Him; how blessed were they! They received power from Him to become themselves sons of God. He became one of us, to make us one with Him.

July 12.—Christ's First Disciples.—John i. 29-42. Text, John i. 29. Quest. 28. Psalm xlviii. 12-14.

THE Baptist as a priest's son would know a great deal about the typical meaning of the sacrifices, but the description of the character and work of Jesus in verse 29 was a message to him from God, the full meaning of which he could not understand. The reference is to the Passover Lamb and to the liii. of Isaiah. John's baptism was a baptism of preparation, but the descent of the Spirit upon Jesus, which John had seen, proved that Christ could not only tell men to repent and be better men, but give them power to become new creatures.

John had always taught his disciples to expect the Messiah. When he pointed Him out they followed as men desiring and needing Christ. They were not allowed to follow unheeded. Christ helped them when their faith was weak, and, once in His company, they could hardly leave it. When they did, the first thing that at least one of them did was to go straight to his brother to tell him about Christ. Andrew may not have been a very great man, but he brought one of the greatest of the disciples to Christ. Probably he was the only man who could have brought Peter. When he was brought Peter knew that Christ saw him and knew his weaknesses—how rash and undecided he was. He was encouraged by the promise that grace would make his inconstant nature firm as a rock. Verse 39 shows that Christ was "given to hospitality" when He had a house. The day soon came when He had not where to lay His head.

July 19.—Christ's First Miracle.—John ii. 1-11. Text, John ii. 11. Quest. 29. Psalm xlix. 6, 7.

IT is not clear what Mary expected Jesus to do when she said "They have no wine." Evidently she was in the habit of telling Him everything, and v. 5 shows the kind of son He had been to her. Probably Christ had told her that the great life-work, which she must have dimly known was before Him, was about to be entered on, and she did expect a miracle. The reply of Jesus, strange to us, has no harshness in it, "woman" being then a reverent form of address, even for a son. Mary understands the reply, and we see her faith is not lessened by it. All the work of this miracle, as far as appears, is done by men, not by Christ. He bids them do certain things, and they obey. In obeying Him the miracle is wrought through His power, but the men seem to do what yet is beyond

them. It is the way in which God bestows His highest gifts—"Work out your own salvation . . . for it is God that worketh in you."

July 26.—Christ and Nicodemus.—John iii. 1-17. Text, John iii. 16. Quest. 30. Psalm xlix. 11, 12.

CHRIST spoke to Nicodemus about the love of God—see the famous sixteenth verse—as He never spoke to any other man. It was early in His ministry, and if Nicodemus had put himself openly on Christ's side, he would probably have been, from his training and position, the chiefest of the Apostles. He lost many a crown he might have had by his timidity. Three times he comes before us in the Gospel; each time he is called "the man who came to Jesus by night." See his painful caution and woful silence in John vii. 50. But see also how grace wins at last, John xix. 39. Fear and prudence disappear; he braves the wrath of Romans and Jews alike, and buries the Crucified One with more than royal honours. Yet how much he lost in these three years.

You who read this lesson, beware of making his mistake. We *must be* born again, and as we can't do that ourselves, Christ must do it, and will do it for us if we ask Him honestly, and put ourselves wholly in His hands.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 64.

At the age of 40

"Forty—the age when ambition becomes powerful in men, and takes the place of love of pleasure."—*Froude.*

When life, once past its fortieth year,
Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
The mind's own shadow, which the boy
Saw onward point to hope and joy,
Shifts round, irrevocably set
Tow'rd morning's loss and vain regret,
And, argue with it as we will,
The clock is unconverted still.—*Lowell.*

40 Moses—as we learn, not from himself, but from Stephen's speech and the Epistle to the Hebrews—cast in his lot decisively with the people of God, "accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." He is the grandest and the best known figure in human history. From the day his parents brought the "goodly child" out of hiding and put him in the ark, and "behold, the babe wept," we can follow him through life till he died and "God buried him." Jude tells us about his resurrection; we see him in the Gospels on the Mount of Transfiguration; and in the Book of Revelation at this hour we hear "the song of Moses and the Lamb."

40 Caleb brought back a good report of the Promised Land, and, along with Joshua—two against 600,000 armed men, besides women and children, who bade stone them with stones—pled with the people to trust in God.

it the
ge of
40

Michael Faraday resolved to give himself up entirely to scientific research. He was making £1,000 a year by doing analyses, etc., for manufacturers, and could as easily have made £5,000 if he had chosen, but the work which he saw it was possible for him to do was so glorious that "he could not afford to make a fortune." The consequence was, to use the words of Professor Tyndall, that "his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years. Without a dissentient voice, he was regarded as the prince of the physical investigators of the present age. He had a career of discovery unparalleled in the history of pure experimental science." His father was a poor blacksmith. His education consisted of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and it was while binding an Encyclopædia that an article on "Electricity" first directed his thoughts to the science in which he was to win undying fame. He was a godly man, searching the Scriptures daily. At meal-times he had the habit, which some old Scotch people used to have, of lifting up both his hands when he asked a blessing. To speak the truth and find out the truth was his constant aim. His niece once told him of a professor who had been caught "abstracting" some manuscript from a library. "What do you mean by abstracting?" he said. "You should say stealing; use the right word, my dear." His love of order was one of his most striking qualities. "It ran," says Tyndall, "like a luminous beam through all the transactions of his life. The most entangled and complicated matters fell into order in his hands." His notes, his papers, his accounts, were all beautifully kept. I remember Sir Wm. Thomson showing us at college a sheet of paper on which Faraday had fixed steel filings in the wonderful curves in which a magnet had arranged them. Nothing could have been neater, and in the corner, in his small, clear handwriting, there was the day and date. "What is the good of that discovery?" some one once said to him about something he had found out. "You may as well ask," he answered, "what is the good of a baby? You can't tell what it may grow to." The world to-day is only beginning to find out the value of Faraday's researches in magnetism and electricity. He loved to watch the lightning, and whenever a thunderstorm broke out would set off at once to get as near to it as he could. Yet no man felt more truly than he that the full glory of God is neither in fire nor earthquake, but in His holiness and love. He died in 1867, aged seventy-seven, at Hampton Court, in a cottage that had been given to him by the Queen.

To be continued.

EVERY soldier and every man ought to know the exact length of his ordinary pace, and be able to pace yards accurately; he should know the exact length of his foot, hand, fore-arm, and sword, the space from the tips of the fingers of his left hand to his right ear; he should know the height of his knee, waist, and eye. — *General Lord Wolseley.*

The Auld Ash Tree.

THERE grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' simmer green,
And birds sit singing on them a'.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
And o' your lilting let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are clad in snaw;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a'.
Oh, cease thy moan, thou norlan' wind,
And o' thy wailing let me be;

Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

Oh, I wad fain forget them a';
Remember'd guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o' licht, far seen by nicht,
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree—
O' a' thy voices let me be;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

—*Thomas Davidson, The Scottish Probationer, 1838-1870.*

Rorison's Teachers.

A FEW nights after the affair of the albatross, of which I told you three months ago, Russell Rorison and Captain Lacey Bee, R.E., were standing together at the stern of the s.s. Erromanga, with their elbows on the bulwarks. They had been watching the gleaming of the water, and the unceasing quivering of the lightning in the sky. It was after eleven, the hour when men begin to talk out of the fulness of their hearts. Lacey Bee, whose father had been killed at the storming of Delhi, had been educated at Wellington College and then at Sandhurst. Rorison was the first man he had ever known intimately who had been educated at a Scottish University.

Rorison, as I told you, had a brilliant career at school and college. People talked about his prizes, and pretended to his mother that they would like to see them. He himself had soon found out that like most other joys "prizes" were vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit. His

first trial was his first prize, a *Concordance of the Bible.* He had expected a book with pictures, and his sorrow was not lessened when he saw the second boy get a *Robinson Crusoe.* All the same the Concordance proved the best book he ever got. His biggest disappointment was his first gold medal. He had never seen one before. Outwardly it was all that his imagination had pictured. It had been founded by a wealthy citizen, and was supposed to be worth £7, but the lawyer who paid the jeweller got £3 for his trouble—and a very moderate charge it was as lawyers' charges go—and the jeweller got £2 to himself from the firm in Birmingham who made it. Little Rorison didn't know that, though he wondered in his own heart why the medal was so thin in the centre and so light all over. But he did know this, that after the first day he had it, the thing lost all interest. I have seen girls wear such prizes as brooches. I don't think Rorison would have done that if he had been a girl—though indeed it is hard to say—but, being a wise boy, he put it in a drawer, and blushed whenever it was referred to. His mother sometimes wished it to be shown to visitors, but she soon desisted. She found it to be as her son said, that no woman can be expected to be glad at the success of another woman's son.

Ah, but the books he got at College were even more worthless than the medals! For they were either books which the professors or their relatives had written, which would not sell, or else worthless volumes out of their own libraries or out of the cheap useless stock of some bookseller. Rorison had books answering to each of these descriptions. They were in gorgeous binding, and bore the College arms, but they were only sepulchres of dead men's reputations, and living men's too. He had rows of them—he had three copies of one book from the same professor, I remember—and he could not bear the sight of them. A medal makes no profession to be anything at all, and you can melt it, but a useless book is like a fair woman without discretion; what can you do with it?

Of course, men who gave such books as prizes were men of little heart or principle, and Rorison had little pleasure in thinking of them. His going to Samoa as a missionary was a sore trial to some of them. Their fame, like Dagon, was fallen on its face, and they had hoped that their distinguished pupil, by going to Cambridge or Oxford, would set poor Dagon up again. Somehow they thought his cleverness was due to them! He himself looked on the four years he spent with them as worse than wasted. The very evening that one of them was saying in a large company, "I had thought that Mr. Rorison would be the future expounder of my philosophy," the said Rorison was trying to burn two volumes of notes of that professor's lectures in the fire, having previously cut out a few pen and pencil sketches that had been inserted here and there by students who had sat beside him.

So when Lacey Bee began that night about the advantages that

Scottish students had, compared with English ones—and I don't say he was altogether wrong—Rorison could not keep from smiling. But he answered all Bee's questions and told him heaps of stories.

Bee was much astonished; he had never seen Rorison's equal, and had been anxious to know all he could about the men who had taught him. The truth was Rorison owed almost nothing to his professors, but a great deal to his parents and fellow-students. He was as clever with his hands as with his head. As a boy he was a rare marksman. Only he never threw stones at birds—except once, and that was at a young rook, one May, long ago. It was high up in a tree, well screened amongst the branches, and when he threw the stone it never struck him that he might strike the bird! But he did. He didn't do the little creature any harm, for the stone was just at its highest point at the time, but he heard the thud of the stone against its breast, and saw the poor bird sway backwards for a moment. He never forgot that sound and never aimed at a bird again. He continued, however, to throw stones at other stones, and played at "ducks and drakes" on the water whenever he had the chance. He was first-rate at marbles, too—only he called them "bools"—with a strange unwillingness to play in earnest. He would play at "funny" as long as one liked, but thought it unkind to keep the marbles that he won. The game itself, without thought of gain, was full of interest to him. He had a "good eye," and could beat workmen in their own trade at judging distances and measurements. Skill grew with use; no need of a three-foot rule if Rorison was near! On board ship he beat the first mate at quoits—little rings of rope which were aimed at a wooden pin fixed on the deck. The mate threw nineteen, one after the other, without missing; Rorison threw twenty-seven; the third best stopped short at six.

So when Captain Lacy Bee asked him about his teachers, he said, "I'm afraid, Captain, you make too much of me. I often think the one-half of my life has been thrown away; if the other half has not gone the same road, I owe it to my father, and especially to my mother. And I owe more than I can tell to a little sparrow I once saw."

"A what?" said Bee.

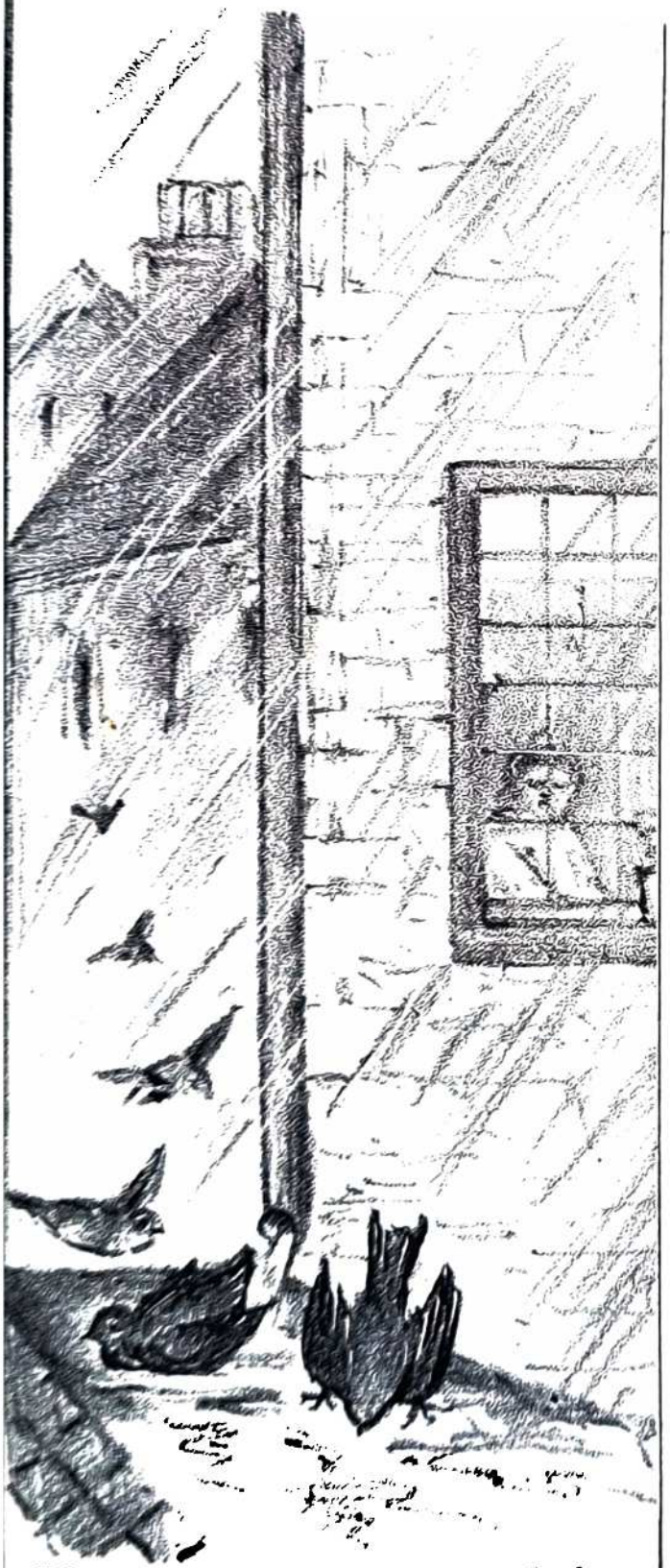
"A sparrow."

"A real sparrow? or are you joking?"

"No, I'm in earnest; a real living sparrow."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see," he answered, "we lived first in the country. There was a mill dam close by in which we bathed nine months in the year. But after my father died we came to town, and as we were very poor we lived in a house of two rooms in what they call a 'land' in Scotland, up a common stair. It was a great change to us. We could only see the sky by pressing our cheeks close to the window and looking straight up. But we missed the mill dam more than anything. Our only bath was a tub, and though we grew it



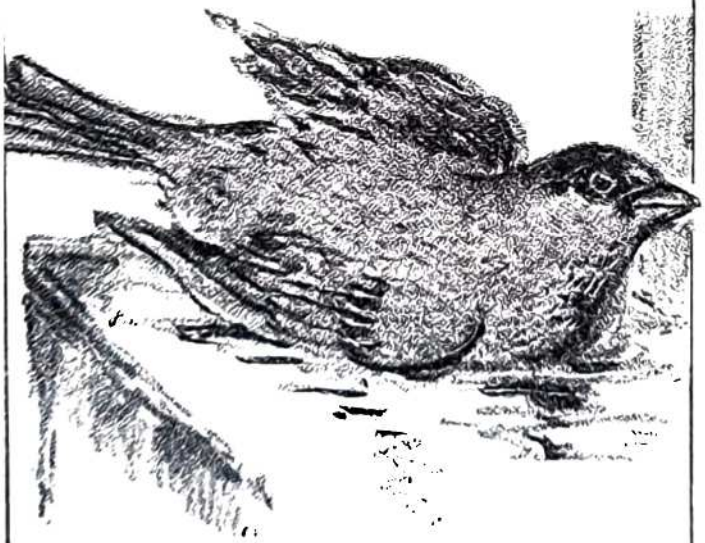
didn't! Water was scarce, and time even scarcer, for I was very busy, and our house was little, and there were many of us. There will be no such lands and no such houses when the millenium comes."

"But what about the sparrow?" said Captain Bee.

"Well, I was getting cross and ill-natured and all out of sorts, when one miserable rainy day—for the rain just seems to bring dirt to light in towns—I saw some sparrows on the street; one of them, I remember, had no tail, and looked so odd. There was a little pool of water, no bigger than a saucer, and one of them was splashing about in it as happy as a king, and I think the others were waiting for their turn. It taught me that where there's a will there's a way. If God wished sparrows to keep their bodies sweet and clean—as assuredly He did—much more did He wish me to do so who am worth many sparrows. And often when I have been pressed for time and unwilling to do things because I could not get doing them as I would, I have thought of that sparrow and risen up and done them as well as I could. Many a time that bird has made me rise a half-hour earlier and shamed me out of indolence. For I believe, Captain Bee," he continued, "that a man should be ready for every kind of work God calls him to; and every talent or half-talent that we have, whether of body or mind or soul, is a proof that opportunities are on the way to us, and we should make ourselves ready for them when they come. Our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, and the man who suffers his joints to get stiff and his muscles to grow soft deliberately flings away his life and everything for which God gave him life. To a Christian a strong arm and a steady

hand will at times be as much a part of God's armour as the shield of faith and the helmet of salvation."

And so it proved often afterwards, in Mr. Rorison's own experience. There could have been no wilder men than those in that Samoan island among whom he lived for many years. At meals they ate with their left hands and held their spears in their right, and if in less than twenty years they had forgotten how to use their weapons, and were the kindest friends a shipwrecked mariner could wish to meet, it was the result as much of their missionary's manliness and handiness and fearless courage as of his godliness and scholarship and noble courtesy.



A merry heart is a good medicine. Prov. xvii. 22 (R. V.).

THERE is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humour. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

Greely's Pendulum.

THE men in Major Greely's disastrous Arctic Expedition behaved like heroes to the very end. After their scientific work was done, they started south through the ice, in obedience to orders given them before they left America. They followed the coast, expecting every hour to meet the ship that was to bring them provisions. They found out afterwards that the ship for which they were looking had gone to the bottom six weeks before. For two months Greely and his men struggled with the ice before they were able to reach land.

One night they were blown twenty-five miles off the shore. Their boat was not a large one, and, as the storm was very violent, they found it necessary to throw everything away that they could do without. They had four marine glasses—overboard went three. So also with their telescopes, they dropped them all but one. Amongst the instruments still left on board was a bulky pendulum that had been specially made for them before they left home. They had used it in making up their star-sheets and time

observations; and just as, if one were to say that a field was 100 times the length of a certain stick, the figures would be valueless if the stick were lost, so the value of much of the expedition's scientific work would be gone unless the pendulum were safely taken back to Washington.

Still Major Greely felt that even for the sake of this instrument he dare not throw away one chance of saving his men's lives. So he told them frankly and freely how the matter stood. Many of his men were pretty rough; they were all soldiers; fairly educated but not men of great culture or elevated feeling. Yet, when he said to them, "Whenever any one speaks the word the pendulum shall go," the men answered, "No, hold on to it, and if it goes to the bottom we will go with it."

Before eight months were past nineteen of that little company had been starved to death, and the six survivors were lying dying on the ground when the Relief Squadron came. And the first thing that directed Commander Schley to the place where the poor men lay was the pendulum standing pointing towards heaven.

GIVE my love and blessing to William and Samuel. I desire them in their youth to seek the Lord; to pray twice a day at least to God, and to read God's word; to keep themselves from cursing, lying, and filthy talking.—*Rutherford.*

TIME, says Mr. F. S. Arnot in his *Mission Work in Central Africa*, is little thought of here. The natives require months to think over a matter that a white man would decide in a few moments. The value of Dr. Moffat's advice to me when I was leaving London, "Have patience! Have patience! Have patience!" becomes more apparent every day.

But what would Angels say about white men's delays?

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. On what occasions did Christ cry with a loud voice? 2. Shew that He was a Prophet, Priest, and King during the forty days that preceded His ascension. 3. Different ways in which travellers in the Bible were told what road to take.

JUNIORS.—1. How many good men and women, not counting Apostles, are named in *John*? 2. Persons in *The Acts of the Apostles* to whom angels spoke.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the May number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, Susannah Irvine, James Paterson.

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Alex. Culton, James S. Fulton, Robert W. Gregg, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, James M'Candlis, Thomas M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, Wm. Archie Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Isabella C. Yule.

The names of those who did the June lessons will be published in August.

1	W	Strait is the gate.—*Matt. vii. 14.* (These were the last words of John Bradford, who was burned 336 years ago to-day, in the reign of Bloody Mary. When he came to the stake he took a faggot in his hand and kissed it. A young man, John Leaf, was burned with him, and to him he said, "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night." It was he who once said, when a group of criminals passed by, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford.")
2	TH	But he giveth more grace.
3	F	He giveth grace unto the humble.—*James iv. 6.*
4	S	The Lord will give grace and glory.—*Psalm lxxxiv. 11.*
5	S	There is no truth in the devil.—*John viii. 44.*
6	M	Beloved, believe not every spirit.—*1 John iv. 1.*
7	TU	Prove all things.—*1 Thess. v. 21* ("Cross-examine assertions."—*Faraday.*)
8	W	Buy the truth, and sell it not.—*Prov. xxiii. 23.*
9	TH	Prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Mal. iii. 10.*
10	F	Me, a Man that told you the truth.—*John viii. 40.*
11	S	He will ever be mindful of His Covenant.—*Ps. cxi. 5.*
12	S	Now for a little moment grace hath been shewed
13	M	To give us a nail in His holy place.—*Ezra ix. 8.*
14	TU	The nail fastened in a sure place shall give way.—*Is. xxii. 25.*
15	W	After that I have plucked them up, I will return;
16	TH	I will bring them again, every man to his heritage.—*Jer. xii. 15.*
17	F	Him that overcometh will I make a pillar,
18	S	And he shall go no more out.—*Rev. iii. 12.*
19	S	Be still and know that I am God.—*Psalm xlvi. 10.* (Cameron's last text.)
20	M	I am the LORD; that is My name.
21	TU	My glory will I not give to another.—*Isaiah xlii. 8.*
22	W	My witness, My faithful one, who was killed among you.—*Rev. ii. 13 (R.V.)* (To-day, 211 years ago, Richard Cameron, the Covenanter, was killed in the fight at Airsmoss. To the woman who gave him water to wash with that morning he said, when he was done, putting his hands on his face, "This is their last washing. I have need to make them clean, for there are many to see them." His head and hands were cut off by one, Robert Murray, who, on giving them to the Council at Edinburgh, said: "There are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting.")
23	TH	There remaineth a sabbath rest for the people of God.—*Heb. iv. 9 (R.V.)*
24	F	Ye are sons of them that slew the prophets.—*Matt. xxiii. 31 (R.V.)*
25	S	Do not ye after their works.—*Matt. xxiii. 3.*
26	S	Nigh unto all them that call upon Him.—*Psalm cxlv. 18.*
27	M	Forget not to show love unto strangers.—*Heb. xiii. 2 (R.V.)* (It was said of Mr. Bradshaw, a great Cambridge scholar and librarian, that the only introduction anyone needed to him was "to be in a difficulty.")
28	TU	Ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers.—*Exodus xxiii. 9.*
29	W	The Lord loveth the stranger.—*Deut. x. 18.*
30	TH	I was a stranger.—*Matt. xxv. 35.*
31	F	The Master saith, where is My guest-chamber?—*Mark xiv. 14 (R.V.)*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

August, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

August 2.—Christ at Jacob's Well.—John iv. 5-26. Text, Rev. xxii. 17. Quest. 31. Psalm xlix. 16, 17.

JACOB'S well gave drink to men and cattle for thousands of years, but it gives none now; Jesus still says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." He was so eager to give the living water to this poor woman that it made Him forget His own weariness and thirst. The woman is like most people (1) in her want of intelligence; see v. 11; she has no idea of "living water;" (2) in her feeling that there are better things to be had than she has had yet, see v. 15; and (3) in her attempt to take shelter from her conscience in an argument about religion, see v. 19. Jesus declares more wonderful things to her than to His disciples, or to the rulers at Jerusalem (1) about herself—"all that ever I did;" (2) about God—the Father who may be worshipped by all His children in all places, if only in spirit and in truth; (3) about Himself, He says plainly He is the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

August 9.—Christ's Authority.—John v. 17-30. Text, Matt. xxviii. 18. Quest. 32. Psalm l. 1, 2.

THE reply of Jesus in v. 17 shews what is the work of the Sabbath. His enemies were condemning his deeds of mercy as labour forbidden on the Sabbath, but our Lord shews that "man's true rest is not a rest *from* human earthly labour, but a rest *for* divine heavenly labour."

The perfect union of the Father and the Son makes it impossible for the Son to act except as He seeth the Father do. We have in the Son a perfect revelation of the Father, for in all He does He "sheweth" Christ.

The distinction between the dead who hear Christ's voice in v. 25, and the dead in v. 28 is to be carefully noted. The first are those lifeless, because Christless, who hear Him and receive life; the second reference is to the general resurrection. The judgment is based upon works—*i.e.*, upon character. But character that will stand this test is the result of the quickening of Christ.

August 16.—The Five Thousand Fed.—John vi. 1-14. Text, John vi. 48. Quest. 33. Psalm l. 3,4.

(1) "JESUS works only on the material furnished to Him by the disciples, (2) who must do their utmost; (3) He gives God thanks for the slender repast, as if it had been sufficient for the whole; and who knows how much lay in this act? (see v. 23). It deeply impressed the beholders. (4) He gives out with no ostentation, *as if always* from the slender stock before Him, multiplying this by the secret of His power. A singular mark of divineness; no marvel being displayed, as in a gigantic heap of loaves, or the like; (5) thus linking the supply closely to His own person, and (6) impressing on the disciples the need of careful economy, even in the presence of such a supply, wrought with no trouble, apparently to be relied on to-morrow as to-day. Note the exactness, *broken pieces from the five barley loaves.* No more were seen by mortal eye."—*Reith's John's Gospel.*

August 23.—Christ the Bread of Life.—John vi. 26-40. Text, John vi. 34. Quest. 34. Psalm l. 5,6.

"I WISH we better understood the force of the expression, the Bread of life. I remember what bread was to me when I was a boy. I could not wait till I was dressed in the morning, but ran and cut a slice from the loaf—all the way round, too, to keep me until breakfast; and at breakfast, if diligence in eating earned wages, I should have been well paid. And then I could not wait for dinner, but ate again, and then at dinner; and I had to eat again before tea, and at tea, and lucky if I didn't eat again after that. It was bread, bread all the time with me, bread that I lived on

and got strength from. Just so religion is the bread of life; but you make it cake—you put it away in your cupboard and never use it but when you have company. You cut it into small pieces and put it on china plates, and pass it daintily round instead of treating it as bread; common, hearty bread, to be used every hour."—*Beecher's Life Thoughts.*

August 30.—Christ at the Feast.—John vii. 31-44. Text, John vii. 37. Quest. 35. Psalm li. 1-3.

THE Jews did not *want* to know the truth. Christ never refused to answer an honest straight forward question. The Feast of Tabernacles, held in October, was the happiest time of the Jewish year (Num. xxix. 12-38). In memory of the wilderness journey the people dwelt in booths, and the priests on each of the seven days carried water in a golden ewer from the pool of Siloam and poured it on the altar. He that comes to Christ is not only refreshed himself in body, soul, and spirit, but becomes a source of refreshment to others. The glory of the Godhead is so bound up with Christ's death for men that God could not be fully revealed till He was risen. The Spirit had been striving with men and saving men from the beginning, yet neither His nature nor His work were hitherto capable of being understood. Christ's death opened up the whole work and character of the Three Persons of the Godhead.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 76.

At the age of	
40	Bruce won the Battle of Bannockburn, 24th June, 1314. Edward II. was ten years younger.
40	Major Greely, of the United States Army, commanded the famous but disastrous Arctic Expedition, which reached the "furthest North" yet attained by man. They numbered twenty-five all told when they began their work on the 11th of this month ten years ago; nineteen of them were dead when the Rescue Party arrived in June, 1884. There are few sadder stories. Their sufferings at the last were terrible beyond words. But even from the beginning their privations were very great. For 110 days they lived in a gruesome little hut, and all that time they never saw one ray of sunlight, for the winter far north is one long dark night. So small was the hut that they were just able to get into it, and so little light had they—for they had to be sparing of their oil—that though three men slept in one bag, so close together that when one turned all had to turn, yet for a whole week at a time Major Greely tells us he never saw the face of the man either on his right or on his left. All that time their sleeping bags were frozen solidly to the ground. It was one pleasant day in May, 1883, that Lieutenant Lockwood reached the furthest point north that any man has yet come to. It was named after him, *Lockwood Island*, but he was one of those who died shortly after. A few years before, Captain Markham, of the British Navy, had got within 400 miles of the North Pole. The Americans naturally were anxious to beat him, and Major Greely made several excursions with no other end in view. All these, however, failed. Lieutenant Lockwood was sent out on a journey with a purely scientific object,

At the age of 40

and it was while attending to the work for which the expedition was primarily fitted out that he attained a latitude about four miles further north than Captain Markham had reached, and so carried *The Stars and Stripes* of the American flag by so much nearer than the flag of Britain to that weary North Pole.

40

William the Conqueror came over to England, 1066. He was a man of gigantic form, and enormous strength. No other man could bend his bow. Even when a boy he was famous for his desperate bravery. Once with only five men at his back he routed fifteen. When everything seemed lost, then he was at his best. He had a savage countenance, and was cruel in his wrath. The people in a town he was once besieging hung raw hides along the walls to remind him that his mother's father was a tanner. In revenge he put out his prisoners' eyes, and cut off their hands and feet. Men trembled when they looked at him, as his courtiers did before the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, forty years ago. Yet he was a man of genius, and had no little share in making our country what it is. Nations grow just as individuals do. They have a time of infancy, when they must be ruled and trained and educated. It is the duty of a man who writes history to trace the purpose, the plan of God. It is the duty of a statesman to foresee that plan, and strive to work it out. God works, but He wishes us to work with Him. Before William came, the tribes that inhabited England thought more of themselves than of their country. He made them one nation. Disorder and robbery were put down, so that a man might "travel safely over the realm with a bosom full of gold." He did another great thing. Just as it is bad for a man to be alone, bad for a man to have no neighbours, to take no interest in other people, and never to care to read a newspaper, so it is bad for a village or a town or a country to be shut off from the rest of the world. Everything that interests God should interest us. Before the Conquest, England was outside the circle of European interests; William made it part of Europe, so to speak. But the greatest thing he did was this. He conquered England, but he also roused it. You know that a farmer puts lime on his land when it gets poor and sour and cold and worn out, and the lime conquers it, and at the same time is conquered itself, for the soil is revived. So with the Norman Conquest. It conquered England, but it also stirred England up and developed its wasted energies. William died in 1087, at Rouen in France, from injuries he received by being flung heavily against his saddle. He had been riding down the steep streets of Mantes, a town which he had given to the flames, when his horse stumbled among burning ashes.

To be continued.

THE late Dr. Burgon thus describes an interview he had with Dr. Routh, the famous president of Magdalen College:— I leaned forward, for he was more than slightly deaf, and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me, rather gravely, to go on. I explained

that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them—some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He inquired what I had read. "Eusebius, Hooker, and Pearson, very carefully." He nodded. The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes—I think, sir," said he after a long pause which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner—"I think, sir—were I you, sir—that I would —first of all—read the—the Gospel according to Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to Matthew—I would—were I you, sir—go on to read—the Gospel according to—Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me, but at a very slow rate, the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to Mark, I would go on, sir, to the Gospel according to —Luke, sir." (Another pause as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three Gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on —yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to John."

For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the starting-point; and had nothing better to advise me to read than—the Gospel! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day*. "And after the Gospel according to John," he proceeded:—(*Now* for it, thought I. We are coming to the point at last.) "I would in the next place, sir—I think" (he paused for an instant and then resumed)—"Yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the—Acts of the Holy Apostles." And then, not to presume on the reader's patience, he mentioned the Epistles and then the book of Revelation.

WHEN John Welsh of Ayr, John Knox's son-in-law, was apprehended for treason, because he had been present at a meeting of the General Assembly which the King did not wish to be held, he was sent as a prisoner to Blackness, on the shore of the Forth. The dungeon into which he and others were thrown was a dark hole, beneath the level of the

The Deep Sea.

THE deep sea, according to Mr. Moseley of the *Challenger* Expedition, is cold and dark and still. There is no day and night, no change of seasons, no alteration of temperature. The sun's light does not reach, in any degree, beyond three hundred yards or so. At depths of a mile the waters never move. There are no currents there; nor is the tumult of the great sea-billows ever heard. At two miles depth, even under the equator, the temperature is little above freezing-point.

Cold: and dark: and still: like the grave; verily a land of forgetfulness: yet the sea too shall give up the dead that are in it.

sea. While he was there he received a letter from Lady Melville of Culross, one of the best women of her time, bidding him be thankful that he was "only in the darkness of Blackness, and not in the blackness of darkness."

Vultures.

There is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen.—Job xxviii. 7.

DO vultures find their prey by sight or by scent?

Common-sense would suggest that a bird which soars at

such an enormous height that it is often invisible to the naked eye, would not ascend without a purpose, as there can be no food up there in the great wilderness of space. What is that purpose? It is to obtain an extensive field of observation upon the world beneath. If a bird hunted by scent, it would assuredly remain as near as possible upon the surface to obtain that scent, instead of soaring in an opposite direction, where the strongest smell could never be detected.

I have tried the experiment practically many times.

When an animal is killed and skinned, before the operation is completed, the first bird to appear is the wily and omnipresent crow. The next is the ordinary buzzard. Both these birds are near the surface of the earth, seeking their food with untiring energy; but although they may have keen powers of scent, even they, in my opinion, are mainly guided by their acuteness of vision, as they are always on the alert, hunting in every direction, and in fact keeping a sharp look-out.

The third arrival is the small red-necked vulture. This bird descends from a great height.

It is now most interesting to watch the gathering of birds from all quarters of the compass. This is easily done by lying beneath a bush, and shading the eyes while you gaze into the deep blue sky. It will appear to be alive with the smallest flies, all moving, all hurrying, all descending. These become rapidly larger, and you are aware that they are vultures, collecting from such enormous altitudes, that, if there were mountains with their tops there, they would be capped with everlasting snow. While you are straining your eyes to peer into these blue vaults, you are startled by a tremendous rush like the roar of a rocket; this is the descent, with closed wings, of one of the large bare-necked vultures, which has plunged like a plummet for some 1,000 feet, to share in the feast below.

All these birds, flying at high altitudes, have been soaring upon endless wings, never fatigued by motion, as they seldom flap, but only adjust themselves to the currents of air upon which they float; and having, with their extraordinary powers of sight, observed the hurry of smaller birds to some attractive point, they have at once directed their course, to fulfil the Biblical expression, "Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."

The audacity of the vulture is very great. I have known an instance, where, in a battle, in the midst of musketry and the dense smoke and flame of a general conflagration, the vultures mutilated the bodies of the killed before they could be carried off the field.—*Wild Beasts and their Ways: By Sir Samuel Baker, F.R.S.*

A Day at the Coast.

I AM not going to tell you her name, not even her first name, nor where she lived. Nor would I have shown you her portrait were it not that she is now so much

changed that no one would know her by it.

She was a pretty girl, and so sweet and gentle and modest and winning in all her ways that her mother's neighbours all loved her. They were never tired of praising her. No wonder. Who could help liking a little girl who seemed happiest when she was taking care of some peevish baby or running an errand for some busy mother? I liked best, though, to see her act the schoolmistress. She did it so delightfully that the children were all eager to go to the real school, and mothers were at their wits' end trying to persuade the master to let their little ones in. And when the children did get in, for they would not stay away, the master was so touched at seeing their confidence in him that he strôve to deserve it, and succeeded. He had formerly been very cruel to his scholars. His favourite punishment, I remember, was lifting boys by the hair of the head, till they put an end to that by getting their hair cropped as close as scissors could do it. One day, in his rage, he ordered a little tot not quite four years old to hold out its hand, and the little creature held out its wee bit rosy palm so obediently—as it used to do to its little mistress on the door step—that the teacher relented and saw the monster he had been.

But I wish to tell you what happened to our little friend one tenth of August. It was a Saturday, the annual holiday in her father's work. He was not a sober man, but had of late been somewhat steady. He had got a fright. He had come out of a public-house one day and was looking at a poor broken-down wretch all tatters. "You may well look at him," said a passer by who knew them both, "the only difference between you is —he's older than you, that's all." His wife dreaded that holiday of all days in the year. Her health was so poor that she had never been able to go with him. He never came home quite sober from it, but, of course, he always blamed her, and said it was her warnings that drove him to it; the thought of drink had never entered his head till she put it there. That was a lie, but there never was drunkard yet that wasn't liar.

This time she resolved to say nothing; only she gave him the best breakfast she could think of, and a collar white as snow, and made the bow of his tie for him. Then she gave him "pieces" ample enough for himself and his little daughter, and having sent them away betook herself to prayer. The neighbours looked at them as they went down the street—I did it myself—and some of the boys who were her playmates cheered, while the little girls admired her blue dress and thought they had never seen anything like it. She had been looking forward to this trip for weeks and weeks. It was her first visit to the coast, and she was full of wonder as to what like the sea would be, and the ships. And then the shells she would bring home! Indeed, and I don't blame her, when she prayed

that morning at her mother's knee, she prayed for shells twice.

One other thing her mother did; she took her apart for a little before she went away and made her promise not to leave her father. And she kept her promise.

But oh! what a day it was. Her father got drink in the train — just a taste as he called it —and then more on the boat. Feeling as he stepped ashore the least pain in his head, he thought it a call in Providence, deceiving himself as usual, to go into a public-house. There the wily landlord, seeing the money he had, for he had carefully prepared himself for temptation before starting, by taking thirteen shillings with him "in case anything should happen," began to talk with him, first about ministers and churches, till the poor wretch actually thought he was engaged in religious conversation. Then they got on to politics, and I don't know all what, for the landlord knew his business well. Meantime the little girl was standing outside, at the door. Twice she had

ventured in when her father began to talk loudly, and twice she had been told, the second time roughly, to go out and wait. By-and-by her father fell asleep, the landlord allowing him to lie, for business was dull that day, and the man had still some shillings left.

A lot of suffering can be crowded into one minute; what that poor child suffered as hour after hour passed and she stood sobbing in that hot sun—for it was like a day that God had made to make men happy—I shall not attempt to describe. The early evening came at last, and with it the last boat home. Somehow or other—we have all seen it done—the poor man was got on board. He was yelling and singing and cursing; his little child was past crying now; she was like one stunned. And well for her was it that she did not know all that was said and done. The saddest thing of all, one told me, was the laughter of the passengers on board. Some ladies even crowded forward to see the sport. It was so amusing. Amusing! To whom? To God? To Christ? To Angels? To the little girl? To the man himself? God pardon you and me for the things that have amused us.

But I do not like to continue the story—the shameful home-coming at midnight; the slumber as of a devil, only devils cannot sleep; and oh! the sorrow of that little house on the Sabbath day, the first day of the week, the day on which Christ rose. Most pitiable of all, I think, was the laughter of the man himself when he rose late in the afternoon and looked at his face in the looking-glass. His little daughter will never forget *that* to her dying day.

Why did not God answer that mother's prayer? I cannot tell you, but that He did hear it there can be no doubt. One thing I know; that day was the making of that little girl. It was early, was it not? to know what life's burden is; yet is it not good to bear the yoke in one's youth?

She is only a working man's wife, though why people should say "only" passes my comprehension. To my mind there is nothing nobler. But she is queen in her neighbourhood, not only in her beauty, but in her grace. There is not a woman in the big "land" in which she lives who does not go to church, husband and children with her. There are no disputes amongst the neighbours, except as to who shall be most obliging in a time of trouble; and I know that the publican who bought the business at the corner fifty yards off, after carefully examining his predecessor's books and the state of the buildings and the looks of the women, three years ago, says that he was swindled, the character of the place is not what he was told it was, and he might as well have thrown his £1,500 into the sea. Indeed his last year's rent is not yet paid, and never will be.

They had a happy "fair-time" two weeks ago. No less than thirteen families all went to the coast together—a thing than never happened anywhere else in my experience—and they all came home together. They were all out at

church next morning, and the husbands were all at work on Monday, and the old folks who stayed at home and the young ones who waited with them are as happy as those who went, for they were not forgotten.

WHEN I was a boy I went to a Mr. Burgess, a coach painter, to ask for work.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"I can do nothing, sir," was my reply, "but I will try to learn, and will promise to do everything you tell me."—*T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.*

"After you, Pilot."

THE *Tecumseh* man-of-war was destroyed by a torpedo in Mobile Bay, Gulf of Mexico, on the 5th August, 1864, during the American Civil War. Admiral Farragut had given orders to attack the forts, and Captain Craven, who commanded the *Tecumseh*, signalled to his engineer "full speed ahead." In their eagerness to engage the enemy the captain and the pilot forgot to keep to the channel which they had been ordered to follow. The ship struck a torpedo, and in one moment she reeled to port as from an earthquake shock, and foundered head foremost with almost every soul on board. For an instant her screw was seen revolving in the air, and then there was nothing to show of her but a small boat that had been washed from her deck, and a number of men struggling in the seething water.

The captain and Mr. Collins, the pilot, met, as the vessel was sinking beneath them, at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret. The pilot gave way, but the captain drew back, saying, "After you, pilot."

"There was nothing after me," said Mr. Collins, who lived to tell the tale; "when I reached the topmost round of the ladder the vessel seemed to drop from under me."

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. How many of the Tribes of Israel are mentioned in the Psalms? 2. Give instances in which the younger members of families became more famous than the older ones. 3. What would be suitable Psalms to sing at Family Worship on the morning and evening of a holiday?

JUNIORS.—1. What Parables in the Gospels are about *women?* 2. What kinds of persons in the Book of Revelation are said to be *blessed?*

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the June number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, Susannah Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, James M'Crea, W. R. M'Kinnell, James Paterson, Kate Ralston.

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Elizabeth Diven, James S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Annie Kean, Matthew Lang, Mary H. Martin, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, James M'Crea, Agnes M'Harg, Wm. Archie Paterson, Lizzie Pollock, L. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Jessie Thorburn, Isabella C. Yule.

The names of those who did the July lessons will be published in September.

1	S	Be not dismayed; for I am thy God.—*Isaiah xli. 10-13.* (This text cheered Arthur Tacket, a Covenanter, who was hanged in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, 207 years ago to-day, aged twenty-one. He was a tailor in Hamilton, and had been at Bothwell Bridge three years before. He was apprehended when coming from hearing Renwick preach. He was a "poor, weak, feckless, insignificant thing," yet he bravely endured the torture of the thumbkins. "I am a thousand times more willing to die for my lovely Lord than ever I was to live." "I bless Him for counting me worthy of the gift of suffering.")
2	S	Found in the temple.—*Luke ii. 46.*
3	M	Found in Him.—*Phil. iii. 9.*
4	Tu	Found praying.—*Dan. vi. 11.*
5	W	Found walking in truth.—*2 John 4.*
6	Th	Found liars.—*Rev. ii. 2.*
7	F	Found written in the book.—*Dan. xii. 1.*
8	S	Weighed, and found wanting.—*Dan. v. 27.*
9	S	The flock of God.—*1 Peter v. 2.*
10	M	My sheep which was lost.—*Luke xv. 6.*
11	Tu	He shall gather the lambs in His arm.—*Isaiah xl. 11.*
12	W	The sheep know His voice.—*John x. 4.*
13	Th	Follow Me.—*John xxi. 19.* ("No man daured say that Mr. Elginbrod ever did or spak the thing 'at didna become him. He was but a puir auld shepherd, wi' hair as white as the sheep 'at followed him; an' I wat as they followed him, he followed the great Shepherd; an' followed an' followed, till he jist followed Him hame.")
14	F	The Lamb shall be their shepherd,
15	S	And shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life.—*Rev. vii. 17 (R. V.)*
16	S	O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee.—*John xvii. 25.*
17	M	Moses wondered.—*Acts vii. 31.* ("Wonder is the seed of knowledge.—*Bacon.*)
18	Tu	None of you asketh Me, whither goest Thou?—*John xvi. 5.*
19	W	The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.—*Ps. xxv. 14.*
20	Th	Abraham was called the friend of God.—*James ii. 23.*
21	F	The Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do?—*Gen. xviii. 16.*
22	S	Now we see in a mirror, darkly.—*1 Cor. xiii. 12 (R. V.)*
23	S	Come before His presence with singing.—*Ps. c. 2.*
24	M	For an helmet the hope of salvation.—*1 Thess. v. 8.*
25	Tu	Be glad.—*Ps. xxxii. 11.* (A man without hope makes an indifferent soldier; one without cheerfulness is worse than useless. *Lord Wolseley.*)
26	W	I will hope continually.—*Ps. lxxi. 14.*
27	Th	Wherefore didst thou doubt?—*Matt. xiv. 31.*
28	F	Is My hand shortened at all?
29	S	Or have I no power to deliver?—*Is. l. 2.*
30	S	The Lord send thee help from the sanctuary.
31	M	The Lord grant thee thy heart's desire.—*Ps. xx. 2, 4.*

GLASGOW: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

September, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Mother's Messenger.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

September 6.—The True Children of God.—John viii. 31-47. Text, John i. 12. Quest. 36. Psalm li. 4, 5.

A BOY is usually proud to be called his father's son. He admires his father, and is pleased to be thought like him. It is the likeness which proves the connection. The Jews boasted that they were sons of Abraham, but Jesus says "No. Abraham was a good man, who heard God's voice, and was called the friend of God; but you hate Me, and try to kill Me, because I speak God's word: that is not like Abraham." In their murderous hatred of Jesus, the Jews showed themselves the children not of Abraham, or of God, but of the devil; they had a family likeness to him who was a murderer from the beginning. No one is a son of God unless he is like God in his soul; "every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him." In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus tells us how to come to this likeness: "Love your enemies, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the sons of your Father which is in heaven." So John says: Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. The devil puts on a fine face and comes with a smooth tongue; but, remember, he is never anything else than a *liar* and a *murderer*.

September 13.—Christ and the Blind Man.—John ix. 1-11 and 35-38. Text, John ix. 25. Quest. 37. Psalm li. 6, 7.

THIS blind man was a manifestation of the works of God; his case shows us God's way of dealing. Mysterious to begin with; a blind baby; a grown-up beggar; regarded as a special sinner; without sight, without a trade, without a character. Then Christ passed, looked at him, spoke about him, cleared his character, began working with him, made the man work with Him, gave the man something to do which he could do. Third stage: he is examined, questioned, doubted, forsaken by his parents, sneered at, reviled, put out of the church. His last state seemingly worse than his first. No; he has become a witness for Christ, one of His bravest champions, a great theologian, taken into the secret of the Almighty. What came over him? John doesn't say; no need to say; God's mercies to him didn't end that day.

September 20.—Christ the Good Shepherd.—John x. 1-16. Text, Ps. xxiii. 1. Quest. 38. Psalm li. 8-10.

FIGURES of speech are just so many points of view from which we catch little glimpses of Christ's excellence. He enters by the door; comes openly, honestly, as our Master, as our Friend. The porter is the Holy Spirit, or our own minds and wills when guided by the Spirit. If we make a habit of following Christ, we shall easily know not only when He speaks to us but also what He says. He is the door—not only the door by which all *must* come to God, but the door by which all *may* come; the only door, and a door made to open. We are sheep in our silliness, helplessness, provokingness, readiness to follow any leader anywhere. Following Christ does not stunt our life.

September 27.—Review of the Lessons. Text, Ps. xxiii. 6. Quest. 39. Psalm li. 11-13.

October 4.—Christ Raising Lazarus.—John xi. 21-44. Text, John xi. 25. Quest. 40. Psalm li. 14, 15.

MR. JOSIAH QUINCEY, a distinguished American statesman, once gave this advice to a young secretary whom he had, who was a little behindhand with his work: "When you have a number of duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable one first."

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 88.

At the age of 40

Thomas Carlyle had finished the first volume of his "French Revolution." The actual writing of it had occupied five months, but there had been years of preparation. He and his wife were very poor at the time. For three and twenty months he had not earned one penny. He had got several offers of work, specially for the *Times* newspaper, but the conditions were such as he could not accept. He would not write in favour of things which he did not believe. For, as Mr. Froude says, "he was one who never wrote an idle word or a single sentence which he did not with his whole heart believe to be true." However, he had now written the first volume of a book which he hoped would pay his way for a little at least. But one evening, the 6th of March, 1835, as he was sitting with his wife, a rap was heard at the door, a hurried step came up the stairs, and John Mill entered, deadly pale, and at first unable to speak. Mill was at that time his closest friend, and had got a reading of the manuscript of the book. "Why, Mill," said Carlyle, "what ails ye, man? What is it?" After a little the truth came out in broken sentences. Mill had left the manuscript lying about, and a servant had destroyed it, all but four or five bits of leaves. Mill, instead of going away at once, foolishly sat on with the Carlyles till near midnight. They wished to be alone. His labour was gone, his notes had been destroyed, and gone too were the emotions with which as at fever heat he had written the book. "A man can rewrite what he has known, but not what he has felt." It was a sore night to him; he had strange dreams about his dead father and sister, and a pain as of something cutting at his heart. The next day he wrote in his journal: "But on the whole should I not thank the Unseen? For I was not drivén out of composure, hardly for moments. Walk humbly with thy God. How I longed for some psalm or prayer that I could have uttered. Oh that I had faith! Then there were nothing too hard or heavy for me. Cry to thy inmost heart to God for it. Surely He will give it thee. At all events, it is as if my Invisible Schoolmaster had torn my copy book when I showed it, and said "No, boy! Thou must write it better." "What can I, sorrowing, do but obey—obey and think it the best? To work again! On in His name!" So that day he sent off for fresh paper. Mill was rich and sent him £200. Carlyle returned it, but afterwards took half, as the fair wages of his five months' labour. The work of rewriting the burnt volume was even harder than he expected. April passed, May came, but he could make no headway. Never in his life had he felt so "disconsolate, beaten down, and powerless." So he locked up his books, dismissed the whole thing from his mind, and took a fortnight's rest, reading anything, German, French, or English, that came to hand. Then at it once more, through June, July, August, and on till the middle of September. "On Monday

At the age of 40

last," he says in his journal, "about four o'clock on a wet day, I finished that *MS.* What a year this has been! I have suffered much, but also lived much. Courage! hat firmly set on head, foot firmly planted. Fear nothing but fear."

Mrs. Carlyle, a genius herself, thought the second version better than the first. He thought it worse, but not much worse. The whole three volumes were finished on the 12th January, 1837. As he gave it to his wife to read, he said, "I know not what the world will do with this book, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest, but this I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man."

Sir ISAAC NEWTON, you know, had a similar but more painful experience. He had been working at chemistry, specially with reference to colours, for 20 years, had made thousands of experiments, and spent many hundreds of pounds—though pounds are hardly worth mentioning in comparison with years. But when he was at church one day, his pet dog Diamond upset a candle and all his papers were destroyed. When he returned and saw what had been done, he said, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little thinkest the mischief thou hast done." Newton was then about 45, but he never fully recovered from the shock though he lived for other 40 years.

Now, I must tell you a curious coincidence. When I was copying out these two stories, I was asked to make a call, and went somewhat grudgingly. On a table in the house to which I went lay the "Memorials of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL," the distinguished poetess. I took up the book and opening it by chance found that in 1876, when she was forty, she had the same trial. And as Carlyle consoled himself by thinking of God as a schoolmaster who makes a boy write a fresh copy-book, so she too speaks of "The turned lesson." When a lesson is not quite "by heart,"

40

Then He gives in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"Very patiently," says her sister, "had she prepared many sheets of manuscript music for her book, 'Songs of Grace and Glory.' Well do I remember the day it was completed. We were at home, and she came down from her study with a large roll for the post, and with holiday glee exclaimed, 'There it is all done! and now I am free to write a book!'" A week after, the post brought her the news: "Messrs. Henderson's premises were burned down this morning about four o'clock. We fear the whole of the stereotypes of your musical edition are destroyed, as they were busy printing it. It will be some days before the *debris* will be sufficiently cooled to ascertain how the stereotype plates stand." Further news confirmed the loss: "Your musical edition, together with the paper sent for printing it, has been totally destroyed." This is what she wrote to her sisters: "The meaning of this to me is that, instead of having finished my whole work, I have to begin again from the beginning, and I shall probably have at least six months of it. The greater part of the manuscript is

At the age of 40

simply *gone*, for I had kept no copy whatever, and have not even a list of the tunes. Every chord of my own will have to be reproduced; every chord of every one else re-examined and revised. In writing all my previous books I had always taken the trouble to make two copies; but, finding I never gained any practical benefit, I did not (as I considered) waste time in this case! Of most of the new work, which has cost me the winter's labour, I have not even a memorandum left, having sent everything to the printers. However it is so clearly 'Himself hath done it,' that I can only say 'Thy way, not mine, O Lord.' I have thanked Him for it more than I have prayed about it." To a friend she writes: "One must be an infidel not to see God's hand upon one, most distinctly, in such a matter as this. But it was very good of Him to give me the opportunity of learning an unlearnt lesson, and of offering, as more willing service, what had been unwilling. He has been overwhelmingly gracious to me the last few days, quite startling me."

To be continued.

The Merry Wagtail.

"YOU look very happy," I said to a grey wagtail down in the meadow.

"Why not?" he answered, smiling.

"Have you no trials?" I said.

"Lots."

"Big ones?"

"Ay, pretty big ones."

"Deaths in your family?"

"Too many of them."

"Any ill-doing friends?"

"Every one has that, and there's no trial heavier."

"And have you all the ordinary trials besides—pain, and hunger, and cold?"

"Oh yes! and I'm often drenched to the very skin. And that's not good for my rheumatism."

"Yet you are always merry?

"Of course."

"But you are getting old. You got a good shake last winter."

"True; all true."

"And you must have many anxieties?"

"Anxieties? oh no! Why should I? For

'A hungry bird has a free mind;
He is hungry to-day, not to-morrow;
Steals no comfort, no grief doth borrow;
This moment is his, Thy will hath said it,
The next is nothing till Thou hast made it.
A bird has pain, but has no fear,
Which is the worst of any gear.
When cold and hunger and harm betide him,
He gathers them not to stuff inside him.'

So I am always merry, and it would not only be wrong if I weren't, it would be ridiculous."

"How so?" I asked.

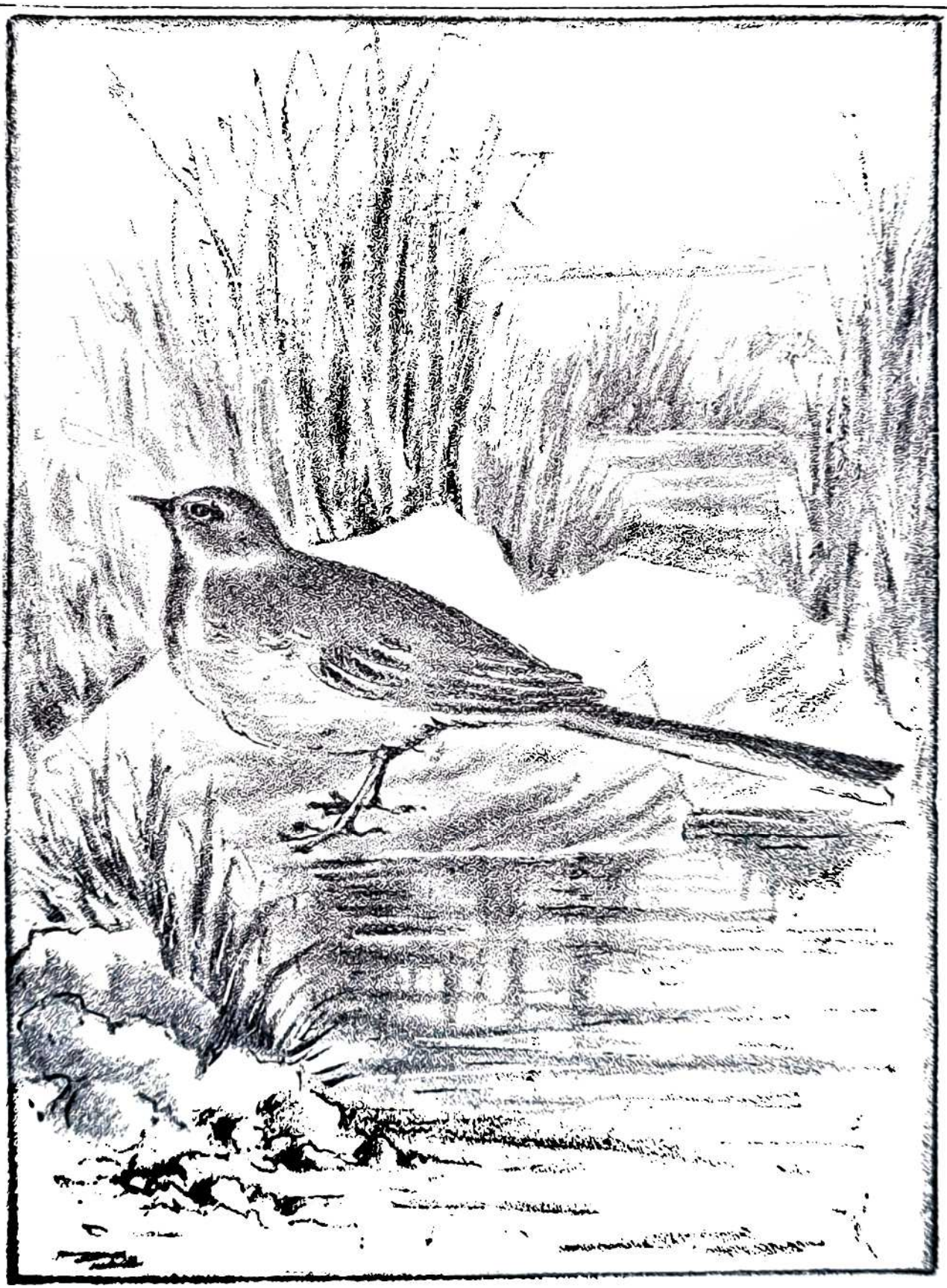
"You have watched me feeding in the meadow amongst the sheep and cows?"

"Many a time."

"And you have watched me at other times too, no doubt. Have you not noticed that I am always wagging my tail up and down, up and down—that in fact I can't help wagging it?"

"Of course. I've noticed that; everybody has; that's what you get your name from, wag—tail!"

"Well, how do you think it would



look if I put on a long face and wagged my tail at the same time? Would the two things be consistent? And if God has told me and compelled me to wag my tail, am I going to do anything that would be out of keeping with His purpose?"

Mother's Messenger.

LITTLE Elsie Falconer is the best at going messages I ever knew. Always ready, always willing, she does not need even to be asked. A very different girl from Lizzie Lennox, whose mother I hear at all hours of the day screaming "Lizzie! Lizzie! Did you see our Lizzie anywhere?"

I often watch Elsie as she goes along the street. Strangers turn round to have another look at her, and take with them a little of her happy brightness. She knows all the dogs, and they all know her; Rory, the butcher's collie, who seems to sleep five days in the week, yet always gives his tail one wag as she comes up; Achilles, the fiery terrier belonging to the schoolmaster who gets the name of being a great Greek scholar; and Kinchinjunga, or more usually simply Junga, the huge mastiff of the watchmaker who has a brother somewhere in India. I laughed at Junga the other day. There is no other mastiff in the neighbourhood, and Junga no doubt gets tired of the constant society of little dogs and men, and longs for a talk, a sensible rational dog-talk with one of his own kind. Well, he had spied Elsie and a strange mastiff in the distance, almost as big as himself, at one and the same moment. Dogs will be dogs, and off he started to interview the stranger, but all at once his conscience smote him, and back he came, thrust his great nose against Elsie's hand, and then off this time to his friend.

Yet Elsie never loiters, and if her mother has asked her to make haste, the dogs must be content for once with a smile as she hurries past.

Now follow we her to the shop. She tells her errand in her sweet clear voice. That is one thing I like about all the Falconers; one never needs to ask them to repeat a thing. Most other folks I know have to say everything twice or three times over. At family worship the Falconers read verse about, morning and evening, and sing the Psalms so distinctly, as well as so musically, that even one who does not know the Psalms would catch every word. Their father says that speaking is such a wonderful gift that it should be made the most of.

But I must not keep Elsie waiting. Having got her errand, she puts down the money, for her mother is an honest woman and knows that nothing is her own till she has paid for it. There is a story about that which I must tell—it was the draper himself who told it to me. Elsie had come to his shop—it is nearly half-a-mile from this—to get some stuff her mother needed, but found out when the parcel was made up that she had brought a ha'penny too little. She put the parcel down, saying that her mother would be angry if she took it. But the man insisted and made her take it, for he knew her mother well. It was a Saturday, the first dry day excepting Sabbath for a fortnight, and Elsie was to get out to play whenever she came back. But she and her mother could not have rested while they were *in debt*, and

in less than half-an-hour she was back with the ha'penny at the shop.

"Yes," said the man to me, "and I wish you had seen young Mrs. Redpath's face. She is owing me £7, and her husband has twice the wage of Mr. Falconer. She came in as little Elsie was refusing to take the goods, and she was still in when the little creature came back, all out of breath, with the bawbee in her hand. I wish you had seen the woman's face!"

There is another thing I like about the little messenger. If there are people in the shop before her, she waits her turn, and will even stand aside if any one, especially any old body, seems to be pressed for time. But she never looks at what others buy, or tries to hear one word they say. Now Lizzie Lennox does the very opposite. She looks and listens and loiters in the shop even after she is served, and tells her mother everything; indeed, like most story-tellers, she will rather make a story out of her head than go home without one. She has got her mother into trouble several times of late that way, but her mother always says, "My Lizzie couldn't tell a lie."

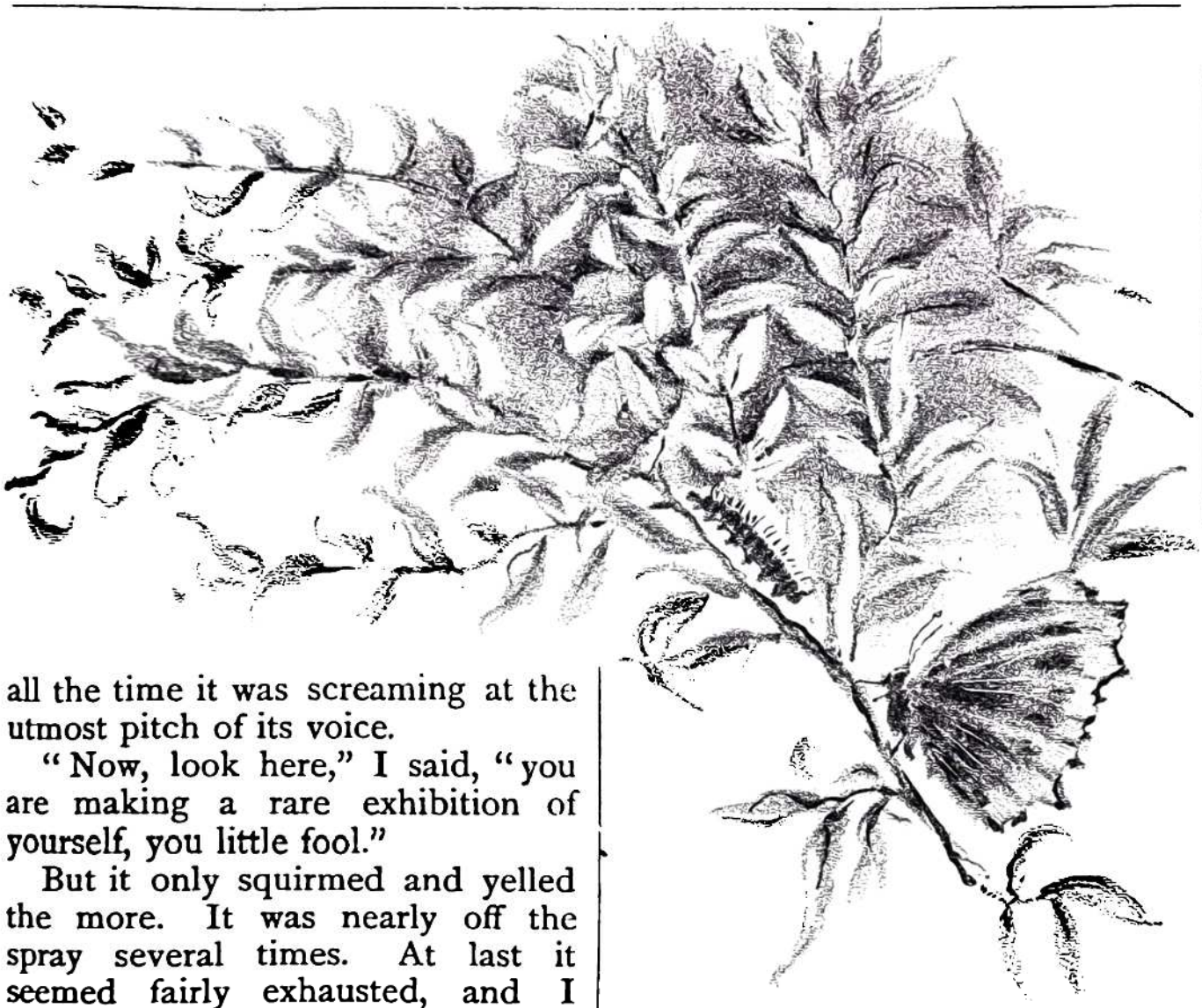
The girls about the door were playing "French ropes" the other day, when all at once I heard a lot of voices crying, "Spy! spy! spy!" It seemed that Lizzie Lennox, who had been playing with them, had suddenly left them and rushed off to the baker's door to watch what one of the neighbours, who was expecting company, might buy. But I noticed that Elsie did not cry "Spy!" and I was still more pleased to see that she evidently did not understand what it all meant.

THE nearest of the stars is so far off that if it were approaching us at the rate of a hundred miles in a second of time, a whole century of such rapid approach would not do more than increase its brightness by one-fortieth part. —*Dr. Huggins, President of the British Association.*

AN old minister roused the interest of the dullest in his congregation when, one day, he leant over his pulpit and said, "I have a question to put to you to-day, and I don't think you can answer it. Indeed, I am not sure that I could answer it myself. If we had an angel from heaven here, and if I could put this question to him, I don't believe he could answer it. Aye, my friends," said the old man solemnly, "I will say with reverence that God Himself could not answer it. The question is, '*What shall it profit* a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

The Discontented Caterpillar.

IT was in a dreadful rage. Its face, not very pretty at the best, was distorted with passion. The one moment it was beating the branch with as many of its feet as it could spare for the purpose without falling off, the next it would writhe and twist itself, and



all the time it was screaming at the utmost pitch of its voice.

"Now, look here," I said, "you are making a rare exhibition of yourself, you little fool."

But it only squirmed and yelled the more. It was nearly off the spray several times. At last it seemed fairly exhausted, and I began again. "Don't be ridiculous," I said. "Your dancing and roaring will do you no good. I suppose you think you are shaking the whole world with that tail of yours. Let me tell you, if you'll listen, that you are not shaking even this tiny branch, and your voice is not heard at the distance of half-an-inch!"

I said this with an air of considerable superiority, but the miserable creature burst into still greater fury. Whereupon I got angry and was beginning to say some nasty things to it, when a butterfly that had been hovering close by came near, and lighting on my arm as if to stay my violence, said very gently to me, "My friend, forgive me for overhearing you, but you did speak rather loud, and neither wisely nor kindly. Even if what you say were true, would it do that poor creature any good to be told that its voice wasn't heard? That's poor theology. Are *you* too not a worm, and yet every day do you not cry and make a noise, hoping, and hoping not in vain, that your voice is heard?"

Having said this the butterfly rose up and then settled down beside the poor caterpillar. I went after her, for I was much ashamed, and asked to be forgiven, and to be allowed to listen in silence to what she had to say.

They had a long talk together. Much of it of course I could not understand, but this I noticed specially—the butterfly spoke very lovingly. After a time the caterpillar seemed much soothed and looked pleased and interested and then astonished. "Yes," said the butterfly to him as he was gazing at her wings, "your wings will be far lovelier than mine." He had many questions to ask, some of them too hard to answer, and when answers were given him they were so strange and wonderful that he seemed unable to take them in. She told him about the long sleep of winter and the awaking that should follow. "Will it be really I that shall awake?" he asked.

"Yes, you your very self, and not another." And then she told him that the character that he now had would cleave to him in his new estate, and she bade him be good and have brave and high thoughts worthy of the robes that he should wear. "The thoughts you carry about with you now," she said, "and the thoughts you fall asleep with are the thoughts you will rise up with." And then we all bade each other "good-by," and I saw the butterfly no more.

* * * * * *

The year after, about the end of June, I was walking, very down in heart, near the same place. Things somehow had all seemed to go against me. I had a staff in my hand that might itself have reproved me. It had been my companion for years and years. It had seen the strangest countries in the world and some of the greatest works of God and man. I often said to friends, "That stick has seen what few men have seen." Many a mercy I had experienced in its company. Now, should it not have been "the rod of God" in my hand? But I had been tried, and instead of being made gentle I had got cross, and went striking at everything that came in my way, branches of trees, and flowers, and the tips of the hedgerows that came out, as it were, to meet me. Then in a moment, as I whirled it in the air, it flew out of my hand into a thicket. That made me crosser still—my stick that I wouldn't have sold for money. I searched a long time, and was about despairing, when a butterfly, oh! a beauty, rested on my arm. I stood and looked at it. And then it began to speak to me. "You are very cross," it said.

"No wonder," I said, "everything has been going against me, and now I have lost my favourite stick, and I am just mad."

"Do you not know me?" said the butterfly, "for I know you."

"No."

"Do you not remember the discontented caterpillar you spoke to last year near this very spot?"

"What!" I said, "you are not that caterpillar?"

"I am."

"And has everything come true that that other butterfly said?"

"Everything! everything! but the one half was not told me."

And so saying he flew away, and there was my staff lying before my very eyes!

Professor Encke.

ENCKE was a German astronomer, the son of a minister, and was born at Hamburg a hundred years ago on the 23rd of this month. He made many wonderful calculations about the distances and sizes of some of the heavenly bodies. But he is best known by a comet; Encke's comet it is called. Before his time men thought that those comets that came back returned only after long long intervals of time. But Encke proved that a certain comet which had been observed by a Frenchman named Pons in 1819 came back every three and a quarter years, and that it came back two hours earlier each time.

I remember gazing with astonishment when I was a boy at a gardener who had got a flower named after him. But what is a flower compared with a comet? And what would a comet say if it were told that, after it had obeyed God for thousands of years—going when He said "Go," coming when He said "Come"—men took pity on it as a poor nameless child and called it after a German five feet six inches high, who lived in Berlin up a stair? What would we say who have our names on brass plates and in directories, and get letters addressed to us five times a day, if we were told that the crows in the neighbouring rookery had named us after a young one of their number who had recently discovered that we passed their way regularly twice every Sabbath day?

And yet if the comet knew how much God has done for man, making His Own Son a man, I do not think it would feel dishonoured after all.

I do not know if any of you girls or boys will ever have a flower, or a river, or a ship, or anything else on earth named after you, but I hope you will all have your names *written in heaven*.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. What figures of speech connected with the phenomena of nature are used by James in his Epistle? 2. Give illustrations from the Bible of Mr. Lowell's line—"The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."

JUNIORS.—1. Which three of Christ's miracles would you have liked best to see? 2. Which three of His parables would you have liked best to hear? 3. How many names does Christ get in the 2nd Psalm and in Isaiah ix.?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the July number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, Susannah Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, James Paterson.

JUNIORS.—Alexander Adams, James Armour, John Armour, Alice Briggs, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, James S. Fulton, George S. Fulton, Bertie Hardie, Jessie Howie, Annie Kean, Jessie H. Lang, Anna B. Martin, Mary H. Martin, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, Minnie A. M'Creedy, Mary G. M'Neil, Wm. Archie Paterson, E. Pomphrey, W. Pomphrey, Leah Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Gardner, Blair, David Blair.

The names of those who did the August lessons will be published in October.

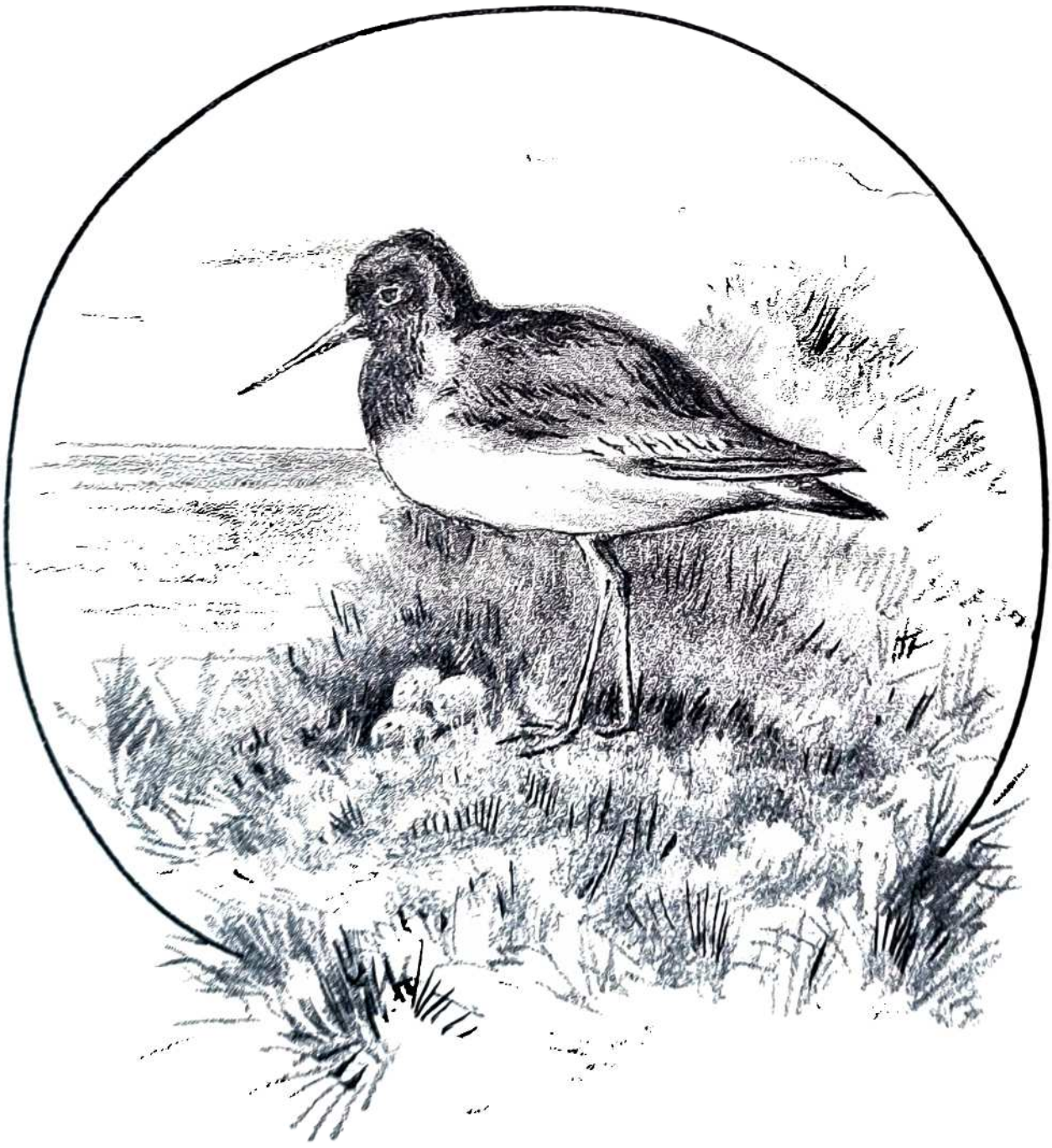
1	Tu	Search me, O God, know my thoughts.—*Psalm cxxxix. 23.*
2	W	Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.—*Matt. xv. 19.* ("A man's mind is known by the company it keeps."—*The late Mr Lowell.*)
3	Th	Renewed in the spirit of your mind.—*Ephesians iv. 23.*
4	F	Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind.—*Matt. xxii. 37.*
5	S	Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.—*2 Cor. x. 5.*
6	S	So fight I.—*1 Cor. ix. 36.* ("You have won a great battle, and the enemy are in full retreat; run after him; hammer him with guns; charge him with cavalry; harass him with mounted infantry; above all things pass round his flanks, and keep pushing him and hitting him from morning until night. His forces will soon cease to be an army."—*Lord Wolseley.*
7	M	Resist the devil.—*James iv. 7.*
8	Tu	The devils shudder.—*James ii. 19, R. V.*
9	W	The devil knoweth that he hath but a short time.—*Rev. xii. 12.*
10	Th	The devil came out of him, having done him no hurt.—*Luke iv. 35, R. V.*
11	F	The dragon warred and his angels; and they prevailed not.—*Rev. xii. 8, R. V.*
12	S	We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.—*Romans viii. 37.*
13	S	Lord, teach us to pray.—*Luke xi. 1.*
14	M	He went out into a mountain to pray,
15	Tu	And continued all night in prayer to God.—*Luke vi. 12.*
16	W	Being in an agony He prayed more earnestly.—*Luke xxii. 44.*
17	Th	He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears,
18	F	And was heard for his godly fear.—*Heb. v. 7, R. V.* ("Christ was not half a God and half a man, but perfectly God and perfectly man."—*Stalker's Imago Christi.*)
19	S	He ever liveth to make intercession.—*Heb. vii. 25.*
20	S	His greatness is unsearchable.—*Psalm cxlv. 3.*
21	M	Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand,
22	Tu	And meted out heaven with the span,
23	W	And weighed the mountains in scales?—*Isaiah xl. 12.*
24	Th	God prepared a worm.—*Jonah iv. 7.*
25	F	The Lord thinketh upon me.—*Psalm xl. 17.*
26	S	This God is our God for ever and ever.—*Psalm xlviii. 14.* (Lady Robertland, who lived about 1630, said to a friend once, "With God the most of mosts is lighter than nothing, and without Him the least of leasts is heavier than any burden.")
27	S	The servant of the Lord must be gentle.—*2 Tim. ii. 24.* ("A proud person thinks that amends may be made to God, but not so soon to himself."—*John Livingstone, died 1672.*
28	M	I am meek and lowly in heart.—*Matt. xi. 29.*
29	Tu	Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger.—*Matt. v. 22.* ("Contempt is murder committed by the intellect, as hatred is murder committed by the heart.")
30	W	Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—*1 John iii. 15.*

GREENOCK JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

October, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



Oyster-Catcher.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

October 4.—Christ Raising Lazarus.—John xi. 21-44. Text, John xi. 25. Quest. 40. Psalm li. 14, 15.

THE death and raising of Lazarus were both real, but his experiences in both differed in many ways from those of ordinary believers. His soul, evidently, did not go to Paradise. It was away from the body, but in God's keeping. There are places of God's dominion, and things within God's power, that we do not know of. Christ's voice is heard in all worlds.

The silence of Scripture as to the remainder of Lazarus' life on earth is terribly suggestive. Where was he during Christ's trial and crucifixion? We should have looked for *him* at least to follow Christ to prison and to judgment. Surely for him death could have no sting. But what special thing did any one of those do who were raised from the dead? It shows us that startling experiences of themselves do us little good; what we need is grace, and more grace.

Oct. 11—Christ foretelling His Death.—John xii. 20-36. Text, John xii. 32. Quest. 41. Psalm li. 16, 17.

Christ always answers honest questions. The Greeks wished to see His glory; they heard Him praying, praying in agony, consenting to die. The cross was His glory, and the Father's glory too. Redemption was possible no other way. What an honour to these Greeks! Their request brought about one of the great moments of Christ's life. God would speak with an audible voice if it would do us any good. But when the Jews heard it, they either got terrified, or else they looked upon it as nothing—a mere natural phenomenon, a voice without meaning.

Oct. 18.—Washing the Disciples' Feet.—John xiii. 1-17. Text, Phil. ii. 5. Quest. 42. Psalm li. 18. 19.

CHRIST washed their feet because He loved their feet. Love overflowed. He loved His people all through His agony. Love made Him agree from eternity to die, love upheld Him when the hour came. The disciples should have washed His feet for He was weary; never was there such a week of toil and sorrow—preaching with tears all day, praying with tears all night. And well they knew that He loved to be loved. "Simon, thou gavest me no kiss!" He looked for comforters, but Peter heeded not although he saw the pitcher and the bason standing there for use. Peter should have said "Thou shalt not wash *their* feet, I will do it," but that would have looked as if he were not the greatest. So he sat still while Christ rose, poured out water, laid aside His garments, took the towel, and girded Himself. That chamber became the Holy of Holies because of the cleanliness and courtesy and simple faith and obedience of its owner—virtues within anyone's reach. Oh, boys and girls, be furnished and prepared, in body, soul, and spirit, that Christ may turn in and not pass by.

Oct. 25.—Christ Comforting His Disciples.—John xiv. 1-3 and 15-27. Text, John xiv. 16. Quest. 43. Psalm lii. 1, 2.

THE "many mansions" include not only the unknown incomprehensible glories of heaven, but all the resting-places on this side of it, the arbours by the way. If we have the Spirit, the Comforter's fellowship, our whole life becomes a palace of the King; its successive days and even moments are chambers of His presence; the hours of prayer and trial and hope, our opportunities of usefulness, our sick-beds, our death-beds, the grave, the Paradise where the spirit rests in joy till the resurrection—all these are mansions prepared by Christ, mansions which He has occupied Himself.

Ver. 22. Judas (not Iscariot). The questions that a man puts are a sure test of his character and his attainments.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

Continued from page 101.

At the age of 41

Captain James Cook, the famous navigator, took possession of Australia in the name of Great Britain. The Dutch had seen the north coast of it 150 years before, and named it after their country, New Holland. The Spaniards also saw it about the same time, Torres Straits being named after one of their commanders. Captain Cook sailed from Plymouth in 1768 for the Pacific Ocean for the purpose of observing the planet Venus crossing the face of the sun. His ship was the *Endeavour*, of 370 tons. After accomplishing the chief object of the expedition and visiting New Zealand, which had not been touched at by any European for more than a hundred years, he reached New Holland and spent four months exploring its eastern coast. "On Tuesday, 21st August, 1770," he says in his journal, "we landed on an island; saw ten men on a hill, nine of them armed with lances. The tenth had a bow and a bundle of arrows. Two of the men had large ornaments of mother-of-pearl hanging round their necks. Three of them, one of them the bowman, placed themselves upon the beach abreast of us, and we expected that they would oppose our landing, but when we came within a musket shot of the beach they walked leisurely away. We immediately climbed the highest hill, which was not more than three times as high as the masthead, and the most barren of any we had ever seen.

"As I was now about to quit the eastern shore of New Holland, which I had coasted for 2,000 miles, and which I am confident no European had ever seen before, I hoisted English colours, and took possession of the whole eastern coast, in right of His Majesty George III., by the name of New South Wales, with all the bays, harbours, rivers, and islands situated upon it. We then fired three volleys of small arms, which were answered from the ship. We named the island Possession Island, and re-embarked on our boat."

Three months before, he had discovered the famous Botany Bay—to which convicts used afterwards to be sent from England—which he so named from the great quantity of plants collected in its neighbourhood. On Saturday, 25th June, some men, who had been sent to shoot pigeons for the sick, reported that they had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of a slender make, a mouse colour, and extremely swift. That was the first *Kangaroo* ever seen by Europeans. "Mr. Gore shot a young one a month after. We dressed it for dinner next day and found it most excellent meat."

Captain Cook was a Yorkshire ploughman's son, and, as a boy, was employed for a time in scaring crows. He was afterwards apprenticed to a haberdasher. He was murdered by the natives of Hawaii, 14th February, 1779, aged 51. It was the reading of Captain Cook's voyages that led William Carey, the founder of modern missions, to go to India.

At the age of 41

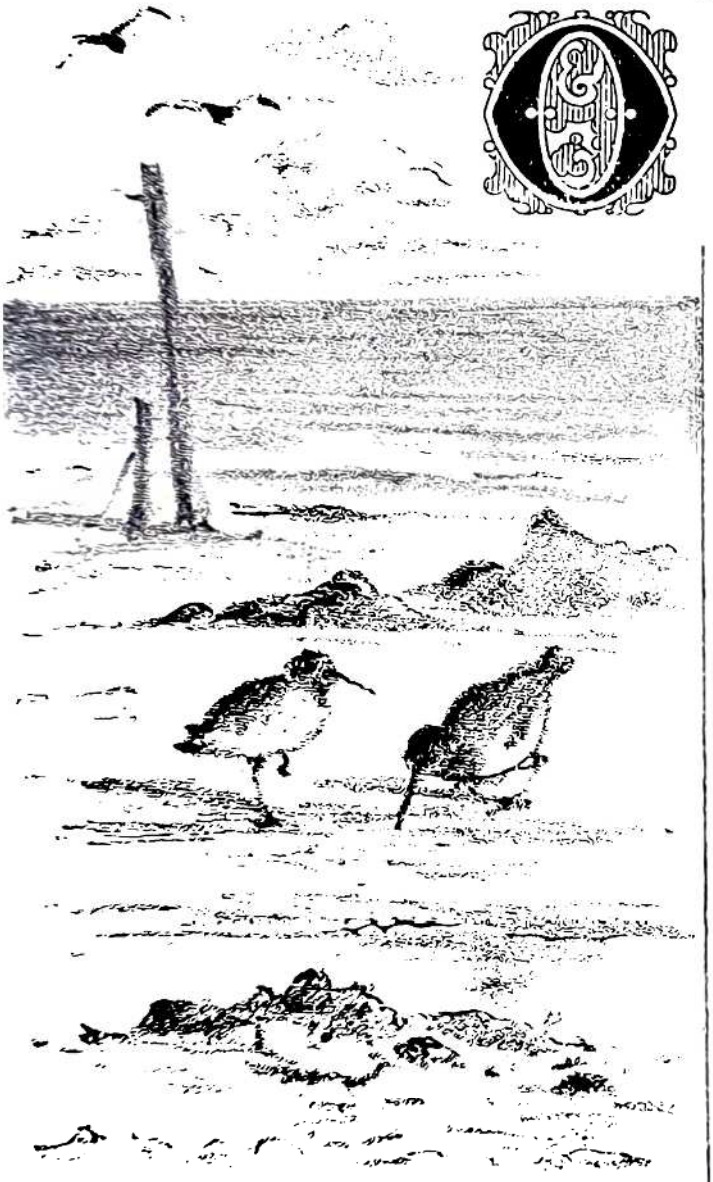
TITUS FLAVIUS VESPASIANUS died at Rome, A.D. 81. When his father became Emperor, A.D. 70, he was left to carry on the war with the Jews, and so became God's instrument in the destruction of Jerusalem. The story of the siege is one of the saddest in the whole world's history. In five months, according to Josephus, more than a million people perished. The holy city was razed to the ground. So strongly was it built and fortified that Titus said, "God has been my helper. It was He that pulled down the Jews from these formidable walls, for what could the hands or engines of men have availed against them?" He had done all he could to save the Temple, entreating the Jews, as he called the gods to witness, to come out and fight in any other place that their Temple might not be defiled. But the decree of God had gone forth against it, and the Temple, in spite of all precautions, was destroyed by fire. Many of its choicest ornaments, which had previously been hidden by the priests, were, after the capture of the city, delivered up to Titus. A few months afterwards, when he celebrated his triumph in Rome, the sacred furniture of the Holy Place was borne before him to the Capitol, the Candlestick with seven branches, the Golden Table, the Trumpets which proclaimed the year of jubilee, the Book of the Law, and the Vessel of Incense. A few years later an arch was built to commemorate the victory, which stands to this day, and on it may still be seen the sculptured representations of these holy things.

In his youth Titus had taken part in the Roman wars in the south-west of England, saving, on one occasion, his father's life. For some time afterwards he seems to have given himself up to every kind of wickedness and folly. He became the infatuated slave of Bernice, to whom, some years before, the Apostle Paul had spoken, at Cæsarea, about the love of Christ. The people feared that Titus was to be another Nero. But on his accession to the throne, A.D. 79, his mode of life completely changed. We hear of nothing but stories of his goodness and liberality. One evening at supper, remembering that he had given no gift to any one that day, he exclaimed, "*Amici, diem perdidi*" ("My friends, I have lost this day"). Yet some have thought that it was well, both for himself and for his people, that his reign lasted only two years. It was during this time that Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed, and the Colosseum, a theatre capable of seating 87,000 persons, finished. At its dedication by Titus, five thousand wild beasts were slain. It was in it, later on, that many of the early Christians were put to death.

To be continued.

My times are in Thy hand.

IT was said of Charles Marriott, a great English scholar, that though he was, as it were, overwhelmed with all manner of work, he never denied himself to any one who saw fit to call on him, or wanted anything of him. "I see you are too busy; I will not disturb you," once exclaimed an undergraduate who had called, and



proceeded to leave the room. "That depends," was the answer, "on the relative importance of what *I* am doing and what *you* have come to me about." The reply, says his biographer, expressed what he seems always to have felt—that the twelve hours of every day had to be spent in God's service, and that he was not a competent judge beforehand of *how* God might be most acceptably served. He therefore always held himself in readiness to meet any demand which might by any one be made upon him for a measure of his time, or for a share of his attention.

OYSTER-CATCHERS, or Sea-pies as they used to be called from their colour, are not very common on our part of the coast, and it was with unusual pleasure that I heard they were to be seen every day near the house of a friend with whom I had gone to stay. They are very wary birds, and, therefore, when I set off to watch them the second morning after my arrival, I took my telescope and laid in provisions to serve me, if necessary, for six or seven hours. I wish I had seen those sands when I was a boy. To a child the sea-shore is paradise—even a rocky shore with its little pools, its shells, its weeds, the crabs, the cockles, and mussels "alive, alive oh!" But for perfect happiness what can compare with a sandy beach, here smooth like a baby's cheek, there wrinkled like an old man's brow?

It took me a long time to get near the birds, and then I watched them for several hours. I saw many strange and interesting things, but the one thing I wished to see was the one thing I did not see. The oyster-catchers did not catch any oysters!

The birds got less timid as the day went on. At last one of them, in spite of the warnings of her husband, moved by a curiosity she could bear no longer, came up and looked at me. Birds and beasts can read our faces better than human beings can. She saw that I would not harm her, but she saw also that I was annoyed at something.

"You look troubled," she said, "yet you are not hungry, for I saw

you eating, and there never was a brighter or warmer day. Would you tell me why you look so sad?"

"I have been watching you all day," I said, "and I haven't seen you catch any oysters."

"Oysters!" she said.

"Yes, oysters," I replied; "o-y-s-t-e-r-s."

"I never heard of such things," she answered, "never saw one in my life that I know of. What are they?"

"Never heard of oysters?" I said, "that's very odd; you get your name from catching them."

"I don't know what you mean," was her reply.

"Look here, you silly bird," I said, "you are an oyster-catcher, aren't you? Isn't that your name?"

"I never was called that in my life before."

"Well," I said, "that's what the books call you, and they ought to know."

"Well," she said, smiling, and she had a musical voice, "that's not what we call ourselves, and we ought to know."

"Now," I said, "you'll make me angry; I have seen birds like you in museums — three toed — wedge-shaped bills—red eyes—yes, the very same as you, and they had labels attached to them with 'Oyster-catcher, *Haematopus Ostralegus*,' written on them.

"But," said she, "you never saw living ones with these labels. Oh dear!" she continued, laughing, "fancy my three little downy chicks when they are born having labels with 'Haema—what is it?' written on them. I must tell my husband that joke. To think we didn't know our own dear wee babies' names!"

"How then," I said, "did you ever get to be called that name?"

"Well," said she, "that's for you to say and not for us. We eat all the little shell-fish and other things that we can find among the rocks and on the sand, and maybe some one of us, at sometime, somewhere or other, has been seen, by somebody, to be eating an oyster, or something like an oyster. That is all the explanation I can think of. But even if we had lived on oysters, do you think it would have been kind to call us 'oyster-catchers,' as if that were all we did or were the most wonderful thing we did? It is a serious and solemn thing," continued the bird, "to give a name to any living thing. But," she added "my husband must be waiting for me, and I am longing to get back to him and our three little ones."

It was all true that the bird had said. It is a solemn thing to fasten a name on anyone or anything. It is no wonder that God's approval of the names that Adam gave to every creature is mentioned in the Bible as a proof of Adam's wisdom and of his likeness to a holy God. And, on the contrary, if proof were needed that we are bad and foolish, a list of the names and adjectives that we have used in speaking of our fellow-men would be enough to condemn us instantly. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

Her First Sum.

THIS is little Katie Craufurd doing her first sum. I think she knows the answer, but she is determined to make sure before she puts the answer down. It would never do to make a blunder at the start.

She is beginning her life's work. I do not know that she will be Senior Wrangler like Miss Fawcett, or discover seven comets like Caroline Herschel. But this I hope, that she will go on adding month to month, and year to year, and grace to grace, till she be perfected in glory.

Lions.

THERE is nothing so beautiful, or enjoyable to my ears, as the roar of a lion upon a still night, when everything is calm, and no sound disturbs the solitude except the awe-inspiring notes, like the rumble of distant thunder, as they die away into the deepest bass. The first few notes somewhat resemble the bellow of a bull; these are repeated in slow succession four or five times, after which the voice is sunk into a lower key, and a number of quick short roars are at length followed by rapid coughing notes, so deep and powerful that they seem to vibrate through the earth.

There is a nobility in the character of a lion which differs entirely from the slinking habits of tigers. Although the lion is fond of dense retreats, he exposes himself in

many ways, which the tiger seldom or never does unless compelled by a line of beaters. The carelessness of concealment renders the lion's destruction comparatively easy.

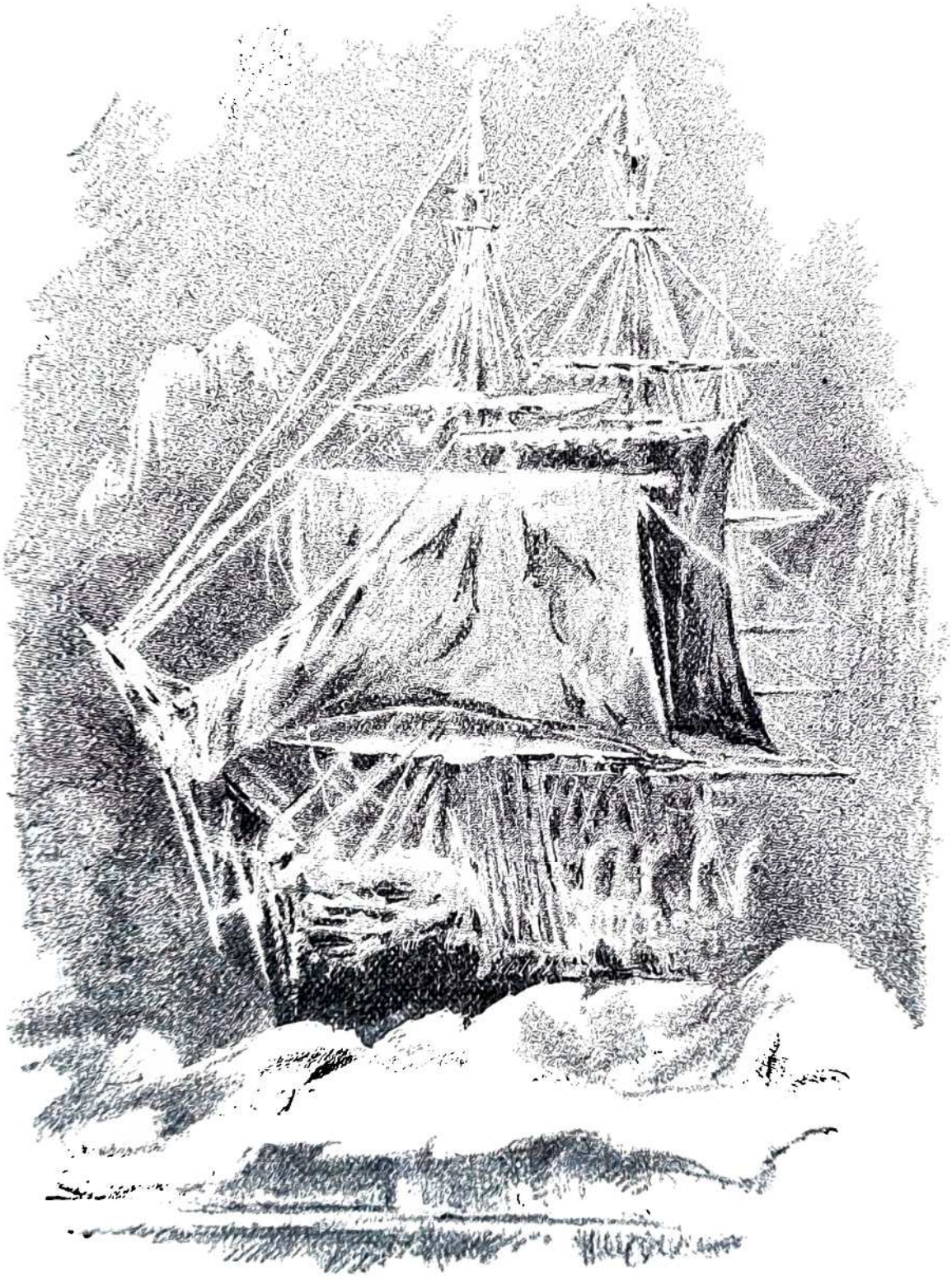
A tiger, when springing to the attack, does not strike a crushing blow, but merely seizes with its claws. A lion, on the contrary, strikes with terrible strength, at the same time that it fixes its claws upon its victim. The force of this blow is terrific, and many a man has been killed outright by it. I knew a Bavarian named Florian who discovered a lion thoroughly gorged with elephant's flesh and half asleep in the hot sun. Florian advanced boldly to within about 20 yards, the lion merely regarding him with sleepy astonishment, until he took aim and fired. He missed! The lion instantly assumed an attitude ready for a spring. Florian aimed between the eyes, and again fired. He missed! Immediately the lion gave a roar and bounded forward; with a terrific blow upon the head it felled the unfortunate man to the ground. On examining the body afterwards it was found that his skull was completely shattered, as if it had been a cocoa-nut struck with a hammer, and several of the lion's claws had penetrated through the bone, as though they had been driven like a nail.—*Sir S. Baker.*

Whaling-ships.

WHALING-SHIPS, or whalers, usually go to sea about the beginning of May, and return, if all is well, early in November. Sometimes they are caught in the ice and have to be abandoned by their crews, like the *Young Phœnix* in the illustration. Their captains, of course, refuse to leave their ships till the last moment, for they are brave and resolute men, and the loss of a ship means not only the loss of its value, about £17,000, but the loss of a whole year's gains, and much risk of human life. An average crew will number from fifty to sixty men.

Whales are killed for their oil and for what is known as whalebone. This whalebone consists of a series of between three and four hundred flat horny plates hanging down on each side from the roof of the whale's mouth, the longest of them measuring about ten feet. Whales feed on small marine molluscs, fishes, &c. When they open their mouths they take in an enormous quantity of water, and these horny plates allow the water to stream out through their lips, while the living prey is left behind and swallowed. The plates in fact serve the purpose of a net inside the whale's mouth. Whalebone is very dear, and, owing to the scarcity of whales, is getting dearer every year. About eighty years ago it sold at £25 per ton; this year it costs £1,500 per ton, or more than thirteen shillings per lb., and yet most people, if they were offered their choice of a pound of whalebone or a pound of tea, would choose the tea. An average whale will yield about three-quarters of a ton.

Now, what is whalebone used for? About thirty or forty years ago they



Copied from a Drawing by Schell & Hogan, in "Harper's Young People."

made umbrella ribs of it; but these are now made of steel, and whalebone is kept for making brushes to sweep—not our floors—but our streets and our stables and our chimneys. What a strange use for one of the noblest works of God. Yet if, as George Herbert tells us, a person who sweeps a room is not dishonoured when he does it to

God's glory, but makes his drudgery divine—if it is no dishonour to a man to be a sweep, it is surely no dishonour to a whale to be made into a sweep's brush! Especially so when one remembers that seventy years ago the brushes that sweeps used were *little boys*, *living boys*, who had to climb up inside those narrow and winding passages, fighting their way, and sometimes losing their lives in the attempt, up through the soot and darkness, till they reached the light of heaven all black and bleeding, blinded and half-choked.

When you look at sweeps after this and the risks they run, think sometimes of the brave seamen who risk their lives to make the brushes, and think too of the poor whales!

Living Epistles.

WHEN I was away from home lately, I heard a sermon to children about living epistles. I liked it very much, and I have thought that perhaps you would be pleased to know some of the things that were in it.

The preacher, Mr Macphail, of Liverpool, spoke about three kinds of Paper which men have used.

First he showed us such a curious little book. Its pages were made of palm leaves. Nothing special or particular had been done to them. They had been taken from the tree; their edges had been trimmed a little; they had been stitched together; and there they were, a book of palm leaves—a book, we may say, made directly by God Himself. Men shaped letters and words on the leaves with a sharp iron *stylus*, and then they rubbed charcoal or some other black stuff into the hollows, and the book was complete. And there are children like that—such children as Jeremiah and John the Baptist and Timothy. They have belonged to God and Christ from the very first, from their birth. No change has passed over them which other people can see. They have always trusted and loved the Saviour. They have always felt that they belonged to Him alone. I wonder if there are some of you among them. If there are, you should be very thankful to God for His goodness to you. Before you knew about it yourselves, He had made you His living epistles.

Then the preacher showed us a handful of grass, Esparto Grass, out of which some of our best white paper is manufactured. But the grass has to be changed. It has to be broken down; it has to be worked with; it has to be reduced to pulp; it has to pass through the mill with all its wheels and machinery. It had never been put to any bad use. It was growing in the fields, just as it had come from God's hands. But yet it had to be transformed altogether; it had to be altered into something new and strange. And there are children like that. They have been sought and found by Jesus, and they know it. They spent part of their life away from Him, careless about Him, taken up with other things. Then the change came. When they were reading the Bible, when they were listening to their mother or their minister or

their teacher speaking to them about salvation, when God's Spirit touched their heart, they saw that they needed Christ and they gave themselves up to Him. They had not gone long as yet in the ways of sin; they had not left their Father's house for the far country; before the evil days came they remembered their Creator. But still there was quite a decided change—a change which others saw, and on which they can look back themselves, and of which they cannot have any doubt. I hope, I believe, that some of you are in that class.

And then the preacher showed us a bundle of rags. You know that they make paper out of rags—blotting paper, and the strong brown paper that we use for packing, but not the clean white paper that you write your letters and exercises on. It is wonderful that rags should turn out so well. But because they have been put to bad uses, because they have been torn and dirtied and trampled on, the paper that comes from them can never be altogether spotless and pure. And there are people like that. They have gone down into the mire of sin. They have wasted precious months and years of their lives. God can make them new. God can save them. Yet they will always have haunting memories of the time when they loved sin and followed after it. They will have many things to remind them of their foolishness and evil. They bless God for writing His name and His Son's name on their hearts and foreheads; but

"O the regret, the struggle, and the failing!
O the days desolate and useless years!
Vows in the night, so fierce and unavailing,
Stings of my shame and passion of my tears!"

Will you ask God to teach you now by His Holy Spirit both your sin and His mercy? Before Satan leads you captive, will you ask Him to put in your minds His law and His love? He is willing, He is able, to write a poem, a hymn, a psalm, on every page of your life, from the first to the last.

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Mention some ways in which the chief priests were disappointed at the trial and death of Christ. 2. A list of persons whose greatness was foreseen from their infancy.

JUNIORS.—1. How many colours are mentioned in the Bible? 2. What are the first four titles of Christ in the New Testament, and what are the last four?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the August number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, John Holmes, Susannah Irvine, Maggie K. W. Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, James M'Crae, W. R. M'Kinnell, James Paterson, Kate Ralston.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Alice Briggs, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, James S. Fulton, Annie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Anna B. Martin, Elizabeth Martin, Mary H. Martin, James M'Candlis, James M'Crea, Mary G. M'Neil, Wm. Archie Paterson, L. Pomphrey, John Ralston, Niolæ Ralston, Lucy Robinson, Isabella C. Yule.

The names of those who did the September lessons will be published in November.

1	TH	Fret not thyself; it tendeth only to evil-doing.—*Ps. xxxvii. 8, R. V.*
2	F	Murmurers, complainers.—*Jude xvi.*
3	S	God is kind to the unthankful.—*Luke vi. 35.*
4	S	He hath filled the hungry.—*Luke i. 53.* ("No man ought to leave the prince's presence disappointed."—*Emperor Titus.*)
5	M	Full of faith.—*Acts vi. 5.*
6	TU	Full of good works and alms deeds.—*Acts ix. 36.*
7	W	Full of the spirit of wisdom.
8	TH	Filled with the Holy Ghost.—*Acts iv. 8.*
9	F	Filled with all the fulness of God.—*Eph. iii. 19.*
10	S	My cup runneth over.—*Ps. xxiii. 5.*
11	S	Empty, swept, and garnished.—*Mat. xii. 44.*
12	M	Having no hope,
13	TU	Without God.—*Eph. ii. 12.*
14	W	Every branch that beareth not fruit.—*John xv. 2.*
15	TH	Thou hast a name that thou livest,
16	F	And thou art dead.—*Rev. iii. 1.*
17	S	The wicked are like the chaff.—*Ps. i. 4.*
18	S	Gather not my soul with sinners.—*Psalm xxvi. 9.*
19	M	He keepeth all his bones.—*Psalm xxxiv. 20.* (Edinburgh saw a strange sight 165 years ago to-day. At four in the afternoon five heads, wanting bodies, were buried in one coffin close to the Martyrs' Tomb, Greyfriars, in presence of a vast multitude. They were the heads of five Covenanters executed 45 years before. The bodies had been buried at the gallows' foot, but were afterwards lifted and decently interred by some brave men, of whom James Renwick, then 19 years old, was one. The heads, as also the right hand of one of the number, Patrick Forman, had heen stuck on the Nether Bow Port. These, also, were rescued, but, owing to interruption, were hastily buried in a box, wrapped in linen, in the garden of one Alexander Tweedie, who, when dying, revealed their hiding place, saying "there was a treasure hid in his yard, but neither gold nor silver.")
20	TU	In Thy book were all my members written.—*Psalm cxxxix. 16.*
21	W	The hairs of your head are all numbered.—*Luke xii. 7.*
22	TH	Thou tellest my wanderings:
23	F	When I cry, then shall mine enemies turn back:
24	S	This I know; for God is for me.—*Psalm lvi. 9.*
25	S	Trees of righteousness.—*Isaiah lxi. 3.*
26	M	His leaf shall not wither.—*Psalm i. 3.*
27	TU	The same bringeth forth much fruit.—*John xii. 24.*
28	W	More fruit.—*John xv. 2.*
29	TH	Some an hundredfold.—*Matthew xiii. 8.*
30	F	They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—*Psalm xcii. 14.*
31	S	Abel, being dead, yet speaketh.—*Hebrews xi. 4.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

November, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

Count Cavour,

THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

November 1. — Christ the True Vine. — John xv. 1-16. Text, John xv. 8. Quest. 44. Psalm lii. 3-5.

JESUS was about to be separated from His disciples, but before leaving them He reveals the secret and the blessedness of union. The great word of the passage is *abide:* everything depends on the *constancy* with which His words are remembered and His will done. Those who thus abide in Him (1) *bear fruit, i.e.*, win others to discipleship (see Romans i. 13; (2) *prevail in prayer*, for His words shape their desires, and He says Amen to all their requests; (3) *have the joy which is His* (v. 11), not a sinful or passing joy, in full measure. Those who do not thus abide in Him 'wither'; their joy and power and goodness gradually dry up. The one commandment, by abiding in which we abide in Christ, is 'Love one another, *as I have loved you.*' He explains the last words in vv. 13-16. His pattern of love includes (1) sacrifice for others, even to death. (2) confiding in others, admitting them to know the best that we know (v. 15); and (3) taking the *first step*, the initiative, in helping others ('Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you'). To dwell in this love is to dwell in God.

November 8.—The Holy Spirit's Work.—John xvi. 1-15. Text, John xvi. 13. Quest. 45. Psalm lii. 6, 7.

CHRIST lets the disciples see the world they had to face from this—to kill them would be counted holy work. He did not tell them this clearly before, because He was leading them so to believe in Him that they could trust Him to carry them through everything. He wished to tell them about the right hand of power. His absence would make them think more deeply on His words and live by faith and use their own strength of trust more than when they had Him to think and act for them at every turn. The Spirit will show men, who excuse and deceive themselves, that they are sinners, just because they do not believe on Christ; His life will be the standard of righteousness, for He is fit in His holiness for heaven. Yet He, the Holy One, will be killed, and that will be the judgment of the prince of this world. All truth is in Christ; we cannot go beyond Him. The Spirit can only guide into the better knowledge of what is in Christ.

November 15.—Christ's Prayer for His Disciples. — John xvii. 1-19. Text, Heb. vii. 25. Quest. 46. Psalm lii. 8, 9.

THE only glory He seeks is that which God can give Him for a life of perfect obedience and perfect revelation of the Father's heart. To manifest God's name is to show all the truth about Him. The disciples were given to Him by the Father, "Thine they were," and they had learnt that all search after truth, all fidelity to conscience, had prepared them to receive and follow Christ. He had guarded them, showing their need and His watchfulness; now He prays that the Spirit of truth may guard them still. Christ lived in the midst of the life of His time. So must they, and yet be kept quite clear of "the evil" by the constantly purifying power of the truth.

November 22. — Christ Betrayed. — John xviii. 1.13. Text, Mark xiv. 41. Quest. 47. Psalm liii. 1-3.

THE taking of Jesus was not a mistake of ignorance, but the deliberate crime of cruel men led by a traitor whom He had specially honoured, befriended, warned. "They went backward." Christ's "I AM," His gentle holy majesty, unnerved them. When no harm came to them they got bold again. We all shrink at the first thought of great sin. Peter like Moses at the rock did "unadvisedly." Our anger would oft undo God's love.

November 29. — Christ Before Pilate.— John xix. 1-16. Text, Rom. iv. 25. Quest. 48. Psalm lvi. 11, 12.

PILATE'S knowledge of the Jews, his sense of duty as a Roman, his wife's warning, the strangeness of the charge (He made Himself the Son of God), the holy silence and heavenly look of Christ—all made him "determine" to let Christ go. But he feared the people, who were fickle liars, and Cæsar, who was a wretched debauchee. A few years afterwards he died in exile, a suicide.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

Continued from page 112.

At the age of 42 — On his birthday, 6th July, 1415, JOHN HUSS, the Bohemian reformer, was burned at the stake by the Roman Catholic Council at Constance, in spite of the written promise of Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, that he should be protected. When Huss reminded him of this before the Council, the Emperor was seen to blush. That blush was never forgotten. When Charles V. was asked in similar circumstances to kill Luther, "No," he said, "I should not like to blush like Sigismund."

42 — COUNT CAVOUR became Prime Minister of Sardinia.

The map of Europe which your fathers and mothers had to learn thirty years ago was not the map which you have now. The mountains and rivers are the same, but not the kingdoms. There was no German Empire then, no kingdoms of Roumelia, Bulgaria, or Servia. There was a country called Italy, but there was no kingdom of Italy. You now have only to say: "Italy, capital Rome, on the Tiber," but your parents had to learn all this: "Kingdom of Sardinia, capital Turin; Duchy of Parma, capital Parma; Duchy of Modena, capital Modena; Grand Duchy of Tuscany, capital Florence; States of the Church, that is, states belonging to the Pope, capital Rome; Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, capital Naples; Austrian Italy, or Government of Venice, capital Venice." How would you like to learn all that? (Don't destroy your school-books when you are done with them; lay them past; you will find them more interesting than you can imagine forty years after this, if you are spared.)

It was chiefly three men who thus altered the map of Italy—King Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour; but the greatest of these was Cavour. They found Italy not only disunited but demoralised. A man in those days was ashamed of being an Italian. His country had no commerce, no life, no claim to greatness except a greatness that had been gone for centuries. The people were sunk in ignorance and misery, and crushed by oppression, especially in the states governed by the Pope and his cardinals. But almost as ruinous to the people as the despotism of their kings was the influence of Austria, which interfered directly or indirectly with the affairs of the whole country. "Italy for the Italians!" became the national cry. It was then that God raised up Cavour.

He was the son of a nobleman, and was born at Turin. As a boy he was, for a time, a page in the royal household, but soon

At the age of 42

found the duties and the dress of his post to be more than he could bear. It is a poor home that a boy with any self-respect would not prefer to a king's palace. "We were dressed like flunkeys," he said, "and indeed that was just what we were. It made me blush with shame." After a short stay in the army came sixteen years of preparation for the work of his life. Just as Moses became a shepherd, so Cavour became a farmer. At first, they say, he scarcely knew a turnip from a cabbage, but he soon became the ablest farmer in his country. He taught the people round about him that farming was a science. "I would give," he said, "I know not how many sacks of rice to have the scientific knowledge that Scotch farmers have." He also studied politics, especially the history of England and France, both of which countries he visited in search of knowledge. He used to rise at five to learn foreign languages. How he won the ear of his countrymen and rose in 1852 to be Prime Minister, I am sorry I have not time to tell you. I hope you will one day read the story for yourselves. It was then his work began in earnest. The kingdom of Sardinia was little known in Europe. He resolved to make her both known and respected. In 1855 he offered to send troops to the help of the French and British in the Crimea. The statesmen of Europe were amazed. One of them said "it was a pistol-shot fired at the head of Austria." But the offer was accepted. The Sardinian troops were sorely tried at first by cholera and the hard work of the trenches. "Never mind," said a young officer one day to his men, struggling in the mud; "never mind, it is with this mud that Italy is to be made." Then came the battle of the Tchernaya and Sardinia became famous. At the Congress that followed the war, the genius and firmness of Cavour were only equalled by his modesty. A new power, it was seen, had arisen; the affairs of Italy could no longer be overlooked. Shortly after came the war with Austria, in which, most strange to say, Italy found her best helper in the late Emperor Napoleon, the man who, with his wife, did so much to ruin France. Then came the victories in Southern Italy of the hero Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel was hailed King of Italy!—all Italy, except the city of Rome, which the French insisted should still belong to the Pope. In 1870, you know, Rome too was wrested from the Pope, to the unbounded joy of its inhabitants and every lover of freedom throughout the world. That was the day Cavour would have liked to see, but he had died nine years before, June, 1861, of overwork. To the last his thoughts were all about his country. "Gentlemen," he said to the doctors, a day or two before the end, "cure me promptly. I have Italy on my hands, and time is precious." He was buried amid the lamentations of all his countrymen except the priests.

In person he was little, and very stout. As a speaker he had none of the graces of an orator, yet few men have had such power over audiences. He had an odd trick of rubbing his hands when he was pleased, which the Italians still love to recall. "How are things getting on?" said one tradesman to another, at a critical moment in their national history. "Firstrate," said the other, "for I saw Cavour a little ago at his window, and he was rubbing his hands."

The Sick Doll.

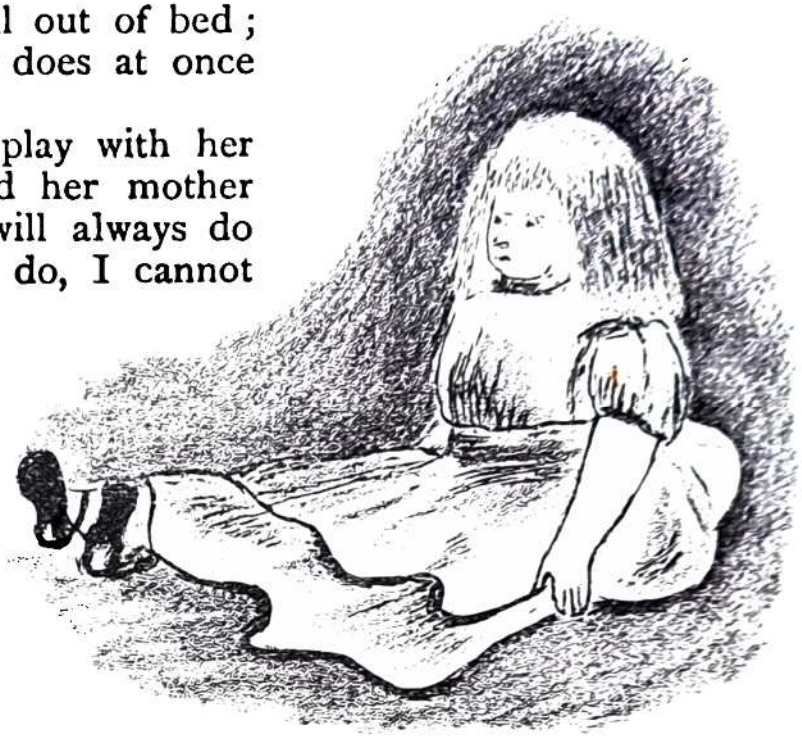
THE rain was coming down in torrents, and the garden looked cheerless, but indoors was bright. Marjory was playing with her dolls, and this is what her mother heard her saying:—

"My poor Polly is very sick. She fell and broke both her legs and cut her face. I am very sorry for her, but this happened because she was naughty. I told her to sit still while I took her sister a walk, and when I came back she had tumbled off the table. 'Polly,' I said, 'you have been very disobedient,' but she was too ill to speak. 'I fear she won't get better, and I shall be quite worn out nursing her. I think I must get a sick nurse. Mother read the newspaper when she wished a maid, and so must I.'"

So Marjory sat down and held the newspaper very close to her dear little face. It was upside down, but that did not matter, for although Marjory could talk very well, of course she could not read. She whispered: — "Please, newspaper, will you send me a nice nurse, one who will be kind to my

poor sick dolly? She must not take her out in the rain, or let her fall out of bed; and she is to see that dolly does at once whatever she is told."

Then Marjory ran off to play with her dolls who were not sick, and her mother thought, "If my little girl will always do just as she sees her mother do, I cannot be too careful."



HOW good Christ is! He bids everybody love me, for He says "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—*Rabbi Duncan.*

(315) (316) (317) (318)

PRISONERS in jails are known, not by their names, but by numbers. "Come here, 89;" "open your hands this instant, 56." That means that he is no longer a man—a man with friends and an honourable history and a will and work he has set himself to do—but a thing, a useless thing, a dangerous thing.

But you are not to think that these circles with numbers in them are prisoners, though indeed they are kept within fixed bounds and do Another's will. They are four Asteroids or minor planets. There are eight big planets—that is, stars which go round our sun. They form two groups, the inner being Mercury, Venus, our Earth, and Mars; the outer, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Astronomers saw that between these two groups there was room for another planet, and just as, if there were a wide space between two particular buttons in a long row, one would say there is a button off, so astronomers said there was surely something awanting between Mars and Jupiter. Twenty-four of them, therefore, about the end of last century formed a society to look for it. Their hopes were realised on the first night of this century, 1st January, 1801, when Piazzi of Palermo discovered a little planet in the vacant space. He was not one of the Twenty-four, and he was looking for something else at the time, but nevertheless the Twenty-four were well pleased. Truth was a greater thing to them than fame.

Piazzi named the little stranger Ceres Ferdinandea, after King Ferdinand, an ignorant, miserable,

helpless creature who could not manage the Kingdom of Naples, let alone a planet more than a hundred million miles away.

Within the next six years other three Asteroids were found. All further search for a time proving vain, it was thought there could be no more. A fifth, however, was discovered in 1845, other three in 1847, and so on, year after year, till the number in July, 1879, was 201. And still they come, the four at the head of this article having been found in September of this year. Yet if they had all to be found again, you and I would not know one of them even if we saw it.

They go round the Sun once every four or five years. They are so small that a good bicycle rider could go right round the most of them in less than a day, and round the biggest of them twice in one week without breaking the Sabbath. Owing to their smallness, further, the attraction of gravity in them is so much less than it is with us, that a man there could jump from the street in at the window of a three-storey house, and out again and get no hurt, while his boy could throw a cricket ball at least a mile.

It is because these little planets are so many, I suppose, that astronomers now find it more convenient to speak of number 40, 71, 80, etc., instead of Harmonia, Niobe, and Sappho, &c.

I wonder what God calls them. For—

He counts the number of the stars;
He names them every one.
Great is our Lord, and of great power;
His wisdom search can none.

The Harvest Mice.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there was a gathering of all the quadrupeds or four-footed animals. Big and little, wild and tame, all had been summoned. A fifty days' peace had been proclaimed, and biting and devouring forbidden under pain of death.

As the day of meeting drew near there was many a strange sight to be seen. Beasts were coming from every direction—for there were no roads then—and in any order; rats and polar bears, rabbits and rhinoceroses, buffaloes and tigers, elephants and weasels. It was better than any wild beast show that ever was.

Now there lived in those days a harvest mouse and his wife, who were much puzzled what to do. The place of meeting was a long way off; they knew no one who was going; they were so little that they felt their presence could do no good and their absence would never be noticed; and, above all, they had a nest and nine young ones.

"I think you ought to go," his wife said; "you have been summoned."

"The little shrews are not going," he replied, "because they are the smallest quadrupeds in Europe, and you know, my dear, that we are the next smallest."

"I know that," she said, "but you must not mind what others do; you must do your duty."

"And leave you and the children all alone? I can't do that."

"Then I will go with you, and we will take the children with us."

Now this, I do believe, was what he wanted all along, only he did not like to be the first to propose it. For she was not strong, and yet he knew the trip would do her good; and besides, what pleasure can a husband have anywhere if his wife be not with him?

"You are a brave wee lass," he said; "you should have been a lioness. We shall all go together." So they set off, and took their nest with them, sometimes pulling it, sometimes rolling it. For it was as large and as round as a cricket ball. It was made of blades of grass and wheat, which they had cut into shreds with their teeth, and woven and twined together. It had been suspended among the stalks about five inches from the ground. It rolled quite easily and smoothly. The little ones, who were packed as tight as they could be, had never had such fun; and then their mother now and again opened the nest a little bit to feed them and see how they were getting on.

But they got one fright on the way, and that was when a big cat made up on them. He made ready

for a spring, but at that very moment he caught sight of a huge mastiff bounding towards him. So he drew back and went his way, saying to the poor trembling mice, "It's well for you, I can tell you, that there is a fifty days' peace just now." But you should have seen how his teeth chattered, and how he beat the ground with his tail.

On the day of meeting, and exactly at the appointed hour, the lion came. With one consent the other beasts made way for him, and so, without his asking, and even against his will, he found himself sitting alone, in the midst of a huge circle, the acknowledged King of Beasts.

At the sight of the great assembly the courage of the little harvest-mice failed them, and they were for drawing back. The largest and noblest beasts encouraged them, an elephant from Asia even saying, "If you go away, I go too." But there were other beasts, led on by the disappointed cat, who frowned on them and taunted them, "You dare to call yourselves quadrupeds, you little vermin!"

Now all this made some uproar and confusion on the outskirts of the concourse, and the lion demanded to know the reason.

"It is two miserable little creatures, please your majesty," said the cat, "who are insisting on getting in amongst us."

"Bring them to me," said the lion.

O what joy filled the cat's breast. He was the first to whom the king of beasts had spoken, and, as he passed through the assembly's ranks, he could hear murmurs of jealousy and admiration. Visions of greatness filled his mind. He tried to look as like a tiger as he could, held his head high, and made his tail assume the most imposing curves he could command.

He returned presently, driving the two terrified mice with their nestful of babes before him. The whole assembly was hushed in silence. The cat looked prouder and fiercer than ever.

The lion rose. Then, as he gazed at the little group before him, a strange sweet look passed over his kingly face, and to the amazement of all, he advanced and three times did obeisance to the little harvest-mice.

Then, standing erect, he shook his mane as if to show his glory, and looking round on all the host about him, said, "Subjects and friends, I was once caught in a hunter's net. This mouse gnawed through the strands and rescued me. Is it your pleasure that he and his wife and their little ones do sit beside me in the place of honour?"

There was a mighty roar of approbation. Then he lay down, and the mice at his right side.

The cat, meantime, stood paralysed with terror. The lion rose again, and once more there was an awful silence. Then in a voice that shook the earth he cried, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased." And then he added, "The cat will now please return to his place, on the outside row."

For a few moments the cat seemed hardly able to move, and then, O how it slunk away, looking not half the size it had been. How it got through the throng it never afterwards could recollect. It only knew that no one spoke to it but the mastiff, and what he said was this—"It's well for *you*, I can tell you, that there is a fifty days' peace just now."

WITHIN the last five years more than 200 natives of Africa have suffered martyrdom for their faith.

FINDING myself, as I thought, sorely deserted and hardly dealt with in my particular state, I made a promise to God not to tell it to any but Himself, lest I should seem to complain, or foster unbelief in myself or others. —*Mr. John Livingstone the Covenanter's Journals.*

BEFORE I was five, my mother was left with five children. I never knew my father, but have only heard of him; and I have often, in my early days, wondered how a boy felt when talking to his father, or asking him for anything. How often have I grieved that I had no father to guide, to teach, or to caress me, and treat me with that fondness I have so frequently seen lavished upon other children.

When I heard my master, Mr. Burgess's son, call him "father," I used to cry. It seemed to me one of the highest privileges a boy could have to be able to use that endearing word, and I had no one so to name.—*T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.*

The Fifth Decimal.

DO you remember the picture in last month's *Watch* of little Katie Craufurd doing her first sum? It was a very easy one to do, not nearly so hard as the decimal fractions some of you have to work at.

When your teacher gives you a question to do, and bids you work out the answer to five places of decimals, do you ever wonder what is the use of the fifth?

For one thing, the fifth decimal makes your answer more accurate. We had a Professor at College, a great scholar, to whom Tennyson refers in his *In Memoriam* as

> Wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly like a flower.

Ten times a day at least, he used to say to us when we were translating Greek into English, "Pray be accurate." Accuracy is just truth, truth in little things, and truth is one of God's attributes and one of our Saviour's names. If you have a line to draw, see that it be straight, and see that your paper be straight. I fear that some of those who do the Bible Questions every month will never come to greatness, just because they are a little careless in these little things. I see a good many boys, when they play at marbles, putting their toes over the line. I don't think they always mean to cheat, but it is exactly what they would do if they did!

These little things are not little after all. Three years ago Sir Frederick Bramwell addressed the British Association on the importance of the "Next to nothing," and gave many illustrations of it. He said, for example, that the trustworthiness of a piece of steel, and therefore of anything made of steel, may depend on the presence or absence of one-thousandth per cent. of carbon. He held up a piece of steel ribbon a fourth of an inch long and a sixteenth broad—see if you can draw that on paper—by the help of which we can safely fire a gun capable of sending a shot 380 lbs. weight to a distance of 12½ miles before it reaches the ground.

The difference between ·00001 and ·00000 is the difference between something and nothing. And the difference between ·00011 and ·00001, while not so great, is still great. One of the greatest astronomical discoveries ever made by man was that of the aberration of light. Dr. Bradley, who made it in 1727, when he was only 34 years of age, made it just because he had been able to divide a thing into ten thousand parts. "Discoveries," said a scholar lately, "lie between the fifth and sixth decimal." Man's works will not bear looking into, but God's will. The God Who made a covenant with Christ on our behalf from all eternity, as we read in the 111th Psalm, does nothing small or mean.

The whole works of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure;
Sought out they are of every one
That doth therein take pleasure.

THREE things make men polite: fear of offending fashion, love of approbation, or genuine kindness. It is generally easy to know the last.—*Dr. John Ker.*

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. How many of the attributes mentioned in the 4th question of the Shorter Catechism did Christ lay aside in the days of His Humiliation? 2. Instances of men owning their sins and yet not forsaking them.

JUNIORS.—1. How many of Christ's miracles were wrought upon persons who had been a long time ill? And 2, Upon persons who had been a short time ill? 3. Write out some of the questions put to Christ by bad men.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the September number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Alex. Fulton, Maggie K. W. Martin, Thomas M'Candlis, and James Paterson.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Alice Briggs, Archibald S. Campbell, A. Culton, James S. Fulton, Edward L. Grieve, Agnes Hunter, Annie Kean, Bessie Kirkwood, Mary Kirkwood, Anna B. Martin, Mary H. Martin, Maggie Moffat, Thos. Muirhead, James M'Candlis, Lizzie M'Carlie, Minnie M'Creedy, Willie A. Paterson, Hugh Pattison, E. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, Isabella C. Yule; 17 Kensington Terrace, Leeds (no name).

The names of those who did the October lessons will be published in December.

1	S	Return thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord;
2	M	I will not look in anger upon you.
3	Tu	Only acknowledge thine iniquity.—*Jer. iii. 12, R. V.* ("27th April, 1828. Dined at the Admiralty. The Duke of Wellington said the best troops would run now and then. He thought nothing of men running, provided they came back again."—*Sir Walter Scott's Journal.*) The sin that practice burns into the blood, And not the one dark hour which brings remorse, Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be. —*Tennyson's Vivien.*
4	W	I have sinned against heaven.—*Luke xv. 18.*
5	Th	His father ran and fell on his neck.—*Luke xv. 20.*
6	F	What have I to do any more with idols?—*Hosea xiv. 8.*
7	S	When once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren.—*Luke xxii. 32, R. V.*
8	S	My soul fainteth for Thy salvation.—*Psalm cxix. 81-88.*
9	M	When wilt Thou comfort me?
10	Tu	How many are the days of Thy servant?
11	W	All Thy commandments are faithful:
12	Th	They persecute me wrongfully:
13	F	Help Thou me.
14	S	Quicken me after Thy lovingkindness. (John Watt and John Semple, two Covenanters, died on the gallows two hundred and seven years ago to-day, singing these words. John Semple had previously borne the torture of the thumbkins very bravely. "The Lord kept me," he wrote to his mother. "My thumbs are not very sore, only they are something feelless. I and others thought they should scarcely have ever served me.")
15	S	The joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off.—*Neh. xi. 43.*
16	M	When the ear heard me, then it blessed me.
17	Tu	I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.—*Job. xxix 13.*
18	W	The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy.—*Gal. v. 22.*
19	Th	As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool.—*Eccles. vii. 6.*
20	F	It is as sport for a fool to do mischief.—*Prov. x. 23.* ("It is poor fun that both sides cannot laugh at.")
21	S	The father of a fool hath no joy.—*Prov. vii. 21.*
22	S	Satan hath desired to have you.—*Luke xxii. 31.*
23	M	Be not high-minded, but fear,—*Rom. xi. 20.*
24	Tu	Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—*Gal. vi. 1.*
25	W	He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.—*Prov. xxviii. 26.*
26	Th	I said, I shall never be moved.—*Ps. xxx. 6.*
27	F	Watch.—*Matt. xxiv. 42.* ("A leader on the defensive should always be on his guard against so-called impossible positions. Positions impossible to storm or surround—a clever enemy will always turn his attention to these first."—*General Skobeleff.*)
28	S	By the grace of God I am what I am.—*1 Cor. xv. 10.*
29	S	Acceptable to God,
30	M	And approved of men.—*Rom. xiv. 18.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

December, 1891. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

The Dove.

The Volume of "The Morning Watch" for 1890 may be had from the Publishers, price Tenpence; or by post One Shilling.

The Volume for 1891 is also ready.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

December 6.—Christ Crucified.—John xix. 17-30. Text, 1 Peter iii. 18. Quest. 49. Psalm lvii. 1.

THERE are five incidents in these verses. (1) Jesus is led out of the city, carrying His cross, and is crucified between two thieves. The shame of this is put away, when He opens Paradise to one of them. (2) His crime is written over Him—"The King of the Jews." That, too, was meant to insult both Him and His nation: but it was God's proclamation of His dignity in the most important languages of the world. (3) His clothes are divided among the soldiers: the seamless coat, that loving hands had woven for Him, is given to the one who makes the luckiest throw of the dice. But even when His enemies stripped Him, they fulfilled prophecy, and so proved Him to be the Christ. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee." (4) He bequeaths His mother to John, and John to His mother. Often His mother had felt that He had completely escaped her; His life obeyed a law she did not comprehend; she was cut off from Him; but before He died, He took thought for her like a true son. She would feel that He died her son. (5) The death of Jesus. Like His coming, it was in the fulness of the time. All things were now accomplished; He had borne the last agony, and the last mockery; He said—It is finished. Man's sin had done its worst: God's love had done its best; and Jesus died—victorious.

December 13.—Christ Risen.—John xx. 1-18. Text, Romans viii. 34. Quest. 50. Psalm lvii. 2,3.

CHRIST never spoke to His disciples of His death without at the same time speaking of His victory over it. Yet they were so completely overcome by appearances that even the empty tomb did not revive their faith. He had to appear in person to most of them first. We forget the promises in our bereavements too. But God remembers them, even though we go on sorrowing as those that have no hope. The calmness of Jesus in all His conflicts with Nature reaches its highest point in v. 7. It is the orderliness of Divine mastery.

Even in His oneness with the disciples there was the difference of being which made Him say to Mary not "our Father," but "My Father and your Father."

December 20.—The Risen Christ and His Disciples.—John xxi. 1-14. Text, Col. iii. 1. Quest. 51. Psalm lvii. 4,5.

THE disciples were now in Galilee again. Waiting was hard work for the active and restless Peter, and near the scene of His former work he half unconsciously returned to it again. Even though other disciples joined him they were as unsuccessful as on another memorable night on the same lake. The appearance of Jesus here was to lay the foundation of that faith in which they were to carry on their apostolic work. He was the same Lord with Whom they had companied before, in His Divine power to do easily just what their skill should enable them to do but did not, and in His tender care for all their needs. But He was changed so that their eyes did not recognise Him; unchanged, for their hearts knew He was still the same in love and power. An awe they had never known before came over them at His presence. He was "the Son of Man Which is in Heaven." The old impulsiveness of Peter bade him leap into the water to get to Jesus, but not even he, so fond of putting questions, durst here ask Him Who He was. Yet He dined with them as with His brethren, still preparing them to declare through all the world that "He is Lord of all."

December 27.—Review of the Lessons. Text, John xiv. 9. Quest. 52. Psalm lvii. 7-11.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

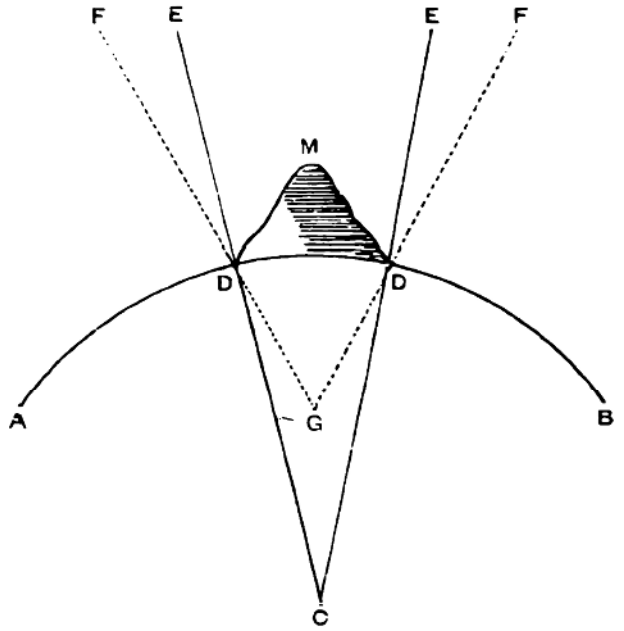
Continued from page 124.

At the age of 43

Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, the English Astronomer Royal, found out the Earth's weight, in 1774, by observing how much Schiehallion pulled a plumb-line out of the straight.

A plumb-line, that is, a string with a piece of lead at the end of it, points straight at the centre of the Earth, but if you hold it near a mountain the mountain attracts the weight and pulls it in a bit. Then, if you weigh the mountain, and compare the way it attracts the plumb-line with the way the Earth attracts it, you can find the Earth's weight.

The mountain which Maskelyne used in his experiments was Schiehallion, a very beautiful, gracefully-shaped one, 3,514 feet high, which stands in a plain in Perthshire.



Let A B be the Earth, and M the mountain. If there were no mountain a plumb-line held at D would point in the direction E D C, C being the Earth's centre. But when the plumb-line was held on Schiehallion it pointed in the direction of the dotted line F D G. The angle F D E shows the difference between the attraction of the Earth and the attraction of the mountain.

The experiments took two years, for many things had to be done which I have not mentioned; stars had to be observed to get the direction of the plumb-lines, and specimens of the different kinds of rock of which Schiehallion is made had to be got and carefully weighed.

Dr. Maskelyne was the first to divide seconds of time into tenths. It is to him also that we owe the *Nautical Almanac*, a book which enables sailors at sea to find out where they are. It is published every year, four years in advance, for the sake of ships which have to go long voyages.

It was the sight of an eclipse of the sun when he was sixteen years old that made Maskelyne an astronomer.

43 Sir William Herschel discovered the planet Uranus, 13th March, 1781, while searching the heavens with his telescope.

Do you remember what I told you (*Morning Watch*, July and August, 1890), of the way in which Mr. John Couch Adams found the

At the age of 43

planet Neptune in 1845? It was thought, from the way Uranus moved, that there might be some planet outside it attracting it, and Mr. Adams solely by mathematics fixed on a spot in the heavens, and said to the astronomers, "Look in such and such a place and you will find a new planet!" He was only twenty-three when he determined to find it out, and his calculations were all finished by the time he was 26—not 29 as I told you before by mistake. There never was a greater feat performed by the human intellect. It was as if God wished all men to see, by one glorious example, how much our minds are able to do, and how welcome He makes us into the secret of His presence. Mr. Adams lives at the Cambridge Observatory.

Herschel found Uranus, on the other hand, by chance, but by the kind of chance that only comes to those who are in the way of duty. His career was a wonderful one. He was brought up as a musician. Wishing to know as much about music as possible, he read a book on *Harmonics* by a Mr. Smith, and so was led on to a book on *Optics* by the same author, and that led him on again to the astronomical writings of Ferguson and others. Herschel was always seeking knowledge. When he was only seventeen he spent all his pay on a copy of Locke's *Human Understanding*. But it would take a big book to tell you all about him, and his discoveries, and the hundreds of telescopes he made. One of these was 40 feet long, and almost a ton weight. It was through it that George III. walked, saying to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "Come, my lord, I will

At the Age of 43

show you the way to heaven." No man ever made more discoveries, and no man ever worked harder. He had a wonderful sister, too, who found out several comets. I hope to tell you about her some other time, but I must tell you one thing just now. When her brother was grinding and polishing mirrors for telescopes, walking round and round them, with his hands on them, hour after hour, sometimes for more than half-a-day at a time, without stopping, she used to feed him with a spoon the way a mother feeds a little boy.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."

DR. MOFFAT, the missionary, came on one occasion to a heathen village in South Africa, hungry, thirsty, and weary. It was late in the afternoon, and on account of lions in the neighbourhood he determined to spend the night in the village. The people, however, ordered him to halt at a distance, and refused him water, though he offered them the three or four buttons which remained on his coat—things of which the natives are very fond.

But as night drew on, a woman came with wood and a vessel of milk, and then went away. In a little she returned with a cooking

vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a dish of water in the other. Without saying one word she kindled the fire and prepared the meat.

After many entreaties, for her heart was too full to speak, she told him her history and how she became a christian. Dr. Moffat asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul seeing no other christian lived near her. She drew from her bosom a Dutch New Testament—one of those printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society—which she had received from a missionary whose school she had attended many years before in another part of the country. "This," she said, "is the fountain from which I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn."

NOT *of* works, else it were not a salvation *for* sinners; *unto* good works, else it were not a salvation *of* sinners.

—*Rabbi Duncan.*

Andronicus and Junia.

WE know nothing about them beyond what Paul tells us in the last chapter of the Romans. But though their history is very short, it is one which you should envy. It speaks of the blessedness of being early in Christ.

I.

To begin early, like Andronicus and Junia, is best for God.

He deserves the largest and longest service you can give Him. The sooner you come to Him, the more you will be able to do for Him—for Him who made you, and who sent His Son to redeem you. Do you remember what He says about the Children of Israel? "My soul desired the first ripe fruit;" and then He complains that they had only kept a few clusters for Him that were left after the vintage—stained, and marred, and spoiled. Do not let Him have that complaint to make about you—that all you have given Him is the relics of a wasted life. When Augustine came home to God, after spending his boyhood in the far country, it was his great sorrow that he had not come sooner. "Too late I learned to know Thee," he mourned, "too late I learned to love Thee." Why should you lay up for yourselves a sorrow like that?

II.

And to begin early, like Andronicus and Junia, is best for yourselves.

Religion in a young heart, somebody has said, is like a butterfly resting on a beautiful flower, or like a rainbow above a waterfall—it makes what was pleasant and lovely before sweeter and grander still; and it secures for you a happy and useful age, if it please God to spare you till then. A thoughtless and sinful beginning tells on all that follows, just as the trees which are nipped by the frost in the spring never quite recover. Charles Kingsley teaches us this truth in one of his songs:

'When all the world is young,'
'Then' we cry,
'Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.'

But what follows is in a different strain:

'When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among.'

Yes, your life is sure to be hurt and damaged more than you can tell if you do not commit it to God in the days of your youth. But those who are in Christ when they are girls and boys, they hold on their way and wax stronger and stronger.

III.

And to begin early, like Andronicus and Junia, is best for the world.

They were rejoicing in Christ, and working for Him, before Paul. They were shining as lights in the world, and going about doing good, when Paul was dragging men and women to prison, and was consenting to the death of Stephen, and was committing sins for which he never forgave himself, though God forgave him. How much he wished afterwards that he had commenced when they commenced! The Godless and Christless part of your lives is full of mischief to others—the memory of it is not blessed. You cannot serve your generation by the will of God until you put yourselves into His hands, to be saved by Him, and kept by Him, and used by Him for His glory. The sooner you do that, the better it will be for everybody.

Shall I tell you what a life that is God's from first to last is like? It is like a garden that is fair and beautiful all the year round. In the spring it is bright with snowdrops and crocuses and hyacinths; in the summer there are pinks and roses; and in the autumn the dahlias and the chrysanthemums continue the show. So make this your prayer: "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

Bible Questions.

SENIORS.—1. Is there any woman's name mentioned in the Psalms? 2. How often are angels with swords in their hands spoken of in the Bible? 3. Names of Christ in John's Epistles. 4. What is the earliest reference to singing in the Bible and the last?

JUNIORS.—1. How many rich people and how many poor people are mentioned in Luke? 2. A list of coins and sums of money in Luke. 3. Things connected with winter referred to in the Psalms.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the October number have been received from—

SENIORS.—Alex. Adams, A. Chancellor, Maggie S. Craig, Alex. Fulton, Caroline G. Haddow, Maggie K. W. Martin, Jessie M. Murray, Thomas M'Candlis, James M'Crea, James Paterson.

JUNIORS.—Janet Barclay, Gardner Blair, John Crawford, A. Culton, James S. Fulton, Jessie Y. Howie, Annie Kean, Matthew Lang, Mary H. Martin, Edith May Murray, James M'Candlis, James M'Crea, Minnie A. M'Creedy, Robert S. Paterson (2), William A. Paterson, L. Pomphrey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston.

The names of those who did the November lessons will be published in January.

1	Tu	I will bless the Lord at all times.
2	W	O magnify the Lord with me.
3	Th	He delivered me from all my fears.
4	F	They looked unto him and were lightened. (These verses were sung on the scaffold to-day, 206 years ago, by John Nisbet, a famous Covenanter. He fought at Drumclog and at Bothwell Bridge, where he occupied the post of danger and "stood as long as any man would stand by him." When he came to the scaffold he jumped upon it, saying, "I have longed these sixteen years to seal the precious cause of precious Christ with my blood.")
5	S	This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him.—*Psalm xxxiv. 1-6.*
6	S	Happy is the man whom God correcteth.—*Job v. 17.*
7	M	Let me know how frail I am.—*Psalm xxxix. 4, R. V.*
8	Tu	Count it all joy when ye fall into manifold temptations.—*James i. 2.* (When Pelopidas, who had but few troops with him, fell in with the Lacedaemonians, who were nearly twice as many, one of his men exclaimed, "We are fallen into the midst of the enemy." "Why do you not rather say," replied the General, "that the enemy are fallen into the midst of us?")
9	W	They that be with us are more than they that be with them."—*2 Kings vi. 16.*
10	Th	The devils tremble.—*James ii. 19.*
11	F	Resist the devil,
12	S	And he will flee from you.—*James iv. 7.*
13	S	There remaineth very much land to be possessed.—*Josh. xiii. 1.*
14	M	Forgetting the things which are behind,
15	Tu	Stretching forward to the things which are before,
16	W	I press on.—*Phil. iii. 13, R. V.* ("In the first moment after a victory, the best men even are apt to indulge in idle talk of the events that have just taken place instead of arranging for what still remains to be done."—*Lord Wolseley.*)
17	Th	Thou hast girded me with strength.—*Ps. xviii. 39.*
18	F	There remaineth a rest.—*Heb. iv. 9.*
19	S	Arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands.—*Rev. vii. 9.*
20	S	The lofty One That inhabiteth eternity.—*Isaiah lvii. 15.*
21	M	My days are swifter than a post.—*Job. ix. 25.*
22	Tu	My days are like a shadow that declineth.—*Psalm cii. 11.*
23	W	Thou hast made my days as handbreadths.—*Psalm xxxix 5, R. V.*
24	Th	We spend our years as a tale that is told.—*Psalm xc. 9.*
25	F	Lay hold on the life eternal.—*1 Tim. vi. 12, R. V.*
26	S	The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. vi. 23, R. V.*
27	S	Who am I that Thou hast brought me hitherto?—*1 Chron. xvii. 16.*
28	M	He will be our guide even unto death.—*Psalm xlviii. 14.*
29	Tu	I will ransom them from the power of the grave.—*Hosea xiii. 14.*
30	W	Where I am, there shall also My servant be.—*John xii. 26.*
31	Th	NOW UNTO GOD AND OUR FATHER BE GLORY FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.—*Phil. iv. 20.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.